THE YOUNG GENTLEMAN AND LADY's *Poetical Preceptor:*

BEING

A COLLECTION

OF THE MOST ADMIRED

POETRY:

SELECTED

FROM THE BEST AUTHORS.

Calculated to form the Taste to
Classic Elegance;
And, while it Delights the Fancy, to
Improve the Morals, and to Harmonize the Heart.

To the Whole is subjoined

NOTES,

Giving some Account of the Works of the various Authors, from which the Selection is made.

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25 OCT 1963
LIBRARY

TO

W. COWPER, Eſq;

Author of the TASK, and other Poems.

WHERE mild Throckmorton's * venerable groves
Extend their ſhades, to nurſe poetic fire;
While COWPER rapt in contemplation roves,
And pours ſweet tranſport from the dulcet lyre:

His gentle mind, I truſt, will not diſdain,
Theſe votive Lays, ſelected—to impart
To Youth a taſte for Nature's pureſt ſtrain—
To warm and meliorate the human Heart.

From lovely fertile vales, and ſtately bow'rs,
Where Genius blooms, unconſcious of decay,
I cull'd this Wreath of amaranthine Flow'rs;
Still breathing fragrance ever young and gay.

Accept the gift;—Your kind approving ſmile
Will beſt reward the well meant pleaſing Toil.

T. WOOLSTON.

* *J. C. Throckmorton, Eſq; of Weſton-Underwood.*

PREFACE.

CUSTOM has rendered it almoſt neceſſary to ſay ſomething by way of Preface, even to the moſt trifling publications; but as I have no occaſion to ſpeak in behalf of this Collection, nearly the whole having been already laid before the public, by their reſpective authors; I ſhall therefore, by way of Apology, for re-publiſhing them, only obſerve, that my idea of printing ſuch a book, was ſimply this, *that it might be entertaining and inſtructive to Youth in general, and particularly in Schools.*

I could wiſh, and, indeed, it is almoſt neceſſary (if it was only for the advantages it would give them in reading with propriety), that every Youth ſhould be a little acquainted with the charming Graces of Poetry; they would then ſee, and underſtand, what delightful harmony may be given to language: and beſides thoſe advantages, Poetry has frequently paved the way to far more important acquiſitions. Many a Youth, from the pleaſure he has found in the Charms of Poetry, has taken ſuch an inclination to reading, as, by opening the mind, has facilitated his attainment of more uſeful knowledge. I might add, in its favour, that every proper ſubject, when clothed in the beauties of poetical language, ap-

pears a thouſand times more charming; and applies to the mind with a force almoſt irreſiſtible. I hope then, theſe will be conſidered as ſufficient reaſons for putting ſuch a Book into the hands of Youth: thoſe who know the difficulties that attend the buſineſs of education, or who are well acquainted with the human mind, well know the neceſſity of rendering the paths to knowledge as delightful as poſſible; and if, by ſtrewing a few flowers over their aſperities, they may be invited to proceed with pleaſure, an important point will conſequently be gained.

In a common way of teaching, the various diſtinguiſhing properties, and beauties of ſtyle, uſed by the great maſters of this art, are not eaſily learned, by reaſon of the multiplicity of books which it would be neceſſary to refer to; hence the propriety of a good Collection of well eſteemed pieces is evident.

It is true, there are many Collections of Poetry already in the hands of the Public; but then the ſmaller kinds of them, at leaſt ſuch as have fallen into my hands, conſiſt in general of very ill choſen pieces; and the larger ones are too expenſive merely for School Books; it has therefore been long my wiſh, to ſee a ſmall Collection of elegant Poetry, ſuch an one as might include a well ſelected Variety at a little expence. This purpoſe well effected, I conceived would make it valuable as a School Book, and in ſhort to many who are lovers

lovers of Poetry, but who have not leiſure for voluminous reading. It may be no great preſumption to think ſuch a book would be an agreeable travelling companion for the pocket, for a walking amuſement, or proper furniture for the parlour window, to fill up a vacant hour.

Though I have ſaid above, that the Pieces in ſome Collections are ill choſen, I do not really mean by that, to depreciate the taſte or judgment of thoſe Collectors I refer to; but what I mean is, their books are too much made up with extracts from the great and maſterly performances, ſuch as Paradiſe Loſt, Thomſon's Seaſons, &c. to the excluſion of a much greater variety of ſmall Poems, which being complete, would be more pleaſing and inſtructive. I allow, every Reader of Poetry ought to be introduced to thoſe noble efforts of genius; yet, my opinion is, that a Collection ought not to be made up of ſcraps, which can only ſerve to teach Youth Verſe; for this may as well be done by ſhorter pieces given entire: and in order to enter into the ſpirit, and taſte the ſublime beauties of a grand and extenſive Poem, a perſon ought to be acquainted with the plan of it, and to read the whole in connexion.—The only Extracts I have made uſe of, are Adam's Morning Hymn from Milton, and two Tranſlations from Dryden.

Perhaps the arrangement of this little Collection may be objected to; ſhould this be the caſe, I can only obſerve, that I did not think it material either to

to attend to chronological order, or to class them. Had it not been determined to give a great variety in a small compass, doubtless the Selection might have been made with more judgment, so far as respects the union of the Beautiful with the Sublime; but if I have not been so happy, as to have chosen what is here printed, so as to please every one's taste, let what I intended in my idea of such a publication be remembered; and that, if I have not succeeded in pleasing them, so neither have I entirely in pleasing myself: for in making the Selection, being carried back by recollection to the pleasant days of youth, when I wandered at large in the delightful Regions of Poesy, I found authors and pieces multiply so fast, that I hardly knew what to chuse, or what to reject: indeed, had I inserted every thing which I admired for beauty of sentiment, or elegance of expression, instead of a small pocket volume, I should have produced a folio.

How well this little Collection may answer the end proposed, must be left to the Public to determine; but as the Price is so trifling an object, I trust that will alleviate any disappointment that may arise from the purchase, as I can sincerely assure them, that my design was, purely to give Youth a Taste for Classic Elegance, and while I attempted to delight the Fancy, to improve the Morals, and to harmonize the Heart.

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THE

THE
Poetical Preceptor.

MILTON.

THE MORNING HYMN
OF
ADAM AND EVE.

From the 5th Book of Paradiſe Loſt.

THESE are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty! thine this univerſal frame,
Thus wondrous fair; thyſelf how wondrous then!
Unſpeakable, who ſitt'ſt above theſe Heavens
To us invifible, or dimly ſeen
In theſe thy loweſt works; yet theſe declare
Thy goodneſs beyond thought, and pow'r divine.
Speak ye who beſt can tell, ye ſons of light,
Angels; for ye behold him, and with ſongs
And choral ſymphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in Heaven,
On Earth, join all ye Creatures to extol
Him firſt, him laſt, him midſt, and without end.

Faireſt of ſtars, laſt in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'ſt the ſmiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praiſe him in thy ſphere,
While day ariſes, that ſweet hour of prime.
Thou Sun, of this great world both eye and ſoul,
Acknowledge him thy greater, ſound his praiſe
In thy eternal courſe, both when thou climb'ſt,
And when high noon haſt gain'd, and when thou fall'ſt.
Moon, that now meet'ſt the orient ſun, now fly'ſt
With the fix'd ſtars, fix'd in their orb that flies,
And ye five other wand'ring fires that move
In myſtic dance, not without ſong, reſound
His praiſe, who out of darkneſs call'd up light.
Air, and ye Elements, the eldeſt birth
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix
And nouriſh all things; let your ceaſeleſs change
Vary to our great Maker ſtill new praiſe.
Ye Miſts and Exhalations that now riſe
From hill or ſteaming lake, duſky or gray,
Till the ſun paint your fleecy ſkirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great Author riſe!
Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolour'd ſky,
Or wet the thirſty earth with falling ſhowers,
Riſing or falling ſtill advance his praiſe.
His praiſe, ye Winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe ſoft or loud; and wave your tops, ye Pines,
With every plant, in ſign of worſhip wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs! warbling tune his praiſe.
Join voices, all ye living Souls; ye Birds,

That ſinging up to heaven-gate aſcend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praiſe.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and ſtately tread, or lowly creep;
Witneſs if I be ſilent, morn or even,
To hill, or valley, fountain, or freſh ſhade
Made vocal by my ſong, and taught his praiſe.
Hail univerſal Lord! be bounteous ſtill
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd,
Diſperſe it, as now light diſpels the dark.

L'ALLEGRO.

HENCE, loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackeſt Midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongſt horrid ſhapes, and ſhrieks, and ſights unholy,
Find out ſome uncouth cell,
Where brooding darkneſs ſpreads his jealous wings,
And the night-raven ſings;
There under ebon-ſhades, and low-brow'd rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian deſert ever dwell.
But come, thou Goddeſs, fair and free,
In Heav'n yclep'd Euphroſyne,
And by men, heart-eaſing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a birth,
With two ſiſter Graces more,
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore:
Or whether (as ſome ſages ſing)
The frolic wind that breathes the ſpring,

Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a Maying,
There on beds of violets blue,
And freſh-blown roſes waſh'd in dew,
Fill'd her with thee, a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
Haſte thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jeſt and youthful Jollity,
Quips and Cranks, and Wanton wiles,
Nods and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple ſleek;
Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter, holding both his ſides.
Come, and trip it, as you go,
On the light fantaſtic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee,
The mountain nymph, ſweet Liberty;
And if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved pleaſures free;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And ſinging ſtartle the dull night,
From his watch-tow'r in the ſkies,
Till the dappled dawn doth riſe;
Then to come in ſpite of ſorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the ſweet-briar, or the vine,
Or the twiſted eglantine:
While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkneſs thin,

And to the ſtack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly ſtruts his dames before:
Oft liſt'ning how the hounds and horn
Chearly rouſe the ſlumb'ring morn,
From the ſide of ſome hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing ſhrill:
Sometime walking not unſeen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right againſt the eaſtern gate,
Where the great ſun begins his ſtate,
Rob'd in flames, and amber light,
The clouds in thouſand liveries dight;
While the ploughman near at hand
Whiſtles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milk-maid ſingeth blithe,
And the mower whets his ſithe,
And ev'ry ſhepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleaſures
Whilſt the landſcape round it meaſures;
Ruſſet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do ſtray,
Mountains, on whoſe barren breaſt
The lab'ring clouds do often reſt,
Meadows trim with daiſies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide:
Tow'rs and battlements it ſees
Boſom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps ſome beauty lies,
The Cynoſure of neighb'ring eyes.
Hard by, a cottage chimney ſmokes,
From betwixt two aged oaks,

Where Corydon and Thyrſis met,
Are at their ſavoury dinner ſet
Of herbs, and other country meſſes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dreſſes;
And then in haſte her bow'r ſhe leaves,
With Theſtylis to bind the ſheaves;
Or if the earlier ſeaſon lead
To the tann'd hay-cock in the mead.
Sometimes with ſecure delight
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecs ſound
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd ſhade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a ſunſhine holy-day,
Till the live-long day-light fail;
Then to the ſpicy nut-brown ale,
With ſtories told of many a feat,
How fairy Mab the junkets eat;
She was pinch'd and pull'd, ſhe ſaid,
And he by frier's lanthorn led;
Tells how the drudging Goblin ſweat,
To earn his cream-bowl duly ſet,
When in one night, ere glimpſe of morn,
His ſhadowy flail hath threſh'd the corn,
That ten day-lab'rers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubbar fiend,
And ſtretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Baſks at the fire his hairy ſtrength,
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the firſt cock his matin rings.

Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whiſp'ring winds ſoon lull'd aſleep.
Tow'red cities pleaſe us then,
And the buſy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
With ſtore of ladies, whoſe bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit, or arms, while both contend
To win her grace whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In ſaffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feaſt, and revelry,
With maſk, and antique pageantry;
Such ſights as youthful poets dream
On ſummer eves by haunted ſtream.
Then to the well-trod ſtage anon,
If Johnſon's learned ſock be on,
Or ſweeteſt Shakſpeare, fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
And ever againſt eating cares,
Lap me in ſoft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verſe,
Such as the meeting ſoul may pierce,
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked ſweetneſs long drawn out,
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running;
Untwiſting all the chains that tie
The hidden ſoul of harmony;
That Orpheus' ſelf may heave his head
From golden ſlumber on a bed

Of heap'd Elyſian flow'rs, and hear
Such ſtrains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite ſet free
His half-regain'd Eurydice.
Theſe delights, if thou canſt give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

IL PENSEROSO.

HENCE, vain deluding joys,
The brood of folly, without father bred,
How little you beſted,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys?
Dwell in ſome idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy ſhapes poſſeſs,
As thick and numberleſs
As the gay motes that people the ſun-beams,
Or likeſt hovering dreams,
The fickle penſioners of Morpheus' train.
But hail, thou Goddeſs, ſage and holy!
Hail, divineſt Melancholy!
Whoſe ſaintly viſage is too bright
To hit the ſenſe of human ſight,
And therefore to our weaker view
O'erlaid with black, ſtaid Wiſdom's hue;
Black, but ſuch as in eſteem
Prince Memnon's ſiſter might beſeem;
Or that ſtarr'd Ethiop queen that ſtrove
To ſet her beauties praiſe above
The Sea-Nymphs, and their pow'rs offended;
Yet thou art higher far deſcended:

Thee bright-hair'd Veſta long of yore
To ſolitary Saturn bore;
His daughter ſhe (in Saturn's reign,
Such mixture was not held a ſtain).
Oft in glimmering bow'rs and glades
He met her, and in ſecret ſhades
Of woody Ida's inmoſt grove,
While yet there was no fear of Jove.
Come, penſive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, ſtedfaſt, and demure,
All in a robe of darkeſt grain,
Flowing with majeſtic train,
And ſable ſtole of Cyprus lawn,
Over thy decent ſhoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted ſtate,
With even ſtep, and muſing gait,
And looks commercing with the ſkies,
Thy rapt ſoul ſitting in thine eyes:
There held in holy paſſion ſtill,
Forget thyſelf to marble, till
With a ſad leaden downward caſt
Thou fix them on the earth as faſt:
And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Faſt, that oft with Gods doth diet,
And hears the muſes in a ring
Aye round about Jove's altar ſing:
And add to theſe retired Leiſure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleaſure:
But firſt, and chiefeſt, with thee bring,
Him that yon ſoars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The cherub Contemplation;

And the mute Silence hiſt along,
'Leſs Philomel will deign a ſong,
In her ſweeteſt, ſaddeſt plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
Gently o'er th' accuſtom'd oak;
Sweet bird, that ſhunn'ſt the noiſe of folly,
Moſt muſical, moſt melancholy!
Thee, chauntreſs, oft the woods amon̄
I woo, to hear thy even-ſong;
And, miſſing thee, I walk unſeen,
On the dry ſmooth-ſhaven green,
To behold the wand'ring moon,
Riding near her higheſt noon,
Like one that had been led aſtray
Through the Heav'n's wide pathleſs way;
And oft, as if her head ſhe bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft, on a plat of riſing ground,
I hear the far-off Curfeu ſound,
Over ſome wide-water'd ſhore,
Swinging ſlow with ſullen roar:
Or if the air will not permit,
Some ſtill removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
Far from all reſort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the belman's drowſy charm,
To bleſs the doors from nightly harm:
Or let my lamp, at midnight hour,
Be ſeen in ſome high lonely tow'r,

Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,
With thrice great Hermes, or unſphere
The ſpirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds, or what vaſt regions hold,
The immortal mind that hath forſook
Her manſion in this fleſhly nook:
And of thoſe demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whoſe power hath a true conſent
With planet, or with element.
Sometime let gorgeous tragedy
In ſcepter'd pall come ſweeping by,
Preſenting Thebes or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine;
Or what (though rare) of later age,
Ennobled hath the buſkin'd ſtage.
But, O ſad Virgin, that thy power
Might raiſe Muſæus from his bower,
Or bid the ſoul of Orpheus ſing
Such notes as, warbled to the ſtring,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what love did ſeek:
Or call up him that left half told
The ſtory of Cambuſcan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarſife,
And who had Canacé to wife,
That own'd the virtuous ring and glaſs,
And of the wondrous horſe of braſs,
On which the Tartar king did ride;
And if aught elſe great bards beſide
In ſage and ſolemn tunes have ſung,
Of turneys and of trophies hung,

Of foreſts, and inchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.
Thus, night, oft ſee me in thy pale career,
Till civil-ſuited morn appear,
Not trick'd and frounc'd, as ſhe was wont,
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kerchief'd in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or uſher'd with a ſhower ſtill,
When the guſt hath blown his fill,
Ending on the ruſtling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.
And when the ſun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, goddeſs, bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And ſhadows brown that Sylvan loves,
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude ax, with heaved ſtroke,
Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
There in cloſe covert by ſome brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's gariſh eye,
While the bee with honied thigh,
That at her flow'ry work doth ſing,
And the waters murmuring,
With ſuch conſort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd ſleep;
And let ſome ſtrange myſterious dream
Wave at his wings in æry ſtream
Of lively portraiture diſplay'd,
Softly on my eye-lids laid:

And, as I wake, ſweet muſic breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by ſome Spirit to mortals good,
Or th' unſeen Genius of the wood.
But let my due feet never fail
To walk the ſtudious cloyſter's pale,
And love the high embowed roof,
With antique pillars maſſy proof,
And ſtoried windows richly dight,
Caſting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voic'd quire below,
In ſervice high, and anthems clear,
As may with ſweetneſs, through mine ear,
Diſſolve me into ecſtaſies,
And bring all Heav'n before mine eyes.
And may at laſt my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown, and moſſy cell,
Where I may ſit and rightly ſpell
Of every ſtar that Heaven doth ſhew,
And every herb that ſips the dew;
Till old experience do attain
To ſomething like prophetic ſtrain.
Theſe pleaſures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will chooſe to live.

LYCIDAS.

In this Monody the author bewails a learned friend, unfortunately drowned in his paſſage from Cheſter, on the Iriſh ſeas, 1637; and by occaſion foretels the ruin of a corrupted clergy then in their height.

YET once more, O ye Laurels, and once more,
Ye Myrtles brown, with Ivy never ſere,
I come to pluck your berries harſh and crude,
And with forc'd fingers rude,
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter conſtraint, and ſad occaſion dear,
Compels me to diſturb your ſeaſon due;
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer:
Who would not ſing for Lycidas? he knew
Himſelf to ſing, and build the lofty rhime.
He muſt not float upon his wat'ry bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of ſome melodious tear.
Begin then, ſiſters of the ſacred well,
That from beneath the ſeat of Jove doth ſpring,
Begin, and ſomewhat loudly ſweep the ſtring.
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuſe,
So may ſome gentle Muſe
With lucky words favour my deſtin'd urn;
And as he paſſes turn,
And bid fair peace be to my ſable ſhroud.
For we were nurſt upon the ſelf-ſame hill,
Fed the ſame flock by fountain, ſhade, and rill.
Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd
Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,

We drove afield, and both together heard
What time the gray-fly winds her ſultry horn,
Batt'ning our flocks with the freſh dews of night,
Oft till the ſtar that roſe, at evening, bright,
Tow'rd Heav'n's deſcent had ſlop'd his weſt'ring wheel.
Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
Temper'd to th' oaten flute,
Rough Satyrs danc'd, and Fauns with cloven heel
From the glad ſound would not be abſent long,
And old Damætas lov'd to hear our ſong.

But, O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never muſt return!
Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods, and deſert caves
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes mourn.
The willows, and the hazel copſes green,
Shall now no more be ſeen,
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy ſoft lays.
As killing as the canker to the roſe,
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or froſt to flow'rs, that their gay wardrobe wear,
When firſt the white-thorn blows;
Such, Lycidas, thy loſs to ſhepherds' ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorſeleſs deep
Clos'd o'er the head of your lov'd Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the ſteep,
Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the ſhaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva ſpreads her wiſard ſtream:
Ay me! I fondly dream
Had ye been there—for what could that have done?
What could the Muſe herſelf that Orpheus bore,

The Muſe herſelf for her enchanting ſon,
Whom univerſal nature did lament,
When by the rout, that made the hideous roar,
His goary viſage down the ſtream was ſent,
Down the ſwift Hebrus to the Leſbian ſhore?
Alas! what boots it with inceſſant care
To tend the homely ſlighted ſhepherd's trade,
And ſtrictly meditate the thankleſs Muſe?
Were it not better done, as others uſe,
To ſport with Amaryllis in the ſhade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?
Fame is the ſpur that the clear ſpirit doth raiſe
(That laſt infirmity of noble mind)
To ſcorn delights, and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burſt out into ſudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with th' abhorred ſhears,
And ſlits the thin ſpun life. But not the praiſe,
Phœbus reply'd, and touch'd my trembling ears;
Fame is no plant that grows on mortal ſoil,
Nor in the gliſt'ring foil
Set off to th' world, nor in broad rumour lies,
But lives and ſpreads aloft by thoſe pure eyes,
And perfect witneſs of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces laſtly on each deed,
Of ſo much fame in Heaven expect thy meed.
O fountain Arethuſe, and thou honour'd flood,
Smooth-ſliding Mincius, crown'd with vocal reeds,
That ſtrain I heard was of a higher mood:
But now my oat proceeds,
And liſtens to the herald of the ſea,
That came in Neptune's plea;

He aſk'd the waves, and aſk'd the felon winds,
What hard miſhap hath doom'd this gentle ſwain?
And queſtion'd ev'ry guſt of rugged winds,
That blows from off each beaked promontory:
They knew not of his ſtory,
And ſage Hippotades their anſwer brings,
That not a blaſt was from his dungeon ſtray'd,
The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope with all her ſiſters play'd.
It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
Built in th' eclipſe, and rigg'd with curſes dark,
That ſunk ſo low that ſacred head of thine.
Next Camus, reverend ſire, went footing ſlow,
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet ſedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that ſanguine flow'r inſcrib'd with woe:
Ah! who hath reft (quoth he) my deareſt pledge?
Laſt came, and laſt did go,
The pilot of the Galilean lake;
Two maſſy keys he bore of metals twain,
(The golden opes, the iron ſhuts amain)
He ſhook his miter'd locks, and ſtern beſpake:
How well could I have ſpar'd for thee, young ſwain,
Enow of ſuch as for their bellies' ſake
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold?
Of other care they little reck'ning make,
Than how to ſcramble at the ſhearers' feaſt,
And ſhove away the worthy bidden gueſt;
Blind mouths! that ſcarce themſelves know how to hold
A ſheep-hook, or have learn'd aught elſe the leaſt
That to the faithful herdman's art belongs!
What recks it them? What need they? They are ſped;

And, when they liſt, their lean and flaſhy ſongs
Grate on their ſcrannel pipes of wretched ſtraw;
The hungry ſheep look up, and are not fed,
But ſwoll'n with wind, and the rank miſt they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion ſpread:
Beſides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing ſaid,
But that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to ſmite once, and ſmite no more.
Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is paſt,
That ſhrunk thy ſtreams; return, Sicilian Muſe,
And call the vales, and bid them hither caſt
Their bells, and flowrets, of a thouſand hues.
Ye vallies low, where the mild whiſpers uſe,
Of ſhades, and wanton winds, and guſhing brooks,
On whoſe freſh lap the ſwart ſtar ſparely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enamel'd eyes,
That on the green turf ſuck the honied ſhowers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primroſe that forſaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jeſſamine,
The white pink, and the panſy freak'd with jet,
The glowing violet,
The muſk-roſe, and the well-attir'd woodbine,
With cowſlips wan that hang the penſive head,
And every flow'r that ſad embroidery wears:
Bid Amaranthus all his beauty ſhed,
And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
To ſtrow the laureat hearſe where Lycid lies.
For ſo to interpoſe a little eaſe,
Let our frail thoughts dally with falſe ſurmiſe.
Ah me! Whilſt thee the ſhores, and ſounding ſeas

Waſh far away, where'er thy bones are hurl'd,
Whether beyond the ſtormy Hebrides,
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
Viſit'ſt the bottom of the monſtrous world;
Or whether thou, to our moiſt vows deny'd,
Sleep'ſt by the fable of Bellerus old,
Where the great viſion of the guarded mount
Looks tow'rd Namancos and Bayona's hold;
Look homeward Angel now, and melt with ruth:
And, O ye Dolphins, waft the hapleſs youth.

Weep no more, woeful ſhepherds, weep no more,
For Lycidas, your ſorrow, is not dead;
Sunk tho' he be beneath the wat'ry floor;
So ſinks the day-ſtar in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-ſpangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning ſky:
So Lycidas ſunk low, but mounted high,
Thro' the dear might of him that walk'd the waves,
Where other groves, and other ſtreams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpreſſive nuptial ſong,
In the bleſt kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the Saints above,
In ſolemn troops, and ſweet ſocieties,
That ſing, and ſinging in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the ſhepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the genius of the ſhore,
In thy large recompence, and ſhalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus ſang the uncouth ſwain to th' oaks and rills;
While the ſtill morn went out with ſandals gray;
He touch'd the tender ſtops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay:
And now the ſun had ſtretch'd out all the hills,
And now was dropt into the weſtern bay;
At laſt he roſe, and twitch'd his mantle blue:
To-morrow to freſh woods, and paſtures new.

DRYDEN.

THE FOUR AGES.

From the 1ſt Book of Ovid's Metamorphoſes.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

THE golden age was firſt; when man, yet new,
No rule but uncorrupted reaſon knew;
And with a native bent did good purſue.
Unforc'd by puniſhment, unaw'd by fear,
His words were ſimple, and his ſoul ſincere:
Needleſs was written law, where none oppreſt;
The law of man was written in his breaſt:
No ſuppliant crowds before the judge appear'd;
No court erected yet, nor cauſe was heard;
But all was ſafe, for conſcience was their guard.
The mountain-trees in diſtant proſpect pleaſe,
Ere yet the pine deſcended to the ſeas;
Ere ſails were ſpread, new oceans to explore;
And happy mortals, unconcern'd for more,
Confin'd their wiſhes to their native ſhore.

No walls were yet, nor fence, nor moat, nor mound,
Nor drum was heard, nor trumpet's angry ſound:
Nor ſwords were forg'd; but, void of care and crime,
The ſoft creation ſlept away their time.
The teeming earth, yet guiltleſs of the plough;
And unprovok'd, did fruitful ſtores allow:
Content with food, which nature freely bred,
On wildings and on ſtrawberries they fed;
Cornels and bramble-berries gave the reſt,
And falling acorns furniſh'd out a feaſt.
The flow'rs, unſown, in fields and meadows reign'd;
And weſtern winds immortal ſpring maintain'd.
In following years the bearded corn enſu'd,
From earth, unaſk'd; nor was that earth renew'd.
From veins of vallies milk and nectar broke,
And honey ſweating thro' the pores of oak.

THE SILVER AGE.

BUT when good Saturn, baniſh'd from above,
Was driv'n to hell, the world was under Jove.
Succeeding times a ſilver age behold,
Excelling braſs, but more excell'd by gold.
Then ſummer, autumn, winter did appear,
And ſpring was but a ſeaſon of the year.
The ſun his annual courſe obliquely made,
Good days contracted, and enlarg'd the bad.
Then air with ſultry heats began to glow,
The wings of winds were clogg'd with ice and ſnow;
And ſhivering mortals into houſes driv'n,
Sought ſhelter from th' inclemency of heav'n.
Thoſe houſes, then, were caves, or homely ſheds,
With twining oziers fenc'd, and moſs their beds.

Then ploughs, for ſeed, the fruitful furrows broke,
And oxen labour'd firſt beneath the yoke.

THE BRAZEN AGE.

TO this came next in courſe the brazen age,
A warlike offspring, prompt to bloody rage,
Not impious yet———

THE IRON AGE.

——— HARD ſteel ſucceeded then;
And ſtubborn as the metal were the men.
Truth, modeſty, and ſhame, the world forſook,
Fraud, avarice, and force, their places took.
Then ſails were ſpread to ev'ry wind that blew,
Raw were the ſailors, and the depths were new:
Trees, rudely hollow'd, did the waves ſuſtain;
Ere ſhips in triumph plough'd the wat'ry plain.
Then land-marks limited to each his right,
For all before was common as the light.
Nor was the ground alone requir'd to bear
Her annual income to the crooked ſhare;
But greedy mortals, rummaging her ſtore,
Digg'd from her entrails firſt the precious ore;
Which next to hell the prudent Gods had laid;
And that alluring ill to ſight diſplay'd.
Thus curſed ſteel, and more accurſed gold,
Gave miſchief birth, and made that miſchief bold:
And double death did wretched man invade,
By ſteel aſſaulted, and by gold betray'd.
Now (brandiſh'd weapons glitt'ring in their hands,)
Mankind is broken looſe from moral bands.

No rights of hoſpitality remain;
The gueſt, by him who harbour'd him, is ſlain:
The ſon-in-law purſues the father's life;
The wife her huſband murders, he the wife:
The ſtep-dame poiſon for the ſon prepares;
The ſon inquires into his father's years.
Faith flies, and piety in exile mourns;
And juſtice, here oppreſt, to heav'n returns.

THE BEGINNING
OF
THE SECOND BOOK OF LUCRETIUS.

'TIS pleaſant, ſafely to behold from ſhore
The rolling ſhip, and hear the tempeſt roar:
Not that another's pain is our delight;
But pains unfelt produce the pleaſing ſight.
'Tis pleaſant alſo, to behold from far,
The moving legions mingled in the war:
But much more ſweet the lab'ring ſteps to guide,
To virtue's heights, with wiſdom well ſupply'd,
And all the magazines of learning fortify'd:
From thence to look below on human kind;
Bewilder'd in the maze of life, and blind:
To ſee vain fools ambitiouſly contend,
For wit and power; their laſt endeavours bend
T' outſhine each other, waſte their time and health,
In ſearch of honour, and purſuit of wealth.
O wretched man! in what a miſt of life,
Inclos'd with dangers and with noiſy ſtrife,

He ſpends his little ſpan; and overfeeds
His cramm'd deſires, with more than nature needs!
For nature wiſely ſtints our appetite,
And craves no more than undiſturb'd delight;
Which minds, unmix'd with cares and fears, obtain;
A ſoul ſerene, a body void of pain.
So little this corporeal frame requires;
So bounded are our natural deſires,
That wanting all, and ſetting pain aſide,
With bare privation ſenſe is ſatisfy'd.
If golden ſconces hang not on the walls,
To light the coſtly ſuppers and the balls;
If the proud palace ſhines not with the ſtate
Of burniſh'd bowls, and of reflected plate;
If well-tun'd harps, nor the more pleaſing ſound
Of voices, from the vaulted roofs rebound;
Yet on the graſs, beneath a poplar ſhade,
By the cool ſtream, our careleſs limbs are laid;
With cheaper pleaſure innocently bleſt,
When the warm ſpring with gaudy flow'rs is dreſt.
Nor will the raging fever's fire abate,
With golden canopies and beds of ſtate;
But the poor patient will as ſoon be ſound
On the hard mattreſs, or the mother ground.
Then ſince our bodies are not eas'd the more
By birth, or pow'r, or fortune's wealthy ſtore,
'Tis plain theſe uſeleſs toys of every kind,
As little can relieve the lab'ring mind:
Unleſs we could ſuppoſe the dreadful fight,
Of marſhal'd legions, moving to the fight;
Could, with their ſound and terrible array,
Expel our fears, and drive the thoughts of death away.

But, ſince the ſuppoſition vain appears,
Since clinging cares, and trains of inbred fears,
Are not with ſounds to be affrighted thence,
But in the midſt of pomp purſue the prince;
Not aw'd by arms, but in the preſence bold,
Without reſpect to purple, or to gold;
Why ſhould not we theſe pageantries deſpiſe,
Whoſe worth but in our want of reaſon lies?
For life is all in wand'ring errors led;
And juſt as children are ſurpris'd with dread,
And tremble in the dark; ſo riper years,
E'en in broad day-light, are poſſeſs'd with fears;
And ſhake at ſhadows fanciful and vain,
As thoſe which in the breaſt of children reign.
Theſe bugbears of the mind, this inward hell,
No rays of outward ſunſhine can diſpel;
But nature and right reaſon muſt diſplay
Their beams abroad, and bring the darkſome ſoul to day.

VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS,

PARAPHRASED.

CREATOR Spirit, by whoſe aid,
The world's foundations firſt were laid,
Come viſit ev'ry pious mind;
Come pour thy joys on human kind:
From ſin and ſorrow ſet us free,
And make thy temples worthy thee.
O ſource of uncreated light,
The Father's promis'd Paraclete!

Thrice Holy Fount, thrice Holy Fire,
Our hearts with heav'nly love inſpire;
Come, and thy ſacred unction bring
To ſanctify us while we ſing.

Plenteous of grace, deſcend from high,
Rich in thy ſev'nfold energy!
Thou ſtrength of his Almighty hand,
Whoſe pow'r does heav'n and earth command.
Proceeding Spirit, our defence,
Who doſt the gift of tongues diſpenſe,
And crown'ſt thy gift with eloquence!

Refine and purge our earthly parts;
But, oh, inflame and fire our hearts!
Our frailties help, our vice controul,
Submit the ſenſes to the ſoul;
And when rebellious they are grown,
Then lay thy hand, and hold 'em down.

Chaſe from our minds th' infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, beſtow;
And, leſt our feet ſhould ſtep aſtray,
Protect, and guide us in the way.

Make us eternal truths receive,
And practiſe all that we believe:
Give us thyſelf, that we may ſee
The Father, and the Son, by thee.

Immortal honour, endleſs fame,
Attend th' Almighty Father's name:
The Saviour Son be glorify'd,
Who for loſt man's redemption dy'd:
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to thee!

ALEXANDER's FEAST:

OR,

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

AN ODE ON ST. CECILIA's DAY.

'TWAS at the royal feaſt, for Perſia won,
By Philip's warlike ſon:
Aloft in awful ſtate
The god-like hero ſate
On his imperial throne:
His valiant peers were plac'd around;
Their brows with roſes and with myrtles bound:
(So ſhould deſert in arms be crown'd)
The lovely Thais by his ſide
Sate like a blooming eaſtern bride,
In flow'r of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deſerves the fair.

Timotheus plac'd on high
Amid the tuneful choir,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:
The trembling notes aſcend the ſky,
And heav'nly joys inſpire.
The ſong began from Jove;
Who left his bliſsful ſeats above,
(Such is the pow'r of mighty love!)
A dragon's fiery form bely'd the God:
Sublime on radiant ſpheres he rode,

When he to fair Olympia preſs'd,
And while he ſought her ſnowy breaſt:
Then round her ſlender waiſt he curl'd,
And ſtamp'd an image of himſelf, a ſov'reign of the world.
The liſt'ning crowd admire the lofty ſound;
A preſent deity, they ſhout around,
A preſent deity, the vaulted roofs rebound.
With raviſh'd ears
The monarch hears;
Aſſumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And ſeems to ſhake the ſpheres.

The praiſe of Bacchus then, the ſweet muſician ſung:
Of Bacchus, ever fair, and ever young:
The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets; beat the drums:
Fluſh'd with a purple grace,
He ſhews his honeſt face.
Now give the hautboys breath: he comes, he comes!
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did firſt ordain:
Bacchus' bleſſings are a treaſure;
Drinking is the ſoldier's pleaſure:
Rich the treaſure,
Sweet the pleaſure;
Sweet is pleaſure after pain.

Sooth'd with the ſound, the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes; and thrice he ſlew the ſlain.
The maſter ſaw the madneſs riſe;
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;

And while he heav'n and earth defy'd,
Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride.
He choſe a mournful muſe,
Soft pity to infuſe:
He ſung Darius, great and good;
By too ſevere a fate,
Fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, fall'n,
Fall'n from his high eſtate,
And welt'ring in his blood:
Deſerted at his utmoſt need,
By thoſe his former bounty fed;
On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
With not a friend to cloſe his eyes.
With downcaſt look the joyleſs victor ſate,
Revolving in his alter'd ſoul
The various turns of chance below;
And, now and then, a ſigh he ſtole;
And tears began to flow.

The mighty maſter ſmil'd, to ſee
That love was in the next degree:
'Twas but a kindred ſound to move;
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly ſweet, in Lydian meaſures,
Soon he ſooth'd his ſoul to pleaſures.
War, he ſung, is toil and trouble;
Honour but an empty bubble;
Never ending, ſtill beginning,
Fighting ſtill, and ſtill deſtroying:
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think, it worth enjoying!
Lovely Thais ſits beſide thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.

The many rend the ſkies with loud applauſe;
So love was crown'd, but muſic won the cauſe.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair,
Who caus'd his care,
And ſigh'd and look'd, ſigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and ſigh'd again;
At length, with love and wine at once oppreſs'd,
The vanquiſh'd victor ſunk upon her breaſt.

Now ſtrike the golden lyre again:
A louder yet, and yet a louder ſtrain.
Break his bands of ſleep aſunder,
And rouſe him like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark, the horrid ſound
Has rais'd up his head;
As awak'd from the dead,
And amaz'd, he ſtares around.
Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the furies ariſe!
See the ſnakes that they rear,
How they hiſs in their hair,
And the ſparkles that flaſh from their eyes!
Behold a ghaſtly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
Theſe are Grecian ghoſts, that in battle were ſlain,
And unbury'd remain
Inglorious on the plain:
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.
Behold how they toſs their torches on high,
How they point to the Perſian abodes,
And glitt'ring temples of their hoſtile gods!—

The Princes applaud, with a furious joy;
And the King ſeiz'd a flambeau, with zeal to deſtroy:
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

Thus long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute;
Timotheus, to his breathing flute
And ſounding lyre,
Could ſwell the ſoul to rage, or kindle ſoft deſire.
At laſt divine Cecilia came,
Inventreſs of the vocal frame;
The ſweet enthuſiaſt, from her ſacred ſtore,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to ſolemn ſounds,
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He rais'd a mortal to the ſkies,
She drew an angel down.

POPE.

MESSIAH,

A SACRED ECLOGUE.

YE Nymphs of Solyma! begin the ſong:
To heav'nly themes ſublimer ſtrains belong.
The moſſy fountains, and the ſylvan ſhades,
The dreams of Pindus and th' Aonian maids,

Delight no more.—O Thou, my voice inſpire,
Who touch'd Iſaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!
Rapt into future times, the bard begun:
A Virgin ſhall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!
From Jeſſe's root behold a branch ariſe,
Whoſe ſacred flow'r with fragrance fills the ſkies:
Th' Æthereal Spirit o'er its leaves ſhall move,
And on its top deſcends the myſtic Dove.
Ye heav'ns! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in ſoft ſilence ſhed the kindly ſhow'r!
The ſick and weak the healing plant ſhall aid,
From ſtorms a ſhelter, and from heat a ſhade.
All crimes ſhall ceaſe, and ancient fraud ſhall fail,
Returning Juſtice lift aloft her ſcale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-rob'd Innocence from heav'n deſcend.
Swift fly the years, and riſe th' expected morn!
Oh ſpring to light, auſpicious Babe, be born!
See Nature haſtes her earlieſt wreathes to bring,
With all the incenſe of the breathing ſpring;
See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
See nodding foreſts on the mountains dance,
See ſpicy clouds from lowly Saron riſe,
And Carmel's flow'ry top perfumes the ſkies!
Hark! a glad voice the lonely deſert cheers;
Prepare the way! a God, a God appears:
A God, a God! the vocal hills reply,
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
Lo, earth receives him from the bending ſkies!
Sink down, ye mountains, and, ye vallies, riſe!
With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay;
Be ſmooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give way!

The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold;
Hear him, ye deaf! and, all ye blind, behold!
He from thick films ſhall purge the viſual ray,
And on the ſightleſs eye-ball pour the day:
'Tis he th' obſtructed paths of ſound ſhall clear,
And bid new muſic charm th' unfolding ear:
The dumb ſhall ſing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
No ſigh, no murmur, the wide world ſhall hear;
From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear.
In adamantine chains ſhall Death be bound,
And Hell's grim Tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
As the good ſhepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freſheſt paſture and the pureſt air,
Explores the loſt, the wand'ring ſheep directs,
By day o'erſees them, and by night protects;
The tender lambs he raiſes in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his boſom warms;
Thus ſhall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promis'd father of the future age.
No more ſhall nation againſt nation riſe,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming ſteel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
But uſeleſs lances into ſcythes ſhall bend,
And the broad faulchion in a plough-ſhare end.
Then palaces ſhall riſe; the joyful Son
Shall finiſh what his ſhort-liv'd Sire begun;
Their vines a ſhadow to their race ſhall yield,
And the ſame hand that ſow'd, ſhall reap the field.
The ſwain in barren deſerts with ſurpriſe
Sees lilies ſpring, and ſudden verdure riſe;

And ſtarts, amidſt the thirſty wilds to hear
New falls of water murm'ring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulruſh nods;
Waſte ſandy vallies, once perplex'd with thorn,
The ſpiry fir and ſhapely box adorn;
To leafleſs ſhrubs the flow'ring palms ſucceed,
And od'rous myrtle to the noiſome weed.
The lambs with wolves ſhall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flow'ry bands the tiger lead;
The ſteer and lion at one crib ſhall meet,
And harmleſs ſerpents lick the pilgrim's feet;
The ſmiling infant in his hand ſhall take
The creſted baſiliſk and ſpeckled ſnake,
Pleas'd, the green luſtre of the ſcales ſurvey,
And with their forky tongue ſhall innocently play.
Riſe, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, riſe!
Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes!
See, a long race thy ſpacious courts adorn;
See future ſons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on ev'ry ſide ariſe,
Demanding life, impatient for the ſkies!
See barb'rous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars throng'd with proſtrate kings,
And heap'd with products of Sabæan ſprings!
For thee Idume's ſpicy foreſts blow,
And ſeeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See heav'n its ſparkling portals wide diſplay,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.
No more the riſing Sun ſhall gild the morn,
Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her ſilver horn;

But loſt, diſſolv'd in thy ſuperior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts: the Light himſelf ſhall ſhine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
The ſeas ſhall waſte, the ſkies in ſmoke decay,
Rocks fall to duſt, and mountains melt away;
But fix'd his word, his ſaving pow'r remains;
Thy realm for ever laſts, thy own Meſſiah reigns!

ELEGY

TO THE MEMORY OF AN UNFORTUNATE LADY.

WHAT beck'ning ghoſt, along the moon-light ſhade,
Invites my ſtep, and points to yonder glade?
'Tis ſhe!—but why that bleeding boſom gor'd?
Why dimly gleams the viſionary ſword?
Oh ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,
Is it in heav'n, a crime to love too well?
To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,
To act a Lover's or a Roman's part?
Is there no bright reverſion in the ſky
For thoſe who greatly think, or bravely die?
Why bade ye elſe, ye pow'rs! her ſoul aſpire
Above the vulgar flight of low deſire?
Ambition firſt ſprung from your bleſt abodes;
The glorious fault of angels and of gods!
Thence to their images on earth it flows,
And in the breaſts of kings and heroes glows.
Moſt ſouls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
Dull ſullen priſ'ners in the body's cage;

Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years,
Uſeleſs, unſeen, as lamps in ſepulchres;
Like eaſtern kings, a lazy ſtate they keep,
And, cloſe confin'd in their own palace, ſleep.
From theſe perhaps (ere nature bade her die)
Fate ſnatch'd her early to the pitying ſky.
As into air the purer ſpirits flow,
And ſep'rate from their kindred dregs below;
So flew the ſoul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.

But thou, falſe guardian of a charge too good,
Thou, mean deſerter of thy brother's blood!
See on thoſe ruby lips the trembling breath,
Theſe cheeks, now fading at the blaſt of death;
Cold is that breaſt which warm'd the world before,
And thoſe love-darting eyes muſt roll no more.
Thus, if eternal Juſtice rules the ball,
Thus ſhall your wives, and thus your children fall:
On all the line a ſudden vengeance waits,
And frequent hearſes ſhall beſiege your gates:
There paſſengers ſhall ſtand, and pointing ſay,
(While the long fun'rals blacken all the way)
Lo! theſe were they, whoſe ſouls the Furies ſteel'd,
And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield.
Thus unlamented paſs the proud away,
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!
So periſh all, whoſe breaſt ne'er learn'd to glow
For others good, or melt at others woe.

What can atone, (oh ever-injur'd ſhade!)
Thy fate unpitied, and thy rites unpaid?
No friend's complaint, no kind domeſtic tear,
Pleas'd thy pale ghoſt, or grac'd thy mournful bier:

By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By ſtrangers honour'd, and by ſtrangers mourn'd!
What tho' no friends in ſable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances, and the public ſhow?
What tho' no weeping loves thy aſhes grace,
Nor poliſh'd marble emulate thy face?
What tho' no ſacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb?
Yet ſhall thy grave with riſing flow'rs be dreſt,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breaſt:
There ſhall the morn her earlieſt tears beſtow,
There the firſt roſes of the year ſhall blow;
While angels with their ſilver wings o'erſhade
The ground, now ſacred by thy reliques made.

So peaceful reſts, without a ſtone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.
How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot:
A heap of duſt alone remains of thee;
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud ſhall be!

Poets themſelves muſt fall, like thoſe they ſung,
Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
Ev'n he, whoſe ſoul now melts in mournful lays,
Shall ſhortly want the gen'rous tear he pays;
Then from his cloſing eyes thy form ſhall part,
And the laſt pang ſhall tear thee from his heart;
Life's idle buſineſs at one gaſp be o'er,
The Muſe forgot, and thou belov'd no more!

ODE ON SOLITUDE*.

HAPPY the man, whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound;
Content to breathe his native air,
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire;
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire.

Bless'd, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years slide soft away;
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day.

Sound sleep by night, study and ease
Together mix'd; sweet recreation!
And innocence, which most does please
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

* *Written by our author, at about* 12 *years old.*

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

AN ODE.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame!
Quit, oh quit, this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!

Ceaſe, fond Nature, ceaſe thy ſtrife,
And let me languiſh into life!

Hark! they whiſper; angels ſay,
Siſter ſpirit, come away!
What is this abſorbs me quite?
Steals my ſenſes, ſhuts my ſight,
Drowns my ſpirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my ſoul, can this be death?

The world recedes; it diſappears!
Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears
With ſounds ſeraphic ring!
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy Victory?
O Death! where is thy Sting?

PARNELL.

THE HERMIT.

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a rev'rend Hermit grew;
The moſs his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the cryſtal well:
Remote from man, with God he paſs'd his days,
Pray'r all his buſ'neſs, all his pleaſure praiſe.
A life ſo ſacred, ſuch ſerene repoſe,
Seem'd heav'n itſelf, till one ſuggeſtion roſe—
That vice ſhould triumph, virtue vice obey;
This ſprung ſome doubt of Providence's ſway:
His hopes no more a certain proſpect boaſt,
And all the tenor of his ſoul is loſt.

So when a ſmooth expanſe receives impreſt
Calm nature's image on its wat'ry breaſt,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And ſkies beneath with anſwering colours glow:
But if a ſtone the gentle ſea divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on ev'ry ſide,
And glimm'ring fragments of a broken ſun;
Banks, trees, and ſkies, in thick diſorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by ſight,
To find if books, or ſwains, report it right;
(For yet by ſwains alone the world he knew,
Whoſe feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly dew)
He quits his cell; the pilgrim-ſtaff he bore,
And fix'd the ſcallop in his hat before;
Then with the riſing ſun a journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was waſted in the pathleſs graſs,
And long and loneſome was the wild to paſs;
But when the ſouthern ſun had warm'd the day,
A youth came poſting o'er a croſſing way;
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And ſoft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair:
Then near approaching, 'Father, hail!' he cried;
And 'Hail, my ſon!' the rev'rend ſire replied:
Words follow'd words, from queſtion anſwer flow'd,
And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road;
Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart.
Thus ſtands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy claſps an elm around.

Now ſunk the ſun; the cloſing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with ſober gray;

Nature in ſilence bid the world repoſe;
When near the road a ſtately palace roſe:
There, by the moon, thro' ranks of trees they paſs,
Whoſe verdure crown'd their ſloping ſides of graſs.
It chanc'd the noble maſter of the dome
Still made his houſe the wand'ring ſtranger's home;
Yet ſtill the kindneſs, from a thirſt of praiſe,
Prov'd the vain flouriſh of expenſive eaſe.
The pair arrive: the liveried ſervants wait;
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.
The table groans with coſtly piles of food,
And all is more than hoſpitably good.
Then led to reſt, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep ſunk in ſleep, and ſilk, and heaps of down.
At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play;
Freſh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And ſhake the neighbouring wood to baniſh ſleep.
Up riſe the gueſts, obedient to the call;
An early banquet deck'd the ſplendid hall;
Rich, luſcious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
Which the kind maſter forc'd the gueſts to taſte.
Then, pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they go;
And, but the landlord, none had cauſe of woe:
His cup was vaniſh'd; for in ſecret guiſe
The younger gueſt purloin'd the glitt'ring prize.
As one who ſpies a ſerpent in his way,
Gliſt'ning and baſking in the ſummer ray,
Diſorder'd, ſtops to ſhun the danger near,
Then walks with faintneſs on, and looks with fear;
So ſeem'd the fire; when far upon the road,
The ſhining ſpoil his wily partner ſhow'd.

He ſtopp'd with ſilence, walk'd with trembling heart,
And much he wiſh'd, but durſt not aſk to part:
Murm'ring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard
That gen'rous actions meet a baſe reward.

While thus they paſs, the ſun his glory ſhrouds,
The changing ſkies hang out their ſable clouds;
A ſound in air preſag'd approaching rain,
And beaſts to covert ſcud acroſs the plain.
Warn'd by the ſigns, the wand'ring pair retreat
To ſeek for ſhelter at a neighb'ring ſeat.
'Twas built with turrets on a riſing ground,
And ſtrong, and large, and unimprov'd around;
Its owner's temper, tim'rous and ſevere,
Unkind and griping, caus'd a deſert there.
As near the miſer's heavy door they drew,
Fierce riſing guſts with ſudden fury blew;
The nimble lightning mix'd with ſhow'rs began,
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunder ran.
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driv'n by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.
At length ſome pity warm'd the maſter's breaſt
('Twas then his threſhold firſt receiv'd a gueſt):
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in the ſhiv'ring pair;
One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
And nature's fervour thro' their limbs recals:
Bread of the coarſeſt ſort, with meager wine,
(Each hardly granted) ſerv'd them both to dine;
And when the tempeſt firſt appear'd to ceaſe,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With ſtill remark the pond'ring Hermit view'd,
In one ſo rich, a life ſo poor and rude;

And why ſhould ſuch (within himſelf he cried)
Lock the loſt wealth a thouſand want beſide?
But what new marks of wonder ſoon take place
In ev'ry ſettling feature of his face,
When from his veſt the young companion bore
That cup, the gen'rous landlord own'd before,
And paid profuſely, with the precious bowl
The ſtinted kindneſs of this churliſh ſoul!

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly;
The ſun emerging opes an azure ſky;
A freſher green the ſmelling leaves diſplay,
And, glitt'ring as they tremble, cheer the day:
The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
And the glad maſter bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk the Pilgrim's boſom wrought
With all the travail of uncertain thought:
His partner's acts without their cauſe appear;
'Twas there a vice, and ſeem'd a madneſs here:
Deteſting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Loſt and confounded with the various ſhows.

Now night's dim ſhades again involve the ſky;
Again the wand'rers want a place to lie;
Again they ſearch, and find a lodging nigh.
The ſoil improv'd around, the manſion neat,
And neither poorly low, nor idly great;
It ſeem'd to ſpeak its maſter's turn of mind,
Content, and not for praiſe but virtue kind.

Hither the walkers turn their weary feet,
Then bleſs the manſion, and the maſter greet.
Their greeting fair, beſtow'd with modeſt guiſe,
The courteous maſter hears, and thus replies:

'Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To him who gives us all, I yield a part;

From him you come, for him accept it here,
A frank and ſober, more than coſtly cheer.'
He ſpoke, and bid the welcome table ſpread,
Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed;
When the grave houſhold round his hall repair,
Warn'd by a bell, and cloſe the day with pray'r.

At length the world, renew'd by calm repoſe,
Was ſtrong for toil; the dappled morn aroſe;
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept
Near the clos'd cradle, where an infant ſlept,
And writh'd his neck: the landlord's little pride,
O ſtrange return! grew black, and gaſp'd, and dy'd.
Horror of horrors! what! his only ſon?
How look'd our Hermit when the fact was done?
Not hell, though hell's black jaws in ſunder part,
And breathe blue fire, could more aſſault his heart.

Confus'd, and ſtruck with ſilence at the deed,
He flies; but trembling, fails to fly with ſpeed.
His ſteps the youth purſues; the country lay
Perplex'd with roads, a ſervant ſhew'd the way:
A river croſs'd the path; the paſſage o'er
Was nice to find; the ſervant trod before:
Long arms of oaks an open bridge ſupply'd,
And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.
The youth, who ſeem'd to watch a time to ſin,
Approach'd the careleſs guide, and thruſt him in:
Plunging he falls, and riſing lifts his head;
Then flaſhing turns, and ſinks among the dead.

Wild ſparkling rage inflames the father's eyes;
He burſts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
'Deteſted wretch!'—But ſcarce his ſpeech began,
When the ſtrange partner ſeem'd no longer man:

His youthful face grew more ſerenely ſweet;
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet;
Fair rounds of radiant points inveſt his hair;
Celeſtial odours breathe thro' purpled air;
And wings, whoſe colours glitt'red on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes diſplay.
The form ethereal burſts upon his ſight,
And moves in all the majeſty of light.

Tho' loud at firſt the Pilgrim's paſſion grew,
Sudden he gaz'd, and wiſt not what to do;
Surpriſe in ſecret chains his words ſuſpends,
And in a calm his ſettling temper ends.
But ſilence here the beauteous angel broke
(The voice of muſic raviſh'd as he ſpoke):

'Thy pray'r, thy praiſe, thy life to vice unknown,
In ſweet memorial riſe before the throne:
Theſe charms ſucceſs in our bright region find,
And force an angel down to calm thy mind;
For this commiſſion'd, I forſook the ſky—
Nay, ceaſe to kneel!—thy fellow-ſervant I.

Then know the truth of government Divine,
And let theſe ſcruples be no longer thine.

The Maker juſtly claims that world he made,
In this the right of Providence is laid;
Its ſacred majeſty thro' all depends
On uſing ſecond means to work his ends;
'Tis thus, withdrawn in ſtate from human eye,
The Pow'r exerts his attributes on high;
Your actions uſes, nor controuls your will,
And bids the doubting ſons of men be ſtill.

What ſtrange events can ſtrike with more ſurpriſe,
Than thoſe which lately ſtruck thy wond'ring eyes?

Yet taught by theſe, confeſs th' Almighty juſt;
And where you can't unriddle, learn to truſt.

The great vain man, who far'd on coſtly food,
Whoſe life was too luxurious to be good;
Who made his iv'ry ſtands with goblets ſhine,
And forc'd his gueſts to morning draughts of wine;
Has, with the cup, the graceleſs cuſtom loſt,
And ſtill he welcomes but with leſs of coſt.

The mean ſuſpicious wretch, whoſe bolted door
Ne'er mov'd in pity to the wand'ring poor,
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That heav'n can bleſs, if mortals will be kind.
Conſcious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compaſſion touch his grateful ſoul.
Thus artiſts melt the ſullen ore of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And, looſe from droſs, the ſilver runs below.

Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half wean'd his heart from God;
(Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,
And meaſur'd back his ſteps to earth again.
To what exceſſes had his dotage run!
But God, to ſave the father, took the ſon.
To all but thee, in fits it ſeem'd to go;
(And 'twas my miniſtry to deal the blow.)
The poor fond parent, humbled in the duſt,
Now owns in tears the puniſhment was juſt.

But how had all his fortunes felt a wrack,
Had that falſe ſervant ſped in ſafety back!
This night, his treaſur'd heaps he meant to ſteal,
And what a fund of charity would fail!

Thus Heav'n inſtructs thy mind: this trial o'er,
Depart in peace, reſign, and ſin no more.'
On ſounding pinions here the youth withdrew;
The ſage ſtood wond'ring as the ſeraph flew.
Thus look'd Eliſha, when to mount on high,
His maſter took the chariot of the ſky:
The fiery pomp aſcending left the view;
The prophet gaz'd, and wiſh'd to follow too.
The bending Hermit here a prayer begun:
Lord! as in heav'n, on earth thy will be done.
Then, gladly turning, ſought his ancient place,
And paſs'd a life of piety and peace.

HYMN TO CONTENTMENT.

LOVELY, laſting peace of mind!
Sweet delight of human-kind!
Heav'nly born, and bred on high,
To crown the fav'rites of the ſky
With more of happineſs below
Than victors in a triumph know!
Whither, O whither art thou fled,
To lay thy meek contented head!
What happy region doſt thou pleaſe
To make the ſeat of calms and eaſe?
Ambition ſearches all its ſphere
Of pomp and ſtate, to meet thee there:
Increaſing avarice would find
Thy preſence in its gold inſhrin'd:
The bold advent'rer ploughs his way
Thro' rocks, amidſt the foaming ſea,

To gain thy love; and then perceives
Thou wert not in the rocks and waves.
The ſilent heart which grief aſſails,
Treads ſoft and loneſome o'er the vales,
Sees daiſies open, rivers run,
And ſeeks (as I have vainly done)
Amuſing thought; but learns to know
That ſolitude's the nurſe of woe.
No real happineſs is found
In trailing purple o'er the ground:
Or in a ſoul exalted high,
To range the circuit of the ſky,
Converſe with ſtars above, and know
All nature in its forms below;
The reſt it ſeeks, in ſeeking dies,
And doubts at laſt for knowledge riſe.
Lovely, laſting Peace, appear!
This world itſelf, if thou art here,
Is once again with Eden bleſs'd,
And man contains it in his breaſt.
'Twas thus, as under ſhade I ſtood,
I ſung my wiſhes to the wood,
And loſt in thought, no more perceiv'd
The branches whiſper as they wav'd:
It ſeem'd, as all the quiet place
Confeſs'd the preſence of the grace,
When thus ſhe ſpoke—Go, rule thy will,
Bid thy wild paſſions all be ſtill;
Know God—and bring thy heart to know
The joys which from religion flow:
Then ev'ry grace ſhall prove its gueſt,
And I'll be there to crown the reſt.

Oh! by yonder moſſy ſeat,
In my hours of ſweet retreat,
Might I thus my ſoul employ,
With ſenſe of gratitude and joy:
Rais'd as ancient prophets were,
In heav'nly viſion, praiſe, and pray'r;
Pleaſing all men, hurting none,
Pleas'd and bleſs'd with God alone:
Then while the gardens take my ſight
With all the colours of delight;
While ſilver waters glide along,
To pleaſe my ear, and court my ſong:
I'll lift my voice, and tune my ſtring,
And thee, Great Source of Nature, ſing.

The ſun that walks his airy way,
To light the world, and give the day;
The moon that ſhines with borrow'd light;
The ſtars that gild the gloomy night;
The ſeas that roll unnumber'd waves;
The wood that ſpreads its ſhady leaves;
The field whoſe ears conceal the grain,
The yellow treaſure of the plain:
All of theſe, and all I ſee,
Should be ſung, and ſung by me:
They ſpeak their Maker as they can,
But want and aſk the tongue of man.

Go, ſearch among your idle dreams,
Your buſy, or your vain extreams;
And find a life of equal bliſs,
Or own the next begun in this.

ON HAPPINESS IN THIS LIFE.

THE morning opens, very freſhly gay,
And life itſelf is in the month of May.
With green my fancy paints an arbour o'er,
And flow'rets, with a thouſand colours more;
Then falls to weaving that, and ſpreading theſe,
And ſoftly ſhakes them with an eaſy breeze;
With golden fruit adorns the bending ſhade,
Or trails a ſilver water o'er its bed.
Glide, gentle water, ſtill more gently by,
While in this ſummer-bower of bliſs I lie,
And ſweetly ſing of ſenſe-delighting flames,
And nymphs and ſhepherds, ſoft-invented names;
Or view the branches which around me twine,
And praiſe their fruit, diffuſing ſprightly wine;
Or find new pleaſures in the world to praiſe,
And ſtill with this return adorn my lays;
'Range round your gardens of eternal ſpring,
'Go, range, my ſenſes, while I ſweetly ſing:'
In vain, in vain, alas! ſeduc'd by ill,
And acted wildly by the force of will!
I tell my ſoul it will be conſtant May,
And charm a ſeaſon never made to ſtay;
My beauteous arbour will not ſtand a ſtorm,
The world but promiſes, and can't perform:
Then fade, ye leaves; and wither, all ye flowers;
I'll doat no longer in enchanted bowers;
But ſadly mourn, in melancholy ſong,
The vain conceits that held my ſoul ſo long;
The luſts that tempt us with deluſive ſhow,
And ſin brought forth for everlaſting woe.

Thus ſhall the notes to Sorrow's object riſe,
While frequent reſts procure a place for ſighs;
And, as I moan upon the naked plain,
Be this the burthen cloſing every ſtrain:
'Return, my ſenſes, range no more abroad;
'He'll only find his bliſs who ſeeks for God."

THE HAPPY MAN.

HOW bleſs'd the man, how fully ſo,
As far as man is bleſs'd below,
Who, taking up his croſs, eſſays
To follow Jeſus all his days;
With reſolution to obey,
And ſteps enlarging in his way!
The Father of the ſaints above
Adopts him with a father's love,
And makes his boſom throughly ſhine
With wondrous ſtores of grace divine;
Sweet grace divine, the pledge of joy,
That will his ſoul above employ;
Full joy, that, when his time is done,
Becomes his portion as a ſon.
Ah me! the ſweet infus'd deſires,
The fervid wiſhes, holy fires,
Which thus a melted heart refine,
Such are his, and ſuch be mine.
From hence deſpiſing all beſides
That earth reveals, or ocean hides,
All that men in either prize,
On God alone he ſets his eyes.

From hence his hope is on the wings,
His health renews, his ſafety ſprings,
His glory blazes up below,
And all the ſtreams of comfort flow.
He calls his Saviour King above,
Lord of mercy, Lord of love;
And finds a kingly care defend,
And mercy ſmile, and love deſcend,
To cheer, to guide him in the ways
Of this vain world's deceitful maze:
And tho' the wicked earth diſplay
Its terrors in their fierce array;
Or gape ſo wide that horror ſhows
Its hell replete with endleſs woes;
Such ſuccour keeps him clear of ill,
Still firm to good, and dauntleſs ſtill,
So, fix'd by Providence's hands,
A rock amidſt an ocean ſtands;
So bears, without a trembling dread,
The tempeſt beating round his head;
And with its ſide repels the wave,
Whoſe hollow ſeems a coming grave;
The ſkies, the deeps, are heard to roar;
The rock ſtands ſettled as before.
I, all with whom he has to do,
Admire the life which bleſſes you;
That feeds a foe, that aids a friend,
Without a bye deſigning end;
Its knowing real intereſt lies
On the bright ſide of yonder ſkies,
Where, having made a title fair,
It mounts, and leaves the world to care.

While he that ſeeks for pleaſing days,
In earthly joys and evil ways,
Is but the fool of toil or fame,
(Though happy be the ſpecious name)
And made by wealth, which makes him great,
A more conſpicuous wretch of ſtate.

PRIOR.

CHARITY.

A PARAPHRASE

ON THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER OF THE FIRST EPISTLE TO THE CORINTHIANS.

DID ſweeter ſounds adorn my flowing tongue,
Than ever man pronounc'd, or angel ſung:
Had I all knowledge, human and divine,
That thought can reach, or ſcience can define;
And had I pow'r to give that knowledge birth,
In all the ſpeeches of the babbling earth:
Did Shadrach's zeal my glowing breaſt inſpire,
To weary tortures, and rejoice in fire;
Or had I faith like that which Iſrael ſaw,
When Moſes gave them miracles and law;
Yet, gracious Charity, indulgent gueſt,
Were not thy pow'r exerted in my breaſt,
Thoſe ſpeeches would ſend up unheeded pray'r,
That ſcorn of life would be but wild deſpair:
A cymbal's ſound were better than my voice;
My faith were form, my eloquence were noiſe.

Charity, decent, modeſt, eaſy, kind,
Softens the high, and rears the abject mind;
Knows with juſt reins, and gentle hand to guide
Betwixt vile ſhame, and arbitrary pride:
Not ſoon provoked, ſhe eaſily forgives,
And much ſhe ſuffers, as ſhe much believes:
Soft peace ſhe brings wherever ſhe arrives;
She builds our quiet, as ſhe forms our lives:
Lays the rough paths of peeviſh nature even,
And opens in each heart a little heav'n.

Each other gift, which God on man beſtows,
Its proper bounds, and due reſtriction knows;
To one fixt purpoſe dedicates its pow'r,
And finiſhing its act, exiſts no more.
Thus in obedience to what heav'n decrees,
Knowledge ſhall fail, and prophecy ſhall ceaſe:
But laſting Charity's more ample ſway,
Nor bound by time, nor ſubject to decay,
In happy triumph ſhall for ever live,
And endleſs good diffuſe, and endleſs praiſe receive.

As through the artiſt's intervening glaſs,
Our eye obſerves the diſtant planets paſs;
A little we diſcover; but allow
That more remains unſeen, than art can ſhow;
So whilſt our minds its knowledge would improve
(Its feeble eye intent on things above)
High as we may, we lift our Reaſon up,
By Faith directed, and confirm'd by Hope:
Yet are we able only to ſurvey
Dawnings of beams, and promiſes of day.
Heav'n's fuller effluence mocks our dazzled ſight;
Too great its ſwiftneſs, and too ſtrong its light.

But ſoon the mediate clouds ſhall be diſpell'd:
The Sun ſhall ſoon be face to face beheld,
In all his robes, with all his glory on,
Seated ſublime on his meridian throne.
Then conſtant Faith, and holy Hope ſhall die,
One loſt in certainty, and one in joy:
Whilſt thou, more happy pow'r, fair Charity,
Triumphant ſiſter, greateſt of the three,
Thy office and thy nature ſtill the ſame,
Laſting thy lamp, and unconſum'd thy flame,
Shalt ſtill ſurvive——
Shalt ſtand before the hoſt of heav'n confeſt,
For ever bleſſing, and for ever bleſt.

THE CONVERSATION.

A TALE.

IT always has been thought diſcrete,
To know the company you meet;
And ſure there may be ſecret danger,
In talking much before a ſtranger.
"Agreed: What then?" Then drink your ale;
I'll pledge you, and repeat my tale.
No matter where the ſcene is fixt:
The perſons were but oddly mixt;
When ſober Damon thus began
(And Damon is a clever man):
"I now grow old; but ſtill, from youth,
"Have held for Modeſty and Truth.
"The men, who by theſe ſea-marks ſteer,
"In life's great voyage never err:

" Upon this point I dare defy
" The world. I pauſe for a reply."
" Sir, either is a good aſſiſtant,"
Said one who ſat a little diſtant:
" Truth decks our ſpeeches and our books;
" And Modeſty adorns our looks:
" But farther progreſs we muſt take:
" Not only born to look and ſpeak:
" The man muſt act. The Stagyrite
" Says thus, and ſays extremely right:
" Strict juſtice is the ſovereign guide,
" That o'er our actions ſhould preſide;
" This Queen of Virtues is confeſt
" To regulate and bind the reſt.
" Thrice happy if you once can find
" Her equal balance poiſe your mind:
" All different graces ſoon will enter,
" Like lines concurrent to their centre."
'Twas thus, in ſhort, theſe two went on,
With YEA and NAY, and PRO and CON,
Through many points divinely dark,
And Waterland aſſaulting Clarke;
Till, in theology half loſt,
Damon took up the Evening-Poſt;
Confounded Spain, compos'd the North,
And deep in politicks held forth.
" Methinks we're in the like condition,
" As at the Treaty of Partition:
" That ſtroke, for all King William's care,
" Begat another tedious war.
" Matthew, who knew the whole intrigue,
" Ne'er much approv'd that myſtic league:

" In the vile Utrecht Treaty too,
" Poor man! he found enough to do.
" Sometimes to me he did apply;
" But Down-right Dunſtable was I,
" And told him where they were miſtaken,
" And counſel'd him to ſave his bacon:
" But (paſs his politicks and proſe)
" I never herded with his foes;
" Nay, in his verſes, as a friend,
" I ſtill found ſomething to commend.
" Sir, I excus'd his Nut-brown Maid,
" Whate'er ſeverer critics ſaid:
" Too far, I own, the girl was try'd:
" The women all were on my ſide.
" For Alma I return'd him thanks;
" I lik'd her with her little pranks:
" Indeed, poor Solomon in rhyme
" Was much too grave to be ſublime."
Pindar and Damon ſcorn tranſition,
So on he ran a new diviſion;
'Till, out of breath, he turn'd to ſpit;
(Chance often helps us more than wit.)
T'other that lucky moment took,
Juſt nick'd the time, broke in, and ſpoke.
" Of all the gifts the gods afford
" (If we may take old Tully's word)
" The greateſt is a friend; whoſe love
" Knows how to praiſe, and when reprove;
" From ſuch a treaſure never part,
" But hang the jewel on your heart:
" And, pray, Sir, (it delights me) tell;
" You know this Author mighty well?"

"Know him! d'ye queſtion it? Ods-fiſh!
"Sir, does a beggar know his diſh?
"I lov'd him; as I told you, I
"Adviſ'd him—" Here a ſtander-by
Twitch'd Damon gently by the cloke,
And thus, unwilling, ſilence broke:
"Damon, 'tis time we ſhould retire:
"The man you talk with is Mat Prior."

Patron through life, and from thy birth my friend,
Dorſet! to thee, this Fable let me ſend:
With Damon's lightneſs weigh thy ſolid worth;
The foil is known to ſet the diamond forth:
Let the feign'd Tale this real moral give,
How MANY Damons, how FEW Dorſets, live!

GAY.

THE SHEPHERD AND PHILOSOPHER.

REMOTE from cities liv'd a ſwain,
Unvex'd with all the cares of gain;
His head was ſilver'd o'er with age,
And long experience made him ſage;
In ſummer's heat, and winter's cold,
He fed his flock, and penn'd the fold;
His hours in cheerful labour flew,
Nor envy nor ambition knew:
His wiſdom and his honeſt fame
Through all the country rais'd his name.
A deep Philoſopher (whoſe rules
Of moral life were drawn from ſchools)

The Shepherd's homely cottage ſought,
And thus explor'd his reach of thought:
Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books conſum'd the midnight oil?
Haſt thou old Greece, and Rome ſurvey'd,
And the vaſt ſenſe of Plato weigh'd?
Hath Socrates thy ſoul refin'd;
And haſt thou fathom'd Tully's mind?
Or, like the wiſe Ulyſſes, thrown
By various fates on realms unknown,
Haſt thou through many cities ſtray'd,
Their cuſtoms, laws, and manners weigh'd?
The ſhepherd modeſtly reply'd:
I ne'er the paths of learning try'd;
Nor have I roam'd in foreign parts,
To read mankind, their laws, and arts;
For man is practis'd in diſguiſe,
He cheats the moſt diſcerning eyes;
Who by that ſearch ſhall wiſer grow,
When we ourſelves can never know?
The little knowledge I have gain'd,
Was all from ſimple nature drain'd;
Hence my life's maxims took their riſe,
Hence grew my ſettled hate to vice.
The daily labours of the bee
Awake my ſoul to induſtry.
Who can obſerve the careful ant,
And not provide for future want?
My dog (the truſtieſt of his kind)
With gratitude inflames my mind:
I mark his true, his faithful way,
And in my ſervice copy Tray.

In conſtancy and nuptial love,
I learn my duty from the dove.
The hen, who from the chilly air,
With pious wing protects her care;
And ev'ry fowl that flies at large,
Inſtructs me in a parent's charge.
From nature too I take my rule,
To ſhun contempt and ridicule:
I never, with important air,
In converſation overbear.
Can grave and formal paſs for wiſe,
When men the ſolemn owl deſpiſe?
My tongue within my lips I rein,
For who talks much muſt talk in vain:
We from the wordy torrent fly;
Who liſtens to the chatt'ring pye?
Nor would I, with felonious flight,
By ſtealth invade my neighbour's right.
Rapacious animals we hate:
Kites, hawks, and wolves, deſerve their fate.
Do not we juſt abhorrence find
Againſt the toad and ſerpent kind?
But envy, calumny, and ſpite,
Bear ſtronger venom in their bite.
Thus ev'ry object of creation
Can furniſh hints to contemplation;
And from the moſt minute and mean,
A virtuous mind can morals glean.
Thy fame is juſt, the ſage replies;
Thy virtue proves thee truly wiſe.
Pride often guides the author's pen;
Books as affected are as men:

But he who ſtudies nature's laws,
From certain truth his maxims draws;
And thoſe, without our ſchools, ſuffice
To make men moral, good, and wiſe.

A CONTEMPLATION ON NIGHT.

WHETHER amid the gloom of Night I ſtray,
Or my glad eyes enjoy revolving day,
Still Nature's various face informs my ſenſe
Of an all-wiſe, all-powerful Providence.
When the gay ſun firſt breaks the ſhades of Night,
And ſtrikes the diſtant Eaſtern hills with light,
Colour returns, the plains their liv'ry wear,
And a bright verdure clothes the ſmiling year;
The blooming flow'rs with op'ning beauties glow,
And grazing flocks their milky fleeces ſhow;
The barren cliffs with chalky fronts ariſe,
And a pure azure arches o'er the ſkies.
But when the gloomy reign of Night returns,
Stript of her fading pride, all Nature mourns:
The trees no more their wonted verdure boaſt,
But weep, in dewy tears, their beauty loſt;
No diſtant landſcapes draw our curious eyes,
Wrapt in Night's robe the whole creation lies:
Yet ſtill, e'en now, while darkneſs clothes the land,
We view the traces of th' Almighty hand;
Millions of ſtars in Heav'n's wide vault appear,
And with new glories hang the boundleſs ſphere:
The ſilver Moon her Weſtern couch forſakes,
And o'er the ſkies her nightly circle makes;

Her ſolid globe beats back the ſunny rays,
And to the world her borrow'd light repays.
Whether thoſe ſtars, that twinkling luſtre ſend,
Are ſuns, and rolling worlds thoſe ſuns attend,
Man may conjecture, and new ſchemes declare,
Yet all his ſyſtems but conjectures are;
But this we know, that Heav'n's eternal King,
Who bid this univerſe from nothing ſpring,
Can, at his word, bid num'rous worlds appear,
And riſing worlds th' all-powerful word ſhall hear.
When to the Weſtern main the ſun deſcends,
To other lands a riſing day he lends;
The ſpreading dawn another ſhepherd ſpies,
The wakeful flocks from their warm folds ariſe;
Refreſh'd, the peaſant ſeeks his early toil,
And bids the plough correct the fallow ſoil.
While we in ſleep's embraces waſte the night,
The climes oppos'd enjoy meridian light;
And when thoſe lands the buſy ſun forſakes,
With us again the roſy morning wakes;
In lazy ſleep the night rolls ſwift away,
And neither clime laments his abſent ray.
When the pure ſoul is from the body flown,
No more ſhall Night's alternate reign be known;
The ſun no more ſhall rolling light beſtow,
But from th' Almighty ſtreams of glory flow.
Oh! may ſome nobler thought my ſoul employ,
Than empty, tranſient, ſublunary joy.
The ſtars ſhall drop, the ſun ſhall loſe his flame,
But thou, O God! for ever ſhine the ſame.

ADDISON.

HYMN

ON GRATITUDE.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My riſing ſoul ſurveys;
Tranſported with the view, I'm loſt
In wonder, love, and praiſe.

O how ſhall words, with equal warmth,
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my raviſh'd heart?
But thou canſt read it there.

Thy providence my life ſuſtain'd,
And all my wants redreſt,
When in the ſilent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breaſt.

To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themſelves in pray'r.

Unnumber'd comforts to my ſoul
Thy tender care beſtow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom thoſe comforts flow'd.

When in the ſlipp'ry paths of youth
With heedleſs ſteps I ran,

Thine arm unſeen convey'd me ſafe,
And led me up to man.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way,
And through the pleaſing ſnares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

When worn with ſickneſs, oft haſt thou
With health renew'd my face,
And when in ſins and ſorrows ſunk,
Reviv'd my ſoul with grace.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliſs
Hath made my cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful friend
Hath doubled all my ſtore.

Ten thouſand thouſand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ,
Nor is the leaſt a cheerful heart,
That taſtes thoſe gifts with joy.

Through ev'ry period of my life
Thy goodneſs I'll purſue;
And after death in diſtant worlds
The glorious theme renew.

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy ſhall adore.

Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful ſong I'll raiſe,
For O! eternity's too ſhort
To utter all thy praiſe.

HYMN

ON PROVIDENCE.

THE Lord my paſture ſhall prepare,
And feed me with a ſhepherd's care:
His preſence ſhall my wants ſupply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks he ſhall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the ſultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirſty mountains pant;
To fertile vales, and dewy meads,
My weary wand'ring ſteps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers, ſoft and ſlow,
Amid the verdant landſcape flow.

Though in the paths of Death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overſpread,
My ſtedfaſt heart ſhall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me ſtill;
Thy friendly crook ſhall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful ſhade.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I ſtray,
Thy bounty ſhall my pains beguile:
The barren wilderneſs ſhall ſmile,
With ſudden greens and herbage crown'd;
And ſtreams ſhall murmur all around.

HYMN,

FROM PSALM 19th.

THE ſpacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal ſky,
And ſpangled Heavens, a ſhining frame,
Their great Original proclaim:
Th' unwearied ſun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's pow'r diſplay,
And publiſhes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the ev'ning ſhades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the liſt'ning earth
Repeats the ſtory of her birth:
Whilſt all the ſtars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And ſpread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in ſolemn ſilence all
Move round the dark terreſtrial ball!
What though nor real voice nor ſound
Amid their radiant orbs be found!
In reaſon's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever ſinging as they ſhine,
'The hand that made us is Divine.'

THOMSON.

HYMN

ON THE SEASONS.

THESE, as they change, Almighty Father, theſe,
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleaſing Spring
Thy beauty walks, Thy tenderneſs and love.
Wide flush the fields; the ſoft'ning air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the foreſt ſmiles;
And every ſenſe, and every heart is joy:
Then comes thy glory in the Summer-months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then Thy ſun
Shoots full perfection through the ſwelling year:
And oft Thy voice in dreadful thunder ſpeaks;
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whiſp'ring gales.
Thy bounty ſhines in Autumn unconfin'd,
And ſpreads a common feaſt for all that lives.
In Winter, awful Thou! with clouds and ſtorms
Around Thee thrown, tempeſt o'er tempeſt roll'd,
Majeſtic darkneſs! on the whirlwind's wing,
Riding ſublime, Thou bid'ſt the world adore,
And humbleſt nature with Thy northern blaſt.
Myſterious round! what ſkill, what force divine,
Deep-felt, in theſe appear! a ſimple train,
Yet ſo delightful mix'd, with ſuch kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combin'd;

Shade, unperceived, ſo ſoft'ning into ſhade;
And all ſo forming an harmonious whole;
That, as they ſtill ſucceed, they raviſh ſtill.
But wand'ring oft, with brute unconſcious gaze,
Man marks not Thee, marks not the mighty hand,
That, ever-buſy, wheels the ſilent ſpheres;
Works in the ſecret deep; ſhoots, ſteaming, thence
The fair profuſion that o'erſpreads the Spring;
Flings from the ſun direct the flaming day;
Feeds ev'ry creature; hurls the tempeſt forth;
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With tranſport touches all the ſprings of life.

Nature, attend! join every living ſoul,
Beneath the ſpacious temple of the ſky,
In adoration join; and, ardent, raiſe
One general ſong! To Him, ye vocal gales,
Breathe ſoft, whoſe Spirit in your freſhneſs breathes:
Oh, talk of him in ſolitary glooms,
Where, o'er the rock, the ſcarcely waving pine
Fills the brown ſhade with a religious awe!
And ye, whoſe bolder note is heard afar,
Who ſhake th' aſtoniſh'd world, lift high to heav'n
Th' impetuous ſong, and ſay from whom you rage.
His praiſe, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;
And let me catch it as I muſe along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid, and profound;
Ye ſofter floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale; and thou, majeſtic main,
A ſecret world of wonders in thyſelf,
Sound His ſtupendous praiſe, whoſe greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
Soft roll your incenſe, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,

In mingled clouds to Him, whoſe ſun exalts,
Whoſe breath perfumes you, and whoſe pencil paints.
Ye foreſts bend, ye harveſts wave, to Him;
Breathe your ſtill ſong into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heav'n, as earth aſleep
Unconſcious lies, effuſe your mildeſt beams,
Ye conſtellations, while your angels ſtrike,
Amid the ſpangled ſky, the ſilver lyre.
Great ſource of day! beſt image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On nature write, with every beam, His praiſe.
The thunder rolls: be huſh'd the proſtrate world;
While cloud to cloud returns the ſolemn hymn.
Bleat out afreſh, ye hills; ye moſſy rocks,
Retain the ſound: the broad reſponſive lowe.
Ye vallies, raiſe; for the Great Shepherd reigns:
And his unſuff'ring kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands all, awake! a boundleſs ſong
Burſt from the groves! and when the reſtleſs day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world aſleep,
Sweeteſt of birds! ſweet Philomela, charm
The liſt'ning ſhades, and teach the Night His praiſe.
Ye, chief, for whom the whole creation ſmiles,
At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn! in ſwarming cities vaſt,
Aſſembled men, to the deep organ join
The long-reſounding voice, oft breaking clear,
At ſolemn pauſes, through the ſwelling baſe;
And, as each mingling flame increaſes each,
In one united ardour riſe to heaven.

Or if you rather chuſe the rural ſhade,
And find a fane in ev'ry ſacred grove;
There let the ſhepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting ſeraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still ſing the God of Seaſons as they roll.
For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the bloſſom blows; the Summer ray
Ruſſets the plain; inſpiring Autumn gleams;
Or Winter riſes in the black'ning Eaſt;
Be my tongue mute, may fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat.

Should fate command me to the fartheſt verge
Of the green earth, to diſtant barb'rous climes,
Rivers unknown to ſong; where firſt the ſun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his ſetting beam
Flames on th' Atlantic iſles; 'tis nought to me:
Since God is ever preſent, ever felt,
In the void waſte as in the city full;
And where He vital breathes, there muſt be joy.
When e'en at laſt the ſolemn hour ſhall come,
And wing my myſtic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey; there, with new powers,
Will riſing wonders ſing. I cannot go,
Where univerſal Love not ſmiles around,
Suſtaining all yon orbs, and all their ſons:
From *ſeeming evil* ſtill educing *good*,
And *better* thence again, and *better* ſtill,
In infinite progreſſion.—But I loſe
Myſelf in Him, in LIGHT INEFFABLE!
Come then, expreſſive ſilence, muſe His praiſe.

A PARAPHRASE

ON THE LATTER PART OF THE SIXTH CHAPTER OF ST. MATTHEW.

WHEN my breaſt labours with oppreſſive care,
And o'er my cheek deſcends the falling tear;
While all my warring paſſions are at ſtrife,
O, let me liſten to the words of life!
Raptures deep-felt His doctrine did impart,
And thus He rais'd from earth the drooping heart.
Think not, when all your ſcanty ſtores afford
Is ſpread at once upon the ſparing board;
Think not, when worn the homely robe appears,
While on the roof, the howling tempeſt bears;
What further ſhall this feeble life ſuſtain,
And what ſhall clothe theſe ſhiv'ring limbs again.
Say, does not life its nouriſhment exceed?
And the fair body its inveſting weed?
Behold! and look away your low deſpair—
See the light tenants of the barren air:
To them, nor ſtores, nor granaries, belong;
Nought, but the woodland, and the pleaſing ſong:
Yet, your kind heav'nly Father bends his eye
On the leaſt wing that flits beneath the ſky.
To Him they ſing, when ſpring renews the plain,
To Him they cry, in winter's pinching reign;
Nor is their muſic, nor their plaint in vain:
He hears the gay, and the diſtreſsful call,
And with unſparing bounty fills them all.
Obſerve the riſing lily's ſnowy grace,
Obſerve the various vegetable race;
They neither toil, nor ſpin, but careleſs grow,
Yet ſee how warm they bluſh! how bright they glow!

What regal veſtments can with them compare!
What king ſo ſhining! or what queen ſo fair!
If, ceaſeleſs, thus the fowls of heav'n he feeds,
If o'er the fields ſuch lucid robes he ſpreads;
Will he not care for you, ye faithleſs, ſay?
Is He unwiſe? or, are ye leſs than they?

ODE ON ÆOLUS's HARP.

ETHEREAL Race, inhabitants of air,
Who hymn your God amid the ſecret grove;
Ye unſeen beings, to my harp repair,
And raiſe majeſtic ſtrains, or melt in love.

Thoſe tender notes, how kindly they upbraid!
With what ſoft woe they thrill the lover's heart!
Sure from the hand of ſome unhappy maid,
Who dy'd of love, theſe ſweet complainings part.

But hark! that ſtrain was of a graver tone;
On the deep ſtrings his hand ſome hermit throws;
Or he, the ſacred Bard*, who ſat alone,
In the drear waſte, and wept his people's woes.

Such was the ſong which Zion's children ſung,
When by Euphrates' ſtream they made their plaint;
And to ſuch ſadly ſolemn notes are ſtrung
Angelic harps, to ſooth a dying ſaint.

Methinks I hear the full celeſtial choir,
Thro' heav'n's high dome their awful anthem raiſe:
Now chanting clear, and now they all conſpire
To ſwell the lofty hymn, from praiſe to praiſe.

* *The Prophet Jeremiah.*

Let me, ye wand'ring ſpirits of the wind,
Who, as wild fancy prompts you, touch the ſtring,
Smit with your theme, be in your chorus join'd,
For till you ceaſe, my muſe forgets to ſing.

LYTTLETON.

A MONODY
ON THE DEATH OF HIS LADY.

'Ipſe cava ſolans ægrum teſtudine amorem,
'Te, dulcis conjux, te ſolo in littore ſecum,
'Te veniente die, te decedente canebat.'

AT length eſcap'd from ev'ry human eye,
From every duty, every care,
That in my mournful thoughts might claim a ſhare,
Or force my tears their flowing ſtream to dry;
Beneath the gloom of this embow'ring ſhade,
This lone retreat, for tender ſorrow made,
I now may give my burden'd heart relief,
And pour forth all my ſtores of grief;
Of grief ſurpaſſing ev'ry other woe,
Far as the pureſt bliſs, the happieſt love
Can on th' ennobled mind beſtow,
Exceeds the vulgar joys that move
Our groſs deſires, inelegant and low.

Ye tufted groves, ye gently falling rills,
Ye high o'erſhadowing hills,

Ye lawns gay-ſmiling, with eternal green,
Oft have you my Lucy ſeen!
But never ſhall you now behold her more:
Nor will ſhe now, with fond delight,
And taſte refin'd, your rural charms explore.
Clos'd are thoſe beauteous eyes in endleſs night,
Thoſe beauteous eyes, where beaming us'd to ſhine
Reaſon's pure light, and Virtue's ſpark divine.

Oft would the Dryads of theſe woods rejoice,
To hear her heavenly voice;
For her deſpiſing, when ſhe deign'd to ſing,
The ſweeteſt ſongſters of the ſpring:
The woodlark and the linnet pleas'd no more:
The nightingale was mute,
And ev'ry ſhepherd's flute
Was caſt in ſilent ſcorn away,
While all attended to her ſweeter lay.
Ye larks and linnets, now reſume your ſong:
And thou, melodious Philomel,
Again thy plaintive ſtory tell;
For death has ſtopp'd that tuneful tongue,
Whoſe muſic could alone your warbling notes excel.

In vain I look around
O'er all the well-known ground,
My Lucy's wonted footſteps to deſcry;
Where oft we us'd to walk;
Where oft in tender talk
We ſaw the ſummer-ſun go down the ſky;
Nor by yon fountain's ſide,
Nor where its waters glide

Along the valley, can ſhe now be found:
In all the wide-ſtretch'd proſpect's ample bound,
No more my mournful eye
Can aught of her eſpy,
But the ſad ſacred earth where her dear relics lie.

O ſhades of Hagley, where is now your boaſt?
Your bright inhabitant is loſt.
You ſhe preferr'd to all the gay reſorts
Where female vanity might wiſh to ſhine,
The pomp of cities, and the pride of courts.
Her modeſt beauties ſhunn'd the public eye:
To your ſequeſter'd dales
And flow'r embroider'd vales,
From an admiring world ſhe choſe to fly.
With Nature there retir'd, and Nature's God,
The ſilent paths of wiſdom trod,
And baniſh'd ev'ry paſſion from her breaſt;
But thoſe, the gentleſt and the beſt,
Whoſe holy flames with energy divine
The virtuous heart enliven and improve,
The conjugal and the maternal love.

Sweet babes! who, like the little playful fawns,
Were wont to trip along theſe verdant lawns,
By your delighted mother's ſide,
Who now your infant ſteps ſhall guide?
Ah! where is now the hand, whoſe tender care
To ev'ry virtue would have form'd your youth,
And ſtrew'd with flow'rs the thorny way of truth?
O loſs beyond repair!
O wretched father! left alone,
To weep their dire misfortune, and thy own!

How ſhall thy weaken'd mind, oppreſs'd with woe,
And, drooping o'er thy Lucy's grave,
Perform the duties that you doubly owe,
Now ſhe, alas! is gone,
From folly and from vice their helpleſs age to ſave?

Where were ye, Muſes, when relentleſs Fate
From theſe fond arms your fair diſciple tore;
From theſe fond arms, that vainly ſtrove,
With hapleſs, ineffectual love,
To guard her boſom from the mortal blow?
Could not your fav'ring pow'r, Aönian maids,
Could not, alas! your pow'r prolong her date;
For whom ſo oft, in theſe inſpiring ſhades,
Or under Camden's moſs-clad mountains hoar,
You open'd all your ſacred ſtore;
Whate'er your ancient ſages taught,
Your ancient bards ſublimely thought,
And bade her raptur'd breaſt with all your ſpirit glow?

Nor then did Pindus or Caſtalia's plain,
Or Aganippe's fount, your ſteps detain,
Nor in the Theſpian valleys did you play;
Nor then on Mincio's bank
Beſet with oſiers dank,
Nor where Clitumnus* rolls his gentle ſtream,
Nor where, through hanging woods,
Steep Anio† pours his floods,
Nor yet where Meles‡ or Iliſſus§ ſtray.

* *The Clitumnus is a river of Umbria.*

† *The Anio runs through Tibur or Tivoli, where Horace had a villa.*

‡ *The Meles is a river of Ionia.*

§ *The Iliſſus is a river at Athens.*

Ill does it now beſeem,
That, of your guardian care bereft,
To dire diſeaſe and death your darling ſhould be left.

Now what avails it, that in early bloom,
When light fantaſtic toys
Are all her ſex's joys,
With you ſhe ſearch'd the wit of Greece and Rome;
And all that in her latter days,
To emulate her ancient praiſe,
Italia's happy genius could produce;
Or what the Gallic fire
Bright ſparkling could inſpire,
By all the Graces temper'd and refin'd;
Or what, in Britain's iſle,
Moſt favour'd with your ſmile,
The pow'rs of Reaſon and of Fancy join'd
To full perfection have conſpir'd to raiſe?
Ah! what is now the uſe
Of all theſe treaſures that enrich'd her mind,
To black Oblivion's gloom for ever now conſign'd!

At leaſt, ye Nine, her ſpotleſs name
'Tis yours from death to ſave,
And in the temple of immortal Fame
With golden characters her worth engrave.
Come, then, ye virgin ſiſters, come,
And ſtrew with choiceſt flow'rs her hallow'd tomb;
But foremoſt thou, in ſable veſtment clad,
With accents ſweet and ſad,
Thou plaintive Muſe, whom o'er his Laura's urn
Unhappy Petrarch call'd to mourn;

O come, and to this fairer Laura pay
A more impaſſion'd tear, a more pathetic lay!

Tell how each beauty of her mind and face
Was brighten'd by ſome ſweet peculiar grace!
How eloquent in ev'ry look
Thro' her expreſſive eyes her ſoul diſtinctly ſpoke!
Tell how her manners, by the world refin'd,
Left all the taint of modiſh vice behind,
And made each charm of poliſh'd courts agree
With candid Truth's ſimplicity,
And uncorrupted Innocence!
Tell how to more than manly ſenſe
She join'd the ſoft'ning influence
Of more than female tenderneſs:
How, in the thoughtleſs days of wealth and joy,
Which oft the care of other's good deſtroy,
Her kindly-melting heart,
To every want, and every woe,
To guilt itſelf when in diſtreſs,
The balm of pity would impart,
And all relief that bounty could beſtow!
E'en for the kid or lamb, that pour'd its life
Beneath the bloody knife,
Her gentle tears would fall;
Tears, from ſweet Virtue's ſource, benevolent to all!

Not only good and kind,
But ſtrong and elevated was her mind:
A ſpirit that with noble pride
Could look ſuperior down
On Fortune's ſmile or frown;
That could, without regret or pain,

To Virtue's loweſt duty ſacrifice,
Or Intereſt or Ambition's higheſt prize;
That, injur'd or offended, never tried
Its dignity by vengeance to maintain,
But by magnanimous diſdain.
A wit that, temperately bright,
With inoffenſive light
All pleaſing ſhone; nor ever paſs'd
The decent bounds that Wiſdom's ſober hand,
And ſweet benevolence's mild command,
And baſhful modeſty, before it caſt.
A prudence undeceiving, undeceiv'd,
That nor too little nor too much believ'd;
That ſcorn'd unjuſt Suſpicion's coward fear,
And, without weakneſs, knew to be ſincere.
Such Lucy was, when in her faireſt days,
Amidſt th' acclaim of univerſal praiſe.
In life's and glory's freſheſt bloom,
Death came remorſeleſs on, and ſunk her to the tomb.

So, where the ſilent ſtreams of Liris glide,
In the ſoft boſom of Campania's vale,
When now the wint'ry tempeſts all are fled,
And genial ſummer breathes her gentle gale,
The verdant orange lifts its beauteous head;
From ev'ry branch the balmy flow'rets riſe,
On ev'ry bough the golden fruits are ſeen;
With odours ſweet it fills the ſmiling ſkies,
The wood nymphs tend it, and th' Idalian queen:
But, in the midſt of all its blooming pride,
A ſudden blaſt from Appenninus blows,
Cold with perpetual ſnows;
The tender blighted plant ſhrinks up its leaves and dies.

Ariſe, O Petrarch! from th' Elyſian bow'rs,
With never-fading myrtles twin'd,
And fragrant with ambroſial flow'rs,
Where to thy Laura thou again art join'd;
Ariſe, and hither bring the ſilver lyre,
Tun'd by thy ſkilful hand,
To the ſoft notes of elegant deſire,
With which o'er many a land
Was ſpread the fame of thy diſaſtrous love;
To me reſign the vocal ſhell,
And teach my ſorrows to relate
Their melancholy tale ſo well,
As may e'en things inanimate,
Rough mountain oaks, and deſert rocks, to pity move.

What were, alas! thy woes, compar'd to mine?
To thee thy miſtreſs in the bliſsful band
Of Hymen never gave her hand;
The joys of wedded love were never thine.
In thy domeſtic care
She never bore a ſhare,
Nor with endearing art
Would heal thy wounded heart
Of every ſecret grief that feſter'd there:
Nor did her fond affection on the bed
Of ſickneſs watch thee, and thy languid head
Whole nights on her unwearied arm ſuſtain,
And charm away the ſenſe of pain:
Nor did ſhe crown your mutual flame
With pledges dear, and with a father's tender name.

O beſt of wives! O dearer far to me
Than when thy virgin charms
Were yielded to my arms;

How can my ſoul endure the loſs of thee?
How in the world, to me a deſert grown,
Abandon'd and alone,
Without my ſweet companion can I live?
Without thy lovely ſmile,
The dear reward of every virtuous toil,
What pleaſures now can pall'd Ambition give?
E'en the delightful ſenſe of well-earn'd praiſe,
Unſhar'd by thee, no more my lifeleſs thoughts could raiſe.

For my diſtracted mind
What ſuccour can I find?
On whom for conſolation ſhall I call?
Support me, ev'ry friend;
Your kind aſſiſtance lend,
To bear the weight of this oppreſſive woe.
Alas! each friend of mine,
My dear departed love, ſo much was thine,
That none has any comfort to beſtow.
My books, the beſt relief
In every other grief,
Are now with your idea ſadden'd all:
Each fav'rite author we together read
My tortur'd mem'ry wounds, and ſpeaks of Lucy dead.

We were the happieſt pair of human kind:
The rolling year its various courſe perform'd,
And back return'd again;
Another, and another, ſmiling came,
And ſaw our happineſs unchang'd remain.
Still in her golden chain

Harmonious Concord did our wiſhes bind:
Our ſtudies, pleaſures, taſte, the ſame.
O fatal, fatal ſtroke!
That all this pleaſing fabric Love had rais'd
Of rare felicity,
On which e'en wanton Vice with envy gaz'd,
And every ſcheme of bliſs our hearts had form'd,
With ſoothing hope for many a future day,
In one ſad moment broke!
Yet, O my ſoul! thy riſing murmurs ſtay;
Nor dare th' all-wiſe Diſpoſer to arraign,
Or againſt his ſupreme decree
With impious grief complain.
That all thy full-blown joys at once ſhould fade,
Was his moſt righteous will—and be that will obey'd.

Would thy fond love his grace to her controul;
And, in theſe low abodes of ſin and pain,
Her pure exalted ſoul,
Unjuſtly, for thy partial good, detain?
No—rather ſtrive thy groveling mind to raiſe
Up to that unclouded blaze,
That heavenly radiance of eternal light,
In which enthron'd ſhe now with pity ſees,
How frail, how inſecure, how ſlight,
Is every mortal bliſs;
Even Love itſelf, if riſing by degrees
Beyond the bounds of this imperfect ſtate,
Whoſe fleeting joys ſo ſoon muſt end,
It does not to its ſovereign good aſcend.
Riſe then, my ſoul, with hope elate,
And ſeek thoſe regions of ſerene delight,

Whoſe peaceful path, and ever-open gate,
No feet but thoſe of harden'd Guilt ſhall miſs:
There Death himſelf thy Lucy ſhall reſtore;
There yield up all his pow'r ne'er to divide you more.

SHENSTONE.

ELEGY.

IN PRAISE OF SIMPLICITY.

TO A FRIEND.

FOR rural virtues, and for native ſkies,
I bade Auguſta's venal ſons farewel;
Now, mid the trees, I ſee my ſmoke ariſe,
Now hear the fountains bubbling round my cell.

O may that genius, which ſecures my reſt,
Preſerve this villa for a friend that's dear!
Ne'er may my vintage glad the ſordid breaſt!
Ne'er tinge the lip that dares be inſincere!

Far from theſe paths, ye faithleſs friends, depart!
Fly my plain board, and dread my hoſtile name!
Hence! the faint verſe that flows not from the heart
But mourns in labour'd ſtrains the price of fame.

O lov'd Simplicity! be thine the prize!
Aſſiduous art correct her page in vain!
His be the palm, who, guiltleſs of diſguiſe,
Contemns the pow'r, the dull reſource to feign.

Still may the mourner, laviſh of his tears
For lucre's venal meed, invite my ſcorn!

Still may the bard, diſſembling doubts and fears
For praiſe, for flatt'ry ſighing, ſigh forlorn!

Soft as the line of love-ſick Hammond flows,
'Twas his fond heart effus'd the melting theme:
Ah! never could Aonia's hill diſcloſe
So fair a fountain, or ſo lov'd a ſtream.

Ye loveleſs bards! intent with artful pains
To form a ſigh, or to contrive a tear!
Forego your Pindus, and on ——'s plains
Survey Camilla's charms, and grow ſincere.

But thou, my friend! while in thy youthful ſoul
Love's gentle tyrant ſeats his awful throne,
Write from thy boſom—let not art controul
The ready pen that makes his edicts known.

Pleaſing when youth is long expir'd, to trace
The forms our pencil or our pen deſign'd:
"Such was our youthful air, and ſhape, and face!
"Such the ſoft image of our youthful mind!"

Soft whilſt we ſleep beneath the rural bow'rs,
The Loves and Graces ſteal unſeen away;
And where the turf diffus'd its pomp of flow'rs,
We wake to wint'ry ſcenes of chill decay!

Curſe the ſad fortune that detains thy fair;
Praiſe the ſoft hours that gave thee to her arms;
Paint thy proud ſcorn of ev'ry vulgar care,
When hope exalts thee, or when doubt alarms.

Where with Oenone thou haſt worn the day
Near fount or ſtream, in meditation rove;
If in the grove Oenone lov'd to ſtray,
The faithful muſe ſhall meet thee in the grove.

ELEGY.

TO A FRIEND,

On ſome ſlight occaſion eſtranged from him.

HEALTH to my friend, and many a cheerful day!
Around his ſeat may peaceful ſhades abide!
Smooth flow the minutes, fraught with ſmiles, away,
And, till they crown our union, gently glide.

Ah me! too ſwiftly fleets our vernal bloom!
Loſt to our wonted friendſhip, loſt to joy!
Soon may thy breaſt the cordial wiſh reſume,
Ere wint'ry doubt its tender warmth deſtroy.

Say, were it ours, by Fortune's wild command,
By chance to meet beneath the torrid zone;
Wouldſt thou reject thy Damon's plighted hand
Wouldſt thou with ſcorn thy once-lov'd friend diſ-
own?

Life is that ſtranger land, that alien clime:
Shall kindred ſouls forego their ſocial claim?
Launch'd in the vaſt abyſs of ſpace and time,
Shall dark ſuſpicion quench the gen'rous flame?

Myriads of ſouls, that knew one parent mould,
See ſadly ſever'd by the laws of chance!
Myriads, in time's perennial liſt enroll'd,
Forbid by fate to change one tranſient glance!

But we have met—where ills of ev'ry form,
Where paſſions rage, and hurricanes deſcend:
Say, ſhall we nurſe the rage, aſſiſt the ſtorm?
And guide them to the boſom of a friend?

Yes, we have met—through rapine, fraud, and wrong:
Might our joint aid the paths of peace explore!
Why leave thy friend amid the boiſt'rous throng,
Ere Death divide us, and we part no more?

For oh! pale ſickneſs warns thy friend away!
For me no more the vernal roſes bloom!
I ſee ſtern Fate his ebon wand diſplay,
And point the wither'd regions of the tomb.

Then the keen anguiſh from thine eye ſhall ſtart,
Sad as thou follow'ſt my untimely bier;
"Fool that I was—if friends ſo ſoon muſt part,
"To let ſuſpicion intermix a fear."

ELEGY.

Comparing his humble fortune with that of others, he expatiates on the miſerable ſervitude of an African ſlave.

WHY droops this heart, with fancy'd woes forlorn?
Why ſinks my ſoul beneath each wintr'y ſky?
What penſive crouds, by ceaſeleſs labours worn,
What myriads, wiſh to be as bleſs'd as I?

What though my roofs devoid of pomp ariſe,
Nor tempt the proud to quit his deſtin'd way?
Nor coſtly art my flow'ry dales diſguiſe,
Where only ſimple friendſhip deigns to ſtray?

See the wild ſons of Lapland's chill domain,
That ſcoop their couch beneath the drifted ſnows,
How void of hope they ken the frozen plain,
Where the ſharp eaſt for ever, ever blows!

Slave though I be, to Delia's eyes a ſlave,
My Delia's eyes endear the bands I wear;
The ſigh ſhe cauſes well becomes the brave,
The pang ſhe cauſes, 'tis even bliſs to bear.

See the poor native quit the Lybian ſhores,
Ah! not in love's delightful fetters bound!
No radiant ſmile his dying peace reſtores,
Nor love, nor fame, nor friendſhip heals his wound.

Let vacant bards diſplay their boaſted woes,
Shall I the mockery of grief diſplay?
No, let the muſe his piercing pangs diſcloſe,
Who bleeds and weeps his ſum of life away!

On the wild beach in mournful guiſe he ſtood,
Ere the ſhrill boatſwain gave the hated ſign;
He dropt a tear unſeen into the flood;
He ſtole one ſecret moment to repine.

Yet the muſe liſten'd to the plaints he made;
Such moving plaints as nature could inſpire:
To me the muſe his tender plea convey'd,
But ſmooth'd, and ſuited to the ſounding lyre.

"Why am I raviſh'd from my native ſtrand?
"What ſavage race protects this impious gain?
"Shall foreign plagues infeſt this teeming land,
"And more than ſea-born monſters plough the main?

"Here the dire locuſts horrid ſwarms prevail;
"Here the blue aſps with livid poiſon ſwell;
"Here the dry dipſa writhes his ſinuous mail;
"Can we not here, ſecure from envy, dwell?

"When the grim lion urg'd his cruel chace,
"When the ſtern panther ſought his midnight-prey,

" What fate reſerv'd me for this Chriſtian race *?
" O race more poliſh'd, more ſevere than they!

" Ye prouling wolves, purſue my lateſt cries!
" Thou hungry tyger, leave thy reeking den!
" Ye ſandy waſtes, in rapid eddies riſe!
" O tear me from the whips and ſcorns of men!

" Yet in their face ſuperior beauty glows:
" Are ſmiles the mien of rapine and of wrong?
" Yet from their lip the voice of mercy flows,
" And e'en religion dwells upon their tongue.

" Of bliſsful haunts they tell, and brighter climes,
" Where gentle minds convey'd by death repair:
" But ſtain'd with blood, and crimſon'd o'er with crimes,
" Say, ſhall they merit what they paint ſo fair?

" No, careleſs, hopeleſs of thoſe fertile plains,
" Rich by our toils, and by our ſorrows gay,
" They ply our labours, and enhance our pains,
" And feign theſe diſtant regions to repay.

" For them our tuſky elephant expires;
" For them we drain the mine's embowel'd gold;
" Where rove the brutal nations wild deſires?
" Our limbs are purchas'd, and our life is ſold!

" Yet ſhores there are, bleſs'd ſhores for us remain,
" And favour'd iſles, with golden fruitage crown'd,
" Where tufted flow'rets paint the verdant plain,
" Where ev'ry breeze ſhall med'cine ev'ry wound:

" There the ſtern tyrant that embitters life,
" Shall, vainly ſuppliant, ſpread his aſking hand;
" There ſhall we view the billow's raging ſtrife,
" Aid the kind breaſt, and waft his boat to land."

* *Spoke by a Savage.*

NANCY OF THE VALE.

A BALLAD.

THE weſtern ſky was purpled o'er
With every pleaſing ray;
And flocks, reviving, felt no more
The ſultry heats of day;

When from a hazel's artleſs bower
Soft warbled Strephon's tongue;
He bleſs'd the ſcene, he bleſs'd the hour,
While Nancy's praiſe he ſung.

Let fops with fickle falſehood range
The paths of wanton love,
While weeping maids lament their change,
And ſadden ev'ry grove:

But endleſs bleſſings crown the day
I ſaw fair Eſham's dale;
And every bleſſing find its way
To Nancy of the Vale.

'Twas from Avona's banks, the maid
Diffus'd her lovely beams;
And ev'ry ſhining glance diſplay'd
The Naiad of the ſtreams.

Soft as the wild-duck's tender young,
That float on Avon's tide;
Bright as the water-lily ſprung
And glitt'ring near its ſide.

Freſh as the bord'ring flow'rs, her bloom,
Her eye all mild to view;

The little halcyon's azure plume
Was never half ſo blue.

Her ſhape was like the reed, ſo ſleek,
So taper, ſtraight and fair;
Her dimpled ſmile, her bluſhing cheek,
How charming ſweet they were!

Far in the winding vale retir'd,
This peerleſs bud I found,
And ſhadowing rocks and woods conſpir'd
To fence her beauties round.

That nature in ſo lone a dell
Should form a nymph ſo ſweet!
Or fortune to her ſecret cell
Conduct my wand'ring feet!

Gay lordlings ſought her for their bride,
But ſhe would ne'er incline:
Prove to your equals true, ſhe cry'd,
As I will prove to mine.

'Tis Strephon on the mountain's brow,
Has won my right good will;
To him I gave my plighted vow,
With him I'll climb the hill.

Struck with her charms and gentle truth,
I claſp'd the conſtant fair;
To her alone I gave my youth,
And vow my future care.

And when this vow ſhall faithleſs prove,
Or I thoſe charms forego,
The ſtream that ſaw our tender love,
That ſtream ſhall ceaſe to flow.

THE SCHOOL MISTRESS.

IN IMITATION OF SPENSER.

Auditæ voces, vagitus et ingens,
Infantumque animæ flentes in limine primo. VIRG.

AH me! full ſorely is my heart forlorn,
To think how modeſt worth neglected lies;
While partial Fame doth with her blaſts adorn
Such deeds alone, as pride and pomp diſguiſe;
Deeds of ill ſort, and miſchievous emprize:
Lend me thy clarion, Goddeſs! let me try
To ſound the praiſe of merit ere it dies;
Such as I oft have chanced to eſpy,
Loſt in the dreary ſhades of dull obſcurity.

In ev'ry village, mark'd with little ſpire,
Embow'r'd in trees, and hardly known to fame,
There dwells, in lowly ſhed, and mean attire,
A matron old, whom we School-miſtreſs name;
Who boaſts unruly brats with birch to tame:
They grieven ſore, in piteous durance pent,
Aw'd by the pow'r of this relentleſs dame,
And oft-times, on vagaries idly bent,
For unkempt hair, or taſk unconn'd, are ſorely ſhent.

And all in ſight doth riſe a birchen tree,
Which Learning near her little dome did ſtow,
Whilom a twig of ſmall regard to ſee,
Though now ſo wide its waving branches flow,
And work the ſimple vaſſals mickle woe;
For not a wind might curl the leaves that blew,

But their limbs ſhudder'd, and their pulſe beat low;
And, as they look'd, they found their horror grew,
And ſhap'd it into rods, and tingled at the view.

So have I ſeen (who has not, may conceive)
A lifeleſs phantom near a garden plac'd;
So doth it wanton birds of peace bereave,
Of ſport, of ſong, of pleaſure, of repaſt:
They ſtart, they ſtare, they wheel, they look aghaſt;
Sad ſervitude! ſuch comfortleſs annoy
May no bold Briton's riper age e'er taſte!
Ne ſuperſtition clog his dance of joy,
Ne viſion empty, vain, his native bliſs deſtroy.

Near to this dome is found a patch ſo green,
On which the tribe their gambols do diſplay;
And at the door impris'ning board is ſeen,
Leſt weakly wights of ſmaller ſize ſhould ſtray,
Eager, perdie, to baſk in ſunny day.
The noiſes intermix'd, which thence reſound,
Do Learning's little tenement betray;
Where ſits the dame, diſguis'd in look profound,
And eyes her fairy throng, and turns her wheel around.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven ſnow,
Emblem right meet of decency does yield:
Her apron dy'd in grain, as blue, I trow,
As is the hare-bell that adorns the field:
And in her hand, for ſceptre, ſhe does wield
Tway birchen ſprays, with anxious fear entwin'd,
With dark diſtruſt, and ſad repentance fill'd;
And ſtedfaſt hate, and ſharp affliction join'd;
And fury uncontroul'd, and chaſtiſement unkind.

Few but have kenn'd, in ſemblance meet pourtray'd,
The childiſh faces of old Æol's train;

Libs, Notus, Auſter *: theſe in frowns array'd,
How then would fare or earth, or ſky, or main,
Were the ſtern god to give his ſlaves the rein?
And were not ſhe rebellious breaſts to quell,
And were not ſhe her ſtatutes to maintain,
The cot no more, I ween, were deem'd the cell,
Where comely peace of mind and decent order dwell.

A ruſſet ſtole was o'er her ſhoulders thrown;
A ruſſet kirtle fenc'd the nipping air;
'Twas ſimple ruſſet, but it was her own:
'Twas her own country bred the flock ſo fair;
'Twas her own labour did the fleece prepare;
And, ſooth to ſay, her pupils, rang'd around,
Through pious awe, did term it paſſing rare;
For they in gaping wonderment abound,
And think, no doubt, ſhe been the greateſt wight on ground.

Albeit, ne flatt'ry did corrupt her truth;
Ne pompous title did debauch her ear:
Goody, good-woman, goſſip, n' aunt, forſooth,
Or dame, the ſole additions ſhe did hear;
Yet theſe ſhe challeng'd, theſe ſhe held right dear;
Ne would eſteem him act as mought behove,
Who ſhould not honour'd eld with theſe revere;
For never title yet ſo mean could prove,
But there was eke a mind which did that title love.

One ancient hen ſhe took delight to feed,
The plodding pattern of the buſy dame;
Which, ever and anon, impell'd by need,
Into her ſchool, begirt with chickens, came;

* *The ſouth-weſt wind, ſouth, &c.*

Such favour did her paſt deportment claim:
And if neglect had laviſh'd on the ground
Fragment of bread, ſhe would collect the ſame;
For well ſhe knew, and quaintly could expound,
What ſin it were to waſte the ſmalleſt crumb ſhe found.

Herbs, too, ſhe knew, and well of each could ſpeak,
That in her garden ſipt the ſilv'ry dew;
Where no vain flow'r diſclos'd a gaudy ſtreak,
But herbs for uſe, and phyſick, not a few,
Of grey renown, within thoſe borders grew;
The tufted baſil, pun-provoking thyme,
Freſh baum, and marygold of cheerful hue,
The lowly gill, that never dares to climb,
And more I fain would ſing, diſdaining here to rhyme.

Yet euphraſy may not be left unſung,
That gives dim eyes to wander leagues around,
And pungent radiſh, biting infant's tongue;
And plantain ribb'd, that heals the reaper's wound;
And marj'ram ſweet, in ſhepherd's poſie found;
And lavender, whoſe ſpikes of azure bloom
Shall be, erewhile, in arid bundles bound,
To lurk amidſt the labours of her loom,
And crown her kerchiefs clean with mickle rare perfume.

And here trim roſemarine, that whilom crown'd
The daintieſt garden of the proudeſt peer,
Ere, driven from its envy'd ſite, it found
A ſacred ſhelter for its branches here,
Where edg'd with gold its glitt'ring ſkirts appear.
Oh, waſſel days! O cuſtoms meet and well!
Ere this was baniſh'd from its lofty ſphere;
Simplicity then ſought this humble cell,
Nor ever would ſhe more with thane and lordling dwell.

Here oft the dame, on Sabbath's decent eve,
Hymned ſuch pſalms as Sternhold forth did mete:
If winter 'twere, ſhe to her hearth did cleave,
But in her garden found a ſummer-ſeat:
Sweet melody! to hear her then repeat
How Iſrael's ſons, beneath a foreign king,
While taunting foe-men did a ſong entreat,
All for the nonce untuning every ſtring, [ſing.
Up-hung their uſeleſs lyres—ſmall heart had they to

For ſhe was juſt, and friend to virtuous lore,
And paſs'd much time in truly virtuous deed;
And in thoſe elfins' ears would oft deplore
The times, when Truth by Popiſh rage did bleed,
And tortious death was true Devotion's meed:
And ſimple Faith in iron chains did mourn,
That nould on wooden image place her creed;
And lawny ſaints in ſmould'ring flames did burn:
Ah, deareſt Lord! forefend thilk days ſhould e'er return.

In elbow-chair, like that of Scottiſh ſtem,
By the ſharp tooth of cank'ring eld defac'd,
In which, when he receives his diadem,
Our ſov'reign prince and liefeſt liege is plac'd,
The matron ſate: and ſome with rank ſhe grac'd,
(The ſource of children's and of courtiers' pride!)
Redreſs'd affronts (for vile affronts there paſs'd;)
And warn'd them not the fretful to deride,
But love each other dear, whatever them betide.

Right well ſhe knew each temper to deſcry;
To thwart the proud, and the ſubmiſs to raiſe;
Some with vile copper prize exalt on high,
And ſome entice with pittance ſmall of praiſe;

And other ſome with baleful ſprig ſhe 'frays:
E'en abſent, ſhe the reins of pow'r doth hold,
While with quaint arts the giddy croud ſhe ſways;
Forewarn'd, if little bird their pranks behold,
'Twill whiſper in her ear, and all the ſcene unfold.

Lo! now with ſtate ſhe utters the command!
Eftſoons the urchins to their taſks repair;
Their books, of ſtature ſmall, they take in hand,
Which with pellucid horn ſecured are,
To ſave from finger-wet the letters fair:
The work ſo gay, that on their back is ſeen,
St. George's high achievements does declare,
On which thilk wight that has y-gazing been,
Kens the forth-coming rod, unpleaſing ſight, I ween!

Ah! luckleſs he, and born beneath the beam
Of evil ſtar! it irks me whilſt I write!
As erſt the bard *, by Mulla's ſilver ſtream,
Oft, as he told of deadly dolorous plight,
Sigh'd as he ſung, and did in tears indite:
For, brandiſhing the rod, ſhe doth begin
To looſe the brogues, the ſtripling's late delight!
And down they drop; appears his dainty ſkin,
Fair as the furry coat of whiteſt ermilin.

O ruthful ſcene! when, from a nook obſcure,
His little ſiſter doth his peril ſee;
All playful as ſhe ſate, ſhe grows demure,
She finds full ſoon her wonted ſpirits flee;
She meditates a pray'r to ſet him free;
Nor gentle pardon could this dame deny,

* *Spenſer.*

(If gentle pardon could with dames agree)
To her ſad grief that ſwells in either eye,
And wrings her ſo that all for pity ſhe could die.

No longer can ſhe now her ſhrieks command;
And hardly ſhe forbears, through awful fear,
To ruſhen forth, and with preſumptuous hand,
To ſtay harſh juſtice in its mid career.
On thee ſhe calls, on thee, her parent dear!
(Ah! too remote to ward the ſhameful blow!)
She ſees no kind domeſtic viſage near,
And ſoon a flood of tears begins to flow,
And gives a looſe at laſt to unavailing woe.

But, ah! what pen his piteous plight may trace?
Or what device his loud laments explain?
The form uncouth of his diſguiſed face?
The pallid hue that dyes his looks amain?
The plenteous ſhow'r that does his cheek diſtain?
When he in abject wiſe implores the dame,
Ne hopeth aught of ſweet reprieve to gain;
Or when from high ſhe levels well her aim,
And through the thatch his cries each falling ſtroke proclaim.

The other tribe, aghaſt, with ſore diſmay,
Attend, and con their taſks with mickle care;
By turns, aſtony'd, ev'ry twig ſurvey,
And from their fellow's hateful wounds beware;
Knowing, I wiſt, how each the ſame may ſhare;
Till fear has taught them a performance meet,
And to the well-known cheſt the dame repair,
Whence oft with ſugar'd cates ſhe doth 'em greet,
And gingerbread y-rare; now, certes, doubly ſweet!

See, to their ſeats they hye with merry glee,
And in beſeemly order ſitten there,
All but the wight of bum y-galled; he
Abhorreth bench, and ſtool, and form, and chair,
(This hand in mouth y-fix'd, that rends his hair)
And eke with ſnubs profound, and heaving breaſt,
Convulſions intermitting! does declare
His grievous wrong, his dame's unjuſt beheſt,
And ſcorns her offer'd love, and ſhuns to be careſs'd.

His face beſprent, with liquid cryſtal ſhines;
His blooming face, that ſeems a purple flow'r,
Which low to earth its drooping head declines,
All ſmear'd and fully'd by a vernal ſhow'r.
O the hard boſoms of deſpotic pow'r!
All, all, but ſhe, the author of his ſhame;
All, all, but ſhe, regret this mournful hour:
Yet hence the youth, and hence the flow'r, ſhall claim,
If ſo I deem aright, tranſcending worth and fame.

Behind ſome door, in melancholy thought,
Mindleſs of food, he, dreary caitiff! pines;
Ne for his fellows' joyaunce careth aught,
But to the wind all merriment reſigns,
And deems it ſhame if he to peace inclines:
And many a ſullen look aſkaunce is ſent,
Which for his dame's annoyance he deſigns;
And ſtill the more to pleaſure him ſhe's bent,
The more doth he, perverſe, her 'haviour paſt reſent.

Ah, me! how much I fear leſt pride it be!
But if that pride it be, which thus inſpires,

Beware, ye dames! with nice diſcernment ſee,
Ye quench not, too, the ſparks of nobler fires:
Ah! better far than all the Muſes' lyres,
(All coward arts) is valour's gen'rous heat;
The firm fix'd breaſt which fit and right requires,
Like Vernon's patriot ſoul; more juſtly great
Than craft that pimps for ill, or flow'ry falſe deceit!

Yet, nurs'd with ſkill, what dazzling fruits appear!
E'en now ſagacious foreſight points to ſhow
A little bench of heedleſs biſhops here,
And there a chancellor in embryo,
Or bard ſublime, if bard may e'er be ſo;
As Milton, Shakeſpeare, names that ne'er ſhall die!
Though now he crawl along the ground ſo low;
Nor weeting how the Muſe ſhould ſoar on high,
Wiſheth, poor ſtarv'ling elf! his paper-kite may fly.

And this, perhaps, who cens'ring the deſign,
Low lays the houſe which that of cards doth build,
Shall Dennis be! if rigid Fates incline;
And many an epick to his rage ſhall yield,
And many a poet quit th' Aönian field:
And, four'd by age, profound he ſhall appear,
As he who now, with 'ſdainful fury thrill'd,
Surveys mine work, and levels many a ſneer,
And furls his wrinkly front, and cries, 'What ſtuff
'is here?'

But now Dan Phœbus gains the middle ſky,
And Liberty unbars her priſon-door;
And, like a ruſhing torrent, out they fly,
And now the graſſy cirque han cover'd o'er

With boiſt'rous revel-rout and wild uproar.
A thouſand ways in wanton rings they run;
Heav'n ſhield their ſhort-liv'd paſtimes, I implore!
For well may Freedom, erſt ſo dearly won,
Appear to Britiſh elf more gladſome than the ſun.

Enjoy, poor imps! enjoy your ſportive trade,
And chaſe gay flies, and cull the faireſt flow'rs;
For when my bones in graſs-green ſods are laid,
For never may ye taſte more careleſs hours
In knightly caſtles, or in ladies' bow'rs.
O vain! to ſeek delight in earthly thing!
But moſt in courts, where proud Ambition tow'rs;
Deluded wight! who weens fair peace can ſpring
Beneath the pompous dome of keſar or of king.

See in each ſprite ſome various bent appear!
Theſe rudely carol moſt incondite lay;
Thoſe ſaunt'ring on the green, with jocund leer,
Salute the ſtranger paſſing on his way:
Some builden fragile tenements of clay;
Some to the ſtanding lake their courſes bend,
With pebbles ſmooth, at duck and drake to play;
Thilk to the huxter's ſav'ry cottage tend,
In paſtry kings and queens th' allotted mite to ſpend.

Here, as each ſeaſon yields a diff'rent ſtore,
Each ſeaſon's ſtores in order ranged been,
Apples with cabbage-net y-cover'd o'er,
Galling full ſore th' unmoney'd wight, are ſeen;
And gooſeb'rie, clad in liv'ry red or green:
And here of lovely dye the Cath'rine pear:
Fine pear! as lovely for thy juice I ween;
O may no wight e'er pennyleſs come there,
Leſt, ſmit with ardent love, he pine with hopeleſs care!

See! cherries here, ere cherries yet abound,
With thread ſo white in tempting poſies ty'd,
Scatt'ring like blooming maid their glances round,
With pamper'd look draw little eyes aſide,
And muſt be bought, though penury betide:
The plum all azure, and the nut all brown;
And here, each ſeaſon, do thoſe cakes abide,
Whoſe honour'd names th' inventive city own,
Rend'ring thro' Britain's iſle Salopia's praiſes known*.

Admir'd Salopia! that with venial pride
Eyes her bright form in Severn's ambient wave,
Fam'd for her loyal cares in perils try'd;
Her daughters lovely, and her ſtriplings brave:
Ah! midſt the reſt, may flow'rs adorn his grave,
Whoſe art did firſt theſe dulcet cates diſplay!
A motive fair to Learning's imps he gave,
Who cheerleſs o'er her darkling region ſtray,
Till Reaſon's morn ariſe, and light them on their way.

* *Shrewſbury Cakes.*

VERNON.

THE PARISH CLERK.

LET courtly bards, in poliſh'd phraſe, indite
Soft madrigals, to celebrate the fair;
Or paint the ſplendour of a birth-day night,
Where peers and dames in ſhining robes appear:
The taſk be mine, neglected worth to praiſe,
Alas! too often found, in theſe degen'rate days.

O gentle Shenſtone! could the ſelf-taught Muſe,
Who joys, like thine, in rural ſhades to ſtray,
Could ſhe, like thine, while ſhe her theme purſues,
With native beauties deck the pleaſing lay;
Then ſhould the humble Clerk, of Barton-Dean,
An equal meed of praiſe with thy School-miſtreſs gain.

Ent'ring the village, in a deep-worn way,
Hard by an aged oak, his dwelling ſtands;
The lowly roof is thatch, the walls are clay;
All rudely rais'd by his forefathers' hands:
Obſerve the homely hut, as you paſs by,
And pity the good man, that lives ſo wretchedly.

Vulcanian artiſts here, with oily brow,
And naked arm, he at his anvil plies,
What time Aurora in the eaſt does glow,
And eke when Veſper gilds the weſtern ſkies:
The bellows roar, the hammers loud reſound,
And from the tortur'd maſs the ſparkles fly around.

Hither the truant ſchool-boy frequent wends,
And ſlily, peeping o'er the hatch, is ſeen
To note the bick'ring workman, while he bends
The ſteed's ſtrong ſhoe, or forms the ſickle keen.
Unthinking, little elf, what ills betide,
Of breech begalled ſore, and cruel taſk beſide!

A deep hiſtorian, well I wot, is he;
And many tomes, of ancient lore, has read,
Of England's George, the flow'r of chivalry,
Of Merlin's Mirror, and the brazen Head;
With hundred legends more, which to recite,
Would tire the wiſeſt nurſe, and ſpend the longeſt night.

To nature's book, he ſtudiouſly applies;
And oft, conſulted by the anxious ſwain,
With wiſtful gaze, reviews the vaulted ſkies,
And ſhews the ſigns of ſure impending rain;
Or thunder gather'd in the fervid air,
Or if the harveſt-month will be ſerene and fair.

The various phaſes of the moon he knows,
And whence her orb derives its ſilver ſheen;
From what ſtrange cauſe the madding Heygre flows,
By which the peaſants oft endanger'd been,
As in their freighted barks they careleſs glide,
And view th' inverted trees in Severn's cryſtal tide.

Returning late at eve, from wake or fair,
Among a ſort of poor unletter'd ſwains,
He teaches them to name each brighter ſtar,
And of the northern lights the cauſe explains;
Recounts what comets have appear'd of old,
Portending dearth, and war, and mis'ries manifold.

Around his bending ſhoulders, graceful flow,
His curling ſilver locks, the growth of years:
Supported by a ſtaff, he walketh ſlow,
And ſimple neatneſs in his mien appears;
And every neighbour, that perchance he meets,
Or young or old be they, with courteſy he greets.

A goodly ſight, I wot, it were, to view
The decent Pariſh Clerk on Sabbath-day,
Seated, beneath the Curate, in his pew,
Or kneeling down with lifted hands to pray;
And ever and anon, with cloſe of pray'r,
He anſwereth—Amen! with ſober ſolemn air.

Such times as ancient ſuit of black he wears,
Which from the Curate's wardrobe did deſcend:
Love to his Clerk the pious Curate bears;
Pities his wants, and wiſheth to befriend:
But what, alas! can ſlender ſal'ry do,
Encumber'd by a wife, and children not a few?—

Through ev'ry ſeaſon of the changing year,
His ſtrict regard for chriſtian rites is ſeen;
The holy church he decks with garlands fair,
Or birchen boughs, or yew for ever green:
On ev'ry pew a formal ſprig is plac'd,
And with a ſpacious branch the pulpit's top is grac'd.

At Chriſtmas tide, when ev'ry yeoman's hall,
With ancient hoſpitality is bleſs'd,
Kind invitations he accepts from all,
To ſhare the plenteous mirth-abounding feaſt:
The Chriſtmas feaſt imperfect would appear,
Except their good old gueſt, the Pariſh Clerk, was there.

Then when the mellow beer goes gaily round,
And curls of ſmoke, from lighted pipes, aſpire;
When cheerful carols thro' the room reſound,
And crackling logs augment the blazing fire,
His honeſt heart with ſocial joy o'erflows,
And many a merry tale he on his friends beſtows.

When ſmit with mutual love, the youth and maid,
To weave the ſacred nuptial knot agree:
Pleas'd, he attends, to lend his uſeful aid,
And ſee the rites perform'd with decency:
He gives the bride, and joins their trembling hands,
While with the Service-book the Curate gravely ſtands.

Then, while the merry bells the ſteeple ſhake,
Ringing in honour of the happy pair,
To notes of gladneſs, while the minſtrels wake,
And lads and laſſes the rich bride-cake ſhare;
O may the youthful bard a portion gain,
To whom the rural ſage its virtues did explain.

When from the church returns the blithſome train,
A ſpicy cake two gentle maidens bring;
Which, holding o'er the bride, they break in twain,
And all conjoin'd this nuptial ditty ſing:
"Joy to the wedded pair! health, length of days!
"And may they, bleſs'd by Heav'n, a goodly houſhold raiſe."

At eve, the lovely condeſcending bride,
Will take the ring, which on her finger ſhines,
And through the ſacred circlet nine times ſlide
The fragrant gift, repeating myſtic lines:
(The myſtic lines we may not here make known,
Them ſhall the Muſe reveal to virgins chaſte alone.)

The ſtocking thrown, as ancient rules require,
Leave the glad lovers to complete their joy;
And to thy pillow ſilently retire,
Where cloſe beneath thy head the charm muſt lie;
Rais'd by the pow'r of Love, in viſion gay,
Thy future ſpouſe ſhall come in holiday array.

And ſoft approaching, with the mildeſt air,
Thy yielding lips ſhall modeſtly embrace:
O, ſweet illuſion! wilt thou diſappear?
Alas, it flies! the morning ſprings apace!
The bluſhing lover ſees the light with pain,
And longs to recompoſe, and woo his dream again.

O time, relentleſs! foe to every joy!
How all declines beneath thy iron reign!
Once could our Clerk, to ſweeteſt melody,
Attune the harp, and charm the liſt'ning plain;
Or with his mellow voice the pſalm could raiſe,
And fill the echoing choir with notes of ſacred praiſe.

But now, alas! his every power decays,
His voice grows hoarſe, long toil has cramp'd his hands;
No more he fills the echoing choir with praiſe,
No more to melody the harp commands:
Sadly he mourns the dulneſs of his ear,
And when a maſter plays, he preſſes cloſe to hear.

Late, o'er the plain, by chance or fortune led,
The penſive ſwain, who does his annals write,
Him in his humble cottage viſited,
And learn'd his ſtory with ſincere delight;
For chiefly of himſelf his converſe ran,
As mem'ry well ſupply'd the narrative old man.

His youthful feats, with guiltleſs pride, he told;
In rural games what honours erſt he won;
How on the green he threw the wreſtlers bold;
How light he leap'd, and, O! how ſwift he run:
Then, with a ſigh, he fondly turn'd his praiſe,
To rivals now no more, and friends of former days.

At length, concluding with reflections deep:—
"Alas! of life few comforts now remain;
"Of what I was, I but the veſtige keep,
"Impair'd by grief, by penury, and pain:
"Yet let me not arraign juſt Heav'n's decree;
"The lot of human-kind, as man, belongs to me.

" Beneath yon aged yew-tree's ſolemn ſhade,
" Whoſe twiſted roots above the greenſward creep;
" There, freed from toils, my pious father laid,
" Enjoys a ſilent, unmoleſted ſleep:
" And there my only ſon—with Him I gave
" All comfort of my age, untimely to the grave.

" In that ſweet earth, when nature's debt is paid,
" And leaving life, I leave its load of woes;
" My neighbours kind, I truſt, will ſee me laid,
" In humble hope of mercy, to repoſe:
" Evil and few, the patriarch mourn'd his days,
" Nor ſhall a man preſume to vindicate his ways."

GRAY.

ELEGY,

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds ſlowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkneſs and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landſcape on the ſight,
And all the air a ſolemn ſtillneſs holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
And drowſy tinklings lull the diſtant folds;

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of ſuch, as, wand'ring near her ſecret bow'r,
Moleſt her ancient ſolitary reign.

Beneath thoſe rugged elms, that yew-tree's ſhade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet ſleep.

The breezy call of incenſe-breathing morn,
The ſwallow twitt'ring from the ſtraw-built ſhed,
The cock's ſhrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more ſhall rouſe them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth ſhall burn,
Or buſy houſewife ply her ev'ning care:
Nor children run to liſp their ſire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiſs to ſhare.

Oft did the harveſt to their ſickle yield;
Their furrow oft the ſtubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their teams afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their ſturdy ſtroke!

Let not ambition mock their uſeful toil,
Their homely joys, and deſtiny obſcure;
Nor grandeur hear with a diſdainful ſmile
The ſhort and ſimple annals of the poor.

The boaſt of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await, alike, th' inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to theſe the fault,
If mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raiſe,
Where through the long-drawn aiſle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem ſwells the note of praiſe.

Can ſtoried urn, or animated buſt,
Back to its manſion call the fleeting breath?

Can Honour's voice provoke the ſilent duſt,
Or flatt'ry ſooth the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected ſpot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celeſtial fire:
Hands, that the rod of empire might have ſway'd,
Or wak'd to ecſtaſy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the ſpoils of Time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repreſs'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the ſoul.

Full many a gem, of pureſt ray ſerene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flow'r is born to bluſh unſeen,
And waſte its ſweetneſs on the deſert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntleſs breaſt
The little tyrant of his fields withſtood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may reſt;
Some Cromwell, guiltleſs of his country's blood.

Th' applauſe of liſt'ning ſenates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to deſpiſe,
To ſcatter plenty o'er a ſmiling land,
And read their hiſt'ry in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade; nor circumſcrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbade to wade through ſlaughter to a throne,
And ſhut the gates of mercy on mankind:

The ſtruggling pangs of conſcious truth to hide,
To quench the bluſhes of ingenuous ſhame,
Or heap the ſhrine of luxury and pride
With incenſe kindled at the Muſe's flame.

Far from the madding croud's ignoble ſtrife,
Their ſober wiſhes never learn'd to ſtray;
Along the cool ſequeſter'd vale of life
They kept the noiſeleſs tenour of their way.

Yet e'en theſe bones from inſult to protect,
Some frail memorial ſtill erected nigh,
With uncouth rhimes and ſhapeleſs ſculpture deck'd,
Implores the paſſing tribute of a ſigh.

Their names, their years, ſpelt by the unletter'd Muſe,
The place of Fame and Elegy ſupply:
And many a holy text around ſhe ſtrews,
That teach the ruſtic moraliſt to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulneſs a prey,
This pleaſing anxious being e'er reſign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor caſt one longing, ling'ring look behind?

On ſome fond breaſt the parting ſoul relies,
Some pious drops the cloſing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
E'en in our aſhes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Doſt in theſe lines their artleſs tale relate,
If, chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred ſpirit ſhall inquire thy fate;

Haply ſome hoary-headed ſwain may ſay,
"Oft have we ſeen him, at the peep of dawn,
"Bruſhing, with haſty ſteps, the dews away,
"To meet the ſun upon the upland lawn.

"There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
"That wreathes its old fantaſtic roots ſo high,

" His liftleſs length at noontide would he ſtretch,
" And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.

" Hard by yon wood, now ſmiling, as in ſcorn,
" Mutt'ring his wayward fancies, he would rove;
" Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
" Or craz'd with care, or croſs'd in hopeleſs love.

" One morn I miſs'd him on the 'cuſtom'd hill,
" Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree;
" Another came; nor yet beſide the rill,
" Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

" The next, with dirges due, in ſad array, [borne.
" Slow through the church-yard path we ſaw him
" Approach, and read (for thou canſt read) the lay,
" Grav'd on the ſtone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

HERE reſts his head upon the lap of Earth,
A youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown;
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his ſoul ſincere,
Heav'n did a recompence as largely ſend:
He gave to Mis'ry, all he had, a tear,
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wiſh'd) a Friend.

No farther ſeek his merits to diſcloſe,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repoſe)
The boſom of his Father and his God.

THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

A PINDARIC ODE.

I. 1.

AWAKE, Æolian lyre, awake,
And give to rapture all thy trembling ſtrings!
From Helicon's harmonious ſprings
A thouſand rills their mazy progreſs take:
The laughing flow'rs, that round them blow,
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
Now the rich ſtream of muſic winds along,
Deep, majeſtic, ſmooth, and ſtrong,
Thro' verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign:
Now rolling down the ſteep amain,
Headlong, impetuous, ſee it pour:
The rocks and nodding groves re-bellow to the roar.

I. 2.

Oh! ſovereign of the willing ſoul,
Parent of ſweet and ſolemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting ſhell! the ſullen Cares,
And frantic Paſſions, hear thy ſoft controul.
On Thracia's hills the Lord of War
Has curb'd the fury of his car,
And dropp'd his thirſty lance at thy command.
Perching on the ſceptred hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing:
Quench'd in dark clouds of ſlumber lie
The terror of his beak, and lightning of his eye.

I. 3.

Thee the voice, the dance obey,
Temper'd to thy warbled lay.
O'er Idalia's velvet green
The roſy-crowned loves are ſeen
On Cytherea's day,
With antic ſports, and blue-ey'd pleaſures,
Friſking light in frolic meaſures;
Now purſuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet;
To briſk notes in cadence beating,
Glance their many-twinkling feet.
Slow melting ſtrains their Queen's approach declare:
Where'er ſhe turns, the Graces homage pay.
With arms ſublime, that float upon the air,
In gliding ſtate ſhe wins her eaſy way:
O'er her warm cheek, and riſing boſom, move
The bloom of young deſire, and purple light of love.

II. 1.

Man's feeble race what ills await!
Labour, and penury, the racks of pain,
Deſeaſe, and ſorrow's weeping train;
And death, ſad refuge from the ſtorms of fate!
The fond complaint, my ſong, diſprove,
And juſtify the laws of Jove.
Say, has he given in vain the heav'nly Muſe?
Night, and all her ſickly dews,
Her ſpectres wan, and birds of boding cry,
He gives to range the dreary ſky:
Till down the eaſtern cliffs afar
Hyperion's march they ſpy, and glitt'ring ſhafts of war,

II. 2.

In climes beyond the ſolar road,
Where ſhaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
The Muſe has broke the twilight gloom,
To cheer the ſhiv'ring native's dull abode.
And oft, beneath the od'rous ſhade
Of Chili's boundleſs foreſts laid,
She deigns to hear the ſavage youth repeat,
In looſe numbers, wildly ſweet,
Their feather-cinctur'd chiefs, and duſky loves.
Her track, where'er the goddeſs roves,
Glory purſues, and gen'rous ſhame,
Th' unconquerable mind, and freedom's holy flame.

II. 3.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's ſteep;
Iſles, that crown th' Egean deep;
Fields, that cool Iliſſus laves,
Or where Mæander's amber waves
In ling'ring lab'rinths creep;
How do your tuneful echoes languiſh,
Mute, but to the voice of anguiſh!
Where each old poetic mountain
Inſpiration breath'd around;
Ev'ry ſhade and hallow'd fountain
Murmur'd deep a ſolemn ſound:
Till the ſad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
Left their Parnaſſus for the Latian plains,
Alike they ſcorn the pomp of tyrant pow'r,
And coward vice, that revels in her chains.
When Latium had her lofty ſpirit loſt,
They ſought, O Albion! next thy ſea-encircled coaſt.

III. 1.

Far from the ſun and ſummer-gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon ſtray'd,
To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face: the dauntleſs child
Stretch'd forth his little arms, and ſmil'd.
This pencil take (ſhe ſaid) whoſe colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year:
Thine too theſe golden keys, immortal boy!
This can unlock the gates of joy;
Of horror that, and thrilling fears,
Or ope the ſacred ſource of ſympathetic tears.

III. 2.

Nor ſecond he, that rode ſublime
Upon the ſeraph-wings of ecſtaſy,
The ſecrets of th' abyſs to ſpy.
He paſs'd the flaming bounds of place and time:
The living throne, the ſapphire blaze,
Where angels tremble, while they gaze,
He ſaw; but, blaſted with exceſs of light,
Clos'd his eyes in endleſs night.
Behold, where Dryden's leſs preſumptuous car
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
Two courſers of ethereal race, [pace.
With necks in thunder cloth'd, and long reſounding

III. 3.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-ey'd fancy, hov'ring o'er,
Scatters from her pictur'd urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.
But, ah! 'tis heard no more——

Oh! lyre divine, what daring ſpirit
Wakes thee now? tho' he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
That the Theban eagle bear,
Sailing with ſupreme dominion
Thro' the azure deep of air;
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms as glitter in the muſe's ray,
With orient hues, unborrow'd of the ſun:
Yet ſhall he mount, and keep his diſtant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the Good how far—but far above the Great!

SMOLLETT.

ODE.

TO INDEPENDENCE.

STROPHE.

THY ſpirit, Independence, let me ſhare!
Lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye,
Thy ſteps I follow with my boſom bare,
Nor heed the ſtorm that howls along the ſky.
Deep in the frozen regions of the North,
A Goddeſs violated brought thee forth,
Immortal Liberty, whoſe look ſublime
Hath bleach'd the tyrant's cheek in ev'ry varying clime;
What time the iron-hearted Gaul,
With frantic ſuperſtition for his guide,
Arm'd with the dagger and the pall,
The ſons of Woden to the field defy'd:

The ruthleſs hag, by Weſer's flood,
In Heaven's name urg'd th' infernal blow;
And red the ſtream began to flow:
The vanquiſh'd were baptiz'd with blood*.

ANTISTROPHE.

The Saxon prince in horror fled
From altars ſtain'd with human gore;
And Liberty his routed legions led
In ſafety to the bleak Norwegian ſhore,
There in a cave aſleep ſhe lay,
Lull'd by the hoarſe reſounding main;
When a bold ſavage paſs'd that way,
Impell'd by deſtiny, his name Diſdain.
Of ample front the portly chief appear'd;
The hunted bear ſupply'd a ſhaggy veſt;
The drifted ſnow hung on his yellow beard;
And his broad ſhoulders brav'd the furious blaſt.
He ſtopt; he gaz'd; his boſom glow'd,
And deeply felt th' impreſſion of her charms:
He ſeiz'd th' advantage Fate allow'd,
And ſtraight compreſs'd her in his vigorous arms.

STROPHE.

The Curlieu ſcream'd; the Tritons blew
Their ſhells to celebrate the raviſh'd rite;
Old Time exulted as he flew;
And Independence ſaw the light.

* *Baptiz'd with blood*, &c.] Charlemagne obliged 4000 Saxon priſoners to embrace the Chriſtian religion, and immediately after they were baptized ordered their throats to be cut. Their prince Vitikind fled for ſhelter to Gotrick king of Denmark.

The light he ſaw in Albion's happy plains,
Where under cover of a flow'ring thorn,
While Philomel renew'd her warbled ſtrains,
Th' auſpicious fruit of ſtol'n embrace was born.
The mountain Dryads ſeiz'd with joy
The ſmiling infant to their charge conſign'd;
The Doric Muſe careſs'd the fav'rite boy;
The Hermit Wiſdom ſtor'd his op'ning mind.
As rolling years matur'd his age,
He flouriſh'd bold and ſinewy as his ſire;
While the mild paſſions in his breaſt aſſuage
The fiercer flames of his maternal fire.

ANTISTROPHE.

Accompliſh'd thus, he wing'd his way,
And zealous rov'd from pole to pole,
The rolls of right eternal to diſplay,
And warm with patriot thoughts th' aſpiring ſoul.
On deſert iſles * 'twas he that rais'd
Thoſe ſpires that gild the Adriatic wave,
Where Tyranny beheld, amaz'd,
Fair Freedom's temple, where he mark'd her grave.
He ſteel'd the blunt Bardavian's arms
To burſt th' Iberian's double chain †;

* *On deſert iſles*, &c.] Although Venice was built a conſiderable time before the æra here aſſigned for the birth of Independence, the republic had not yet attained to any great degree of power and ſplendor.

† *To burſt th' Iberian's double chain*, &c.] The Low Countries were not only oppreſſed by grievous taxations, but likewiſe threatened with the eſtabliſhment of the inquiſition, when the ſeven provinces revolted, and ſhook off the yoke of Spain.

And cities rear'd, and planted farms,
Won from the ſkirts of Neptune's wide domain.
He, with the gen'rous ruſtics, ſate
On Uris' rocks in cloſe divan *,
And wing'd that arrow ſure as fate
Which aſcertain'd the ſacred rights of man.

STROPHE.

Arabia's ſcorching ſands he croſt †,
Where blaſted Nature pants ſupine,
Conductor of her tribes aduſt,
To Freedom's adamantine ſhrine;
And many a Tartar hord forlorn, aghaſt ‡,
He ſnatch'd from under fell Oppreſſion's wing;
And taught, amidſt the dreary waſte,
Th' all-cheering hymns of Liberty to ſing.
He virtue finds, like precious ore,
Diffus'd through every baſer mould;
E'en now he ſtands on Calvis' rocky ſhore,
And turns the droſs of Corſica to gold §.

* *On Uris' rocks*, &c.] Alluding to the well-known ſtory of William Tell and his aſſociates, the fathers and founders of the confederacy of the Swiſs cantons.

† *Arabia's ſcorching ſands*, &c.] The Arabs, rather than reſign their Independency, have often abandoned their habitations, and encountered all the horrors of the deſert.

‡ *And many a Tartar hord*, &c.] From the tyranny of Jenghis-Khan, Timur-Bec, and other eaſtern conquerors, whole tribes of Tartars were uſed to fly into the remoteſt waſtes of Cathay, where no army would follow them.

§ *And turns the droſs of Corſica*, &c.] The noble ſtand made by Paſchal Paoli and his aſſociates againſt the uſurpation of the French king, muſt endear them to all the ſons of Liberty and Independence.

He, guardian genius, taught my youth
Pomp's tinſel'd liv'ry to deſpiſe:
My lips, by him chaſtis'd to truth,
Ne'er paid that homage which the heart denies.

ANTISTROPHE.

Thoſe ſculptur'd halls my feet ſhall never tread
Where varniſh'd vice and vanity combin'd,
To dazzle and ſeduce, their banners ſpread,
And forge vile ſhackles for the free-born mind:
Where Inſolence his wrinkled front uprears,
And all the flowers of ſpurious fancy blow,
And Title his ill-woven chaplet wears,
Full often wreath'd around the miſcreant's brow;
Wherever dimpling Falſhood, pert and vain,
Preſents her cup of ſtate profeſſions' froth,
And pale Diſeaſe, with all his bloated train,
Torments the ſons of Gluttony and Sloth.

STROPHE.

In Fortune's car behold that minion ride,
With either India's glitt'ring ſpoils oppreſt:
So moves the ſumpter-mule, in harneſs'd pride,
That bears the treaſure which he cannot taſte.
For him let venal bards diſgrace the bay,
And hireling minſtrels wake the tinkling ſtring;
Her ſenſual ſnares let faithleſs Pleaſure lay,
And all her jingling bells fantaſtic Folly ring:
Diſquiet, Doubt, and Dread ſhall intervene,
And Nature, ſtill to all her feelings juſt,
In vengeance hang a damp on every ſcene,
Shook from the baleful pinions of Diſguſt.

ANTISTROPHE.

Nature I'll court in her ſequeſter'd haunts,
By mountain, meadow, ſtreamlet, grove, or cell,
Where the pois'd lark his evening ditty chaunts,
And Health, and Peace, and Contemplation dwell.
There Study ſhall with Solitude recline,
And Friendſhip pledge me to his fellow-ſwains;
And Toil and Temperance ſedately twine
The ſlender chord that fluttering life ſuſtains;
And fearleſs Poverty ſhall guard the door;
And Taſte unſpoil'd the frugal table ſpread;
And Induſtry ſupply the humble ſtore;
And Sleep unbrib'd his dews refreſhing ſhed:
White-mantled Innocence, ethereal ſprite,
Shall chaſe far off the goblins of the night;
And Independence o'er the day preſide;
Propitious Power! my patron and my pride.

LOWTH.

THE GENEALOGY OF CHRIST,

As it is repreſented on the Eaſt Window of Winchеſter College Chapel. Written at Wincheſter School.

AT once to raiſe our rev'rence and delight,
To elevate the mind, and pleaſe the ſight,
To pour in virtue at th' attentive eye,
And waft the ſoul on wings of ecſtaſy;

For this the painter's art with nature vies,
And bids the viſionary ſaint ariſe:
Who views the ſacred forms, in thought aſpires,
Catches pure zeal, and as he gazes, fires;
Feels the ſame ardour to his breaſt convey'd;
Is what he ſees, and emulates the ſhade.
Thy ſtrokes, great Artiſt, ſo ſublime appear,
They check our pleaſure with an awful fear;
While thro' the mortal line the God you trace,
Author himſelf, and Heir of Jeſſe's race;
In raptures we admire thy bold deſign,
And, as the ſubject, own the hand divine.
While thro' thy work the riſing day ſhall ſtream,
So long ſhall laſt thine honour, praiſe, and name.
And may thy labours to the Muſe impart
Some emanation from her ſiſter art,
To animate the verſe, and bid it ſhine
In colours eaſy, bright, and ſtrong as thine!
Supine on earth an awful figure lies,
While ſofteſt ſlumbers ſeem to ſeal his eyes;
The hoary ſire Heav'n's guardian care demands,
And at his feet the watchful angel ſtands.
The form auguſt and large, the mien divine,
Betray the founder of Meſſiah's line*.
Lo! from his loins the promis'd ſtem aſcend,
And high to Heav'n its ſacred boughs extend:
Each limb productive of ſome hero ſprings,
And blooms luxuriant with a race of kings.
Th' eternal plant wide ſpreads its arms around,
And with the mighty branch the myſtic top is crown'd.
And lo! the glories of th' illuſtrious line,
At their firſt dawn with ripen'd ſplendors ſhine,

* Jeſſe.

In David all expreſs'd; the good, the great,
The king, the hero, and the man complete.
Serene he ſits, and ſweeps the golden lyre,
And blends the prophet's with the poet's fire.
See! with what art he ſtrikes the vocal ſtrings,
The God, his theme, inſpiring what he ſings!
Hark—or our ears delude us—from his tongue
Sweet flows, or ſeems to flow, ſome heav'nly ſong.
Oh could thine art arreſt the fleeting ſound,
And paint the voice in magic numbers bound;
Could the warm ſun, as erſt when Memnon play'd,
Wake with his riſing beam the vocal ſhade;
Then might he draw th' attentive angels down,
Bending to hear the lay, ſo ſweet, ſo like their own.
On either ſide the monarch's offſpring ſhine,
And ſome adorn, and ſome diſgrace their line.
Here Ammon glories; proud inceſtuous lord!
This hand ſuſtains the robe, and that the ſword.
Frowning and fierce, with haughty ſtrides he tow'rs,
And on his horrid brow defiance low'rs.
There Abſalom the raviſh'd ſceptre ſways,
And his ſtol'n honour all his ſhame diſplays:
The baſe uſurper Youth! who joins in one
The rebel ſubject, and th' ungrateful ſon.
Amid the royal race, ſee Nathan ſtand:
Fervent he ſeems to ſpeak, and lift his hand;
His looks th' emotion of his ſoul diſcloſe,
And eloquence from ev'ry geſture flows.
Such, and ſo ſtern he came, ordain'd to bring
Th' ungrateful mandate to th' guilty King:
When, at his dreadful voice, a ſudden ſmart
Shot thro' the trembling monarch's conſcious heart,

From his own lips condemned; ſevere decree!
Had his God prov'd ſo ſtern a Judge as he.
But man with frailty is ally'd by birth;
Conſummate purity ne'er dwelt on earth!
Through all the ſoul, though virtue holds the rein,
Beats at the heart, and ſprings in ev'ry vein,
Yet ever from the cleareſt ſource have ran
Some groſs alloy, ſome tincture of the man.

But who is he, deep-muſing? in his mind,
He ſeems to weigh in reaſon's ſcales mankind;
Fix'd contemplation holds his ſteady eyes—
I know the ſage*, the wiſeſt of the wiſe.
Bleſt with all man could wiſh, or prince obtain,
Yet his great heart pronounc'd thoſe bleſſings vain.
And lo! bright glittering in his ſacred hands,
In miniature the glorious temple ſtands.
Effulgent frame! ſtupendous to behold!
Gold the ſtrong valves, the roof of burniſh'd gold.
The wand'ring ark, in that bright dome enſhrin'd,
Spreads the ſtrong light, eternal, unconfin'd!
Above th' unutterable glory plays,
Preſence divine! and the full-ſtreaming rays
Pour thro' reluctant clouds intolerable blaze.

But ſtern oppreſſion rends Reboam's reign;
See the gay prince, injurious, proud, and vain!
Th' imperial ſceptre totters in his hand,
And proud rebellion triumphs in the land.
Curs'd with corruption's ever-fruitful ſpring,
A beardleſs Senate, and a haughty King.

There Aſa, good and great, the ſceptre bears,
Juſtice attends his peace, ſucceſs his wars:

* *Solomon.*

While virtue was his ſword, and Heaven his ſhield,
Without controul the warrior ſwept the field;
Loaded with ſpoils, triumphant he return'd,
And half her ſwarthy ſons ſad Ethiopia mourn'd.
But ſince thy flagging piety decay'd,
And barter'd God's defence for human aid;
See their fair laurels wither on thy brow,
Nor herbs, nor healthful arts avail thee now,
Nor is Heaven chang'd, apoſtate prince, but thou.
No mean atonement does this lapſe require;
But ſee the Son, you muſt forgive the Sire:
He*, the juſt prince—with ev'ry virtue bleſs'd,
He reign'd, and goodneſs all the man poſſeſs'd;
Around his throne fair happineſs and peace
Smooth'd ev'ry brow, and ſmil'd in ev'ry face.
As when along the burning waſte he ſtray'd,
Where no pure ſtreams in bubbling mazes play'd,
Where draught incumbent on the thirſty ground
Long ſince had breath'd her ſcorching blaſts around,
The prophet† calls, th' obedient floods repair
To the parch'd fields, for Joſaphat was there.
The new-ſprung waves, in many a gurgling vein,
Trickle luxurious through the ſucking plain;
Freſh honours the reviving fields adorn,
And o'er the defert plenty pours her horn.
So from the throne his influence he ſheds,
And bids the virtues raiſe their languid heads:
Where'er he goes, attending Truth prevails,
Oppreſſion flies, and Juſtice lifts her ſcales.
See, on his arm the royal eagle ſtand,
Great type of conqueſt and ſupreme command;

* *Joſaphat* † *Eliſha.*

Th' exulting bird diſtinguiſh'd triumph brings,
And greets the Monarch with expanded wings.
Fierce Moab's ſons prevent th' impending blow,
Ruſh on themſelves, and fall without the foe.
The pious hero vanquiſh'd heav'n by pray'r;
His faith an army, and his vows a war.
There too, Ozias, fates indulgent bleſs'd,
And thy days ſhone, in faireſt actions dreſs'd:
Till that raſh hand, by ſome blind frenzy ſway'd,
Unclean, the ſacred office durſt invade.
Quick o'er thy limbs the ſcurfy venom ran,
And hoary filth beſprinkled all the man.
Tranſmiſſive worth adorns the pious Son *,
The Father's virtues with the Father's throne.
Lo! there he ſtands: he who the rage ſubdued
Of Ammon's ſons, and drench'd his ſword in blood.
And doſt thou, Ahaz, Judah's ſcourge, diſgrace,
With thy baſe front, the glories of thy race?
See the vile King his iron ſceptre bear—
His only praiſe attends the pious Heir †;
He, in whoſe ſoul the virtues all conſpire,
The beſt good ſon, from the worſt wicked ſire.
And lo! in Hezekiah's golden reign,
Long-exil'd piety returns again;
Again in genuine purity ſhe ſhines,
And with her preſence gilds the long-neglected ſhrines.
Ill-ſtarr'd does proud Aſſyria's impious Lord ‡
Bid Heaven to arms, and vaunt his dreadful ſword;
His own vain threats th' inſulting King o'erthrow,
But breathe new courage on the gen'rous foe.
Th' avenging Angel, by divine command,
The fiery ſword full-blazing in his hand,

* *Jotham.* † *Hezekiah.* ‡ *Sennacherib.*

Leant down from Heaven: amid the ſtorm he rode,
March'd Peſtilence before him; as he trod,
Pale Deſolation bath'd his ſteps in blood.
Thick wrapt in night, thro' the proud hoſt he paſs'd,
Diſpenſing death, and drove the furious blaſt;
Nor bade deſtruction give her revels o'er,
Till the gorg'd ſword was drunk with human gore.
But what avails thee, pious prince, in vain
Thy ſceptre reſcu'd, and the Aſſyrian ſlain?
E'en now the ſoul maintains her lateſt ſtrife,
And death's chill graſp congeals the fount of life.
Yet ſee, kind heav'n renews thy brittle thread,
And rolls full fifteen ſummers o'er thy head;
Lo! the receding ſun repeats his way,
And, like thy life, prolongs the falling day.
Though nature her inverted courſe forego,
The day forget to reſt, the time to flow,
Yet ſhall Jehovah's ſervants ſtand ſecure,
His mercy fix'd, eternal ſhall endure;
On them her ever healing rays ſhall ſhine;
More mild and bright, and ſure, O ſun! than thine.

At length, the long-expected Prince behold,
The laſt good King; in ancient days foretold,
When Bethel's altar ſpoke his future fame,
Rent to its baſe, at good Joſiah's name.
Bleſt, happy Prince! o'er whoſe lamented urn,
In plaintive ſong, all Judah's daughters mourn;
For whom ſad Sion's ſofteſt ſorrow flows,
And Jeremiah pours his ſweet melodious woes.

But now fall'n Sion, once the fair and great,
Sits deep in duſt, abandon'd, deſolate;

Bleeds her ſad heart, and ever ſtream her eyes,
And anguiſh tears her with convulſive ſighs.
The mournful captive ſpreads her hands in vain,
Her hands, that rankle with the ſervile chain;
Till he, Great Chief*! in Heav'n's appointed time,
Leads back her children to their native clime.
Fair liberty revives with all her joys,
And bids her envy'd walls ſecurely riſe.
And thou, great hallow'd dome, in ruin ſpread,
Again ſhall lift ſublime thy ſacred head.
But, ah! with weeping eyes, the ancients view
A faint reſemblance of the old in you.
No more th' effulgent glory of thy God
Speaks awful anſwers from the myſtic cloud:
No more thine altars blaze with fire divine,
And Heav'n has left thy ſolitary ſhrine.
Yet, in thy courts, hereafter ſhalt thou ſee
Preſence immediate of the Deity, [Thee.
The light himſelf reveal'd, the God confeſs'd in

And now at length the fated term of years
The world's deſire have brought, and lo! the God appears.
The Heav'nly Babe the Virgin Mother bears,
And her fond looks confeſs the parent's cares;
The pleaſing burden on her breaſts ſhe lays,
Hangs o'er his charms, and with a ſmile ſurveys.
The Infant ſmiles, to her fond boſom preſt,
And wantons, ſportive, on the mother's breaſt.
A radiant glory ſpeaks him all Divine,
And in the Child the beams of Godhead ſhine.

But now, alas! far other views diſcloſe
The blackeſt comprehenſive ſcene of woes.

* *Zorobabel.*

See where man's voluntary ſacrifice
Bows his meek head, and God eternal dies!
Fixt to the Croſs, his healing arms are bound,
While copious Mercy ſtreams from every wound.
Mark the blood-drops that life exhauſting roll,
And the ſtrong pang that rends the ſtubborn ſoul!
As all death's tortures, with ſevere delay,
Exult and riot in the nobleſt prey:
And canſt thou, ſtupid man, thoſe ſorrows ſee,
Nor ſhare the anguiſh which He bears for Thee?
Thy ſin, for which his ſacred fleſh is torn,
Points ev'ry nail, and ſharpens ev'ry thorn;
Canſt thou?—while nature ſmarts in ev'ry wound,
And each pang cleaves the ſympathetic ground!
Lo! the black ſun, his chariot backward driv'n,
Blots out the day, and periſhes from Heav'n:
Earth, trembling from her entrails, bears a part,
And the rent rock upbraids man's ſtubborn heart.
The yawning grave reveals his gloomy reign,
And the cold clay-clad dead ſtart into life again.
And thou, O tomb, once more ſhalt wide diſplay
Thy ſatiate jaws, and give up all thy prey.
Thou, groaning earth, ſhalt heave, abſorpt in flame,
As the laſt pangs convulſe thy lab'ring frame;
When the ſame God unſhrouded thou ſhalt ſee,
Wrapt in full blaze of pow'r and majeſty,
Ride on the clouds; whilſt, as his chariot flies,
The bright effuſion ſtreams through all the ſkies.
Then ſhall the proud diſſolving mountains glow,
And yielding rocks in fiery rivers flow:
The molten deluge round the globe ſhall roar,
And all man's arts and labour be no more.

Then ſhall the ſplendors of th' enliven'd glaſs
Sink undiſtinguiſh'd in the burning maſs.
And O! till earth, and ſeas, and heav'n decay,
Ne'er may that fair creation fade away;
May winds and ſtorms thoſe beauteous colours ſpare,
Still may they bloom, as permanent as fair;
All the vain rage of waſting time repel,
And his Tribunal ſee, whoſe Croſs they paint ſo well!

MERRICK.

THE BENEDICITE PARAPHRASED.

YE works of God, on him alone,
In earth his footſtool, heav'n his throne,
Be all your praiſe beſtow'd;
Whoſe hand the beauteous fabric made,
Whoſe eye the finiſh'd work ſurvey'd,
And ſaw that all was good.

Ye angels, that with loud acclaim
Admiring view'd the new-born frame,
And hail'd th' Eternal King,
Again proclaim your Maker's praiſe;
Again your thankful voices raiſe,
And touch the tuneful ſtring.

Praiſe him, ye bleſt æthereal plains,
Where, in full majeſty, he deigns
To fix his awful throne:
Ye waters that above him roll,
From orb to orb, from pole to pole,
O make his praiſes known!

Ye thrones, dominions, virtues, pow'rs,
Join ye your joyful ſongs with ours;
With us your voices raiſe;
From age to age extend the lay,
To Heaven's Eternal Monarch pay
Hymns of eternal praiſe.

Celeſtial orb! whoſe pow'rful ray
Opes the glad eye-lids of the day,
Whoſe influence all things own;
Praiſe him, whoſe courts effulgent ſhine
With light as far excelling thine,
As thine the paler moon.

Ye glitt'ring planets of the ſky,
Whoſe lamps the abſent ſun ſupply,
With him the ſong purſue;
And let himſelf ſubmiſſive own,
He borrows from a brighter Sun
The light he lends to you.

Ye ſhow'rs and dews, whoſe moiſture ſhed
Calls into life the op'ning ſeed,
To him your praiſes yield,
Whoſe influence wakes the genial birth,
Drops fatneſs on the pregnant earth,
And crowns the laughing field.

Ye winds, that oft tempeſtuous ſweep
The ruffled ſurface of the deep,
With us confeſs your God;
See through the heav'ns the King of Kings,
Upborne on your expanded wings,
Come flying all abroad.

Ye floods of fire, where'er ye flow,
With juſt ſubmiſſion humbly bow
To his ſuperior pow'r,
Who ſtops the tempeſt on its way,
Or bids the flaming deluge ſtray,
And gives it ſtrength to roar.

Ye ſummer's heat, and winter's cold,
By turns in long ſucceſſion roll'd,
The drooping world to cheer,
Praiſe him who gave the ſun and moon
To lead the various ſeaſons on,
And guide the circling year.

Ye froſts, that bind the wat'ry plain,
Ye ſilent ſhow'rs of fleecy rain,
Purſue the heav'nly theme;
Praiſe him who ſheds the driving ſnow,
Forbids the harden'd waves to flow,
And ſtops the rapid ſtream.

Ye days and nights, that ſwiftly borne,
From morn to eve, from eve to morn,
Alternate glide away,
Praiſe him, whoſe never-varying light,
Abſent, adds horror to the night,
But, preſent, gives the day.

Light, from whoſe rays all beauty ſprings,
Darkneſs, whoſe wide expanded wings
Involve the duſky globe;
Praiſe him who, when the heav'ns he ſpread,
Darkneſs his thick pavilion made,
And light his regal robe.

Praiſe him, ye lightnings, as ye fly
Wing'd with his vengeance through the ſky,
And red with wrath divine;
Praiſe him, ye clouds, that wand'ring ſtray,
Or, fix'd by him, in cloſe array
Surround his awful ſhrine.

Exalt, O earth! thy Heav'nly King,
Who bids the plants, that form the ſpring,
With annual verdure bloom;
Whoſe frequent drops of kindly rain
Prolific ſwell the rip'ning grain,
And bleſs thy fertile womb.

Ye mountains, that ambitious riſe,
And heave your ſummits to the ſkies,
Revere his awful nod;
Think how you once affrighted fled,
When Jordan ſought his fountain-head,
And own'd th' approaching God.

Ye trees, that fill the rural ſcene;
Ye flow'rs, that o'er th' enamell'd green
In native beauty reign;
O praiſe the Ruler of the ſkies,
Whoſe hand the genial ſap ſupplies,
And clothes the ſmiling plain.

Ye ſecret ſprings, ye gentle rills,
That murm'ring riſe among the hills,
Or fill the humble vale;
Praiſe him, at whoſe Almighty nod
The rugged rock diſſolving flow'd,
And form'd a ſpringing well.

Praiſe him, ye floods, and ſeas profound,
Whoſe waves the ſpacious earth ſurround,
And roll from ſhore to ſhore;
Aw'd by his voice, ye ſeas, ſubſide;
Ye floods, within your channels glide,
And tremble and adore.

Ye whales, that ſtir the boiling deep,
Or in its dark receſſes ſleep,
Remote from human eye,
Praiſe him by whom ye all are fed;
Praiſe him, without whoſe heavenly aid
Ye languiſh, faint, and die.

Ye birds, exalt your Maker's name;
Begin and with important theme
Your artleſs lays improve;
Wake with your ſongs the riſing day,
Let muſic ſound on ev'ry ſpray,
And fill the vocal grove.

Praiſe him, ye beaſts, that nightly roam
Amid the ſolitary gloom,
Th' expected prey to ſeize;
Ye ſlaves of the laborious plough,
Your ſtubborn necks ſubmiſſive bow,
And bend your wearied knees.

Ye ſons of men, his praiſe diſplay,
Who ſtampt his image on your clay,
And gave it pow'r to move;
Ye that in Judah's confines dwell,
From age to age ſucceſſive tell
The wonders of his love.

Let Levi's tribe the lay prolong,
Till angels liſten to the ſong,
And bend attentive down;
Let wonder ſeize the heavenly train,
Pleas'd while they hear a mortal ſtrain
So ſweet, ſo like their own.

And you your thankful voices join,
That oft at Salem's ſacred ſhrine
Before his altars kneel;
Where thron'd in majeſty he dwells,
And from the myſtic cloud reveals
The dictates of his will.

Ye ſpirits of the juſt and good,
That, eager for the bleſs'd abode,
To heavenly manſions ſoar;
O let your ſongs his praiſe diſplay,
Till heav'n itſelf ſhall melt away,
And time ſhall be no more!

Praiſe him, ye meek and humble train,
Ye ſaints, whom his decrees ordain
The boundleſs bliſs to ſhare;
O praiſe him, till ye take your way
To regions of eternal day,
And reign for ever there.

Let us, who now impaſſive ſtand,
Aw'd by the tyrant's ſtern command,
Amid the fiery blaze:
While thus we triumph in the flame,
Riſe, and our Maker's love proclaim,
In hymns of endleſs praiſe.

T. WARTON.

THE HAMLET.

WRITTEN IN WHICHWOOD FOREST.

THE hinds how bleſt, who ne'er beguil'd
To quit their hamlet's hawthorn-wild;
Nor haunt the croud, nor tempt the main,
For ſplendid care, and guilty gain!

When morning's twilight-tinctur'd beam
Strikes their low thatch with ſlanting gleam,
They rove abroad in ether blue,
To dip the ſcythe in fragrant dew:
The ſheaf to bind, the beech to fell,
That nodding ſhades a craggy dell.

Midſt gloomy glades, in warbles clear,
Wild nature's ſweeteſt notes they hear:
On green untrodden banks they view
The hyacinth's neglected hue:
In their lone haunts, and woodland rounds,
They ſpy the ſquirrel's airy bounds:
And ſtartle from her aſhen ſpray,
Acroſs the glen, the ſcreaming jay:
Each native charm their ſteps explore
Of Solitude's ſequeſter'd ſtore.

For them the moon with cloudleſs ray
Mounts, to illume their homeward way:

Their weary ſpirits to relieve,
The meadows incenſe breathe at eve.
No riot mars the ſimple fare
That o'er a glimmering hearth they ſhare:
But when the curfeu's meaſur'd roar
Duly, the darkening vallies o'er,
Has echoed from the diſtant town,
They wiſh no beds of cygnet-down,
No trophied canopies, to cloſe
Their drooping eyes in quick repoſe.

Their little ſons, who ſpread the bloom
Of health around the clay-built room,
Or through the primros'd coppice ſtray,
Or gambol in the new-mown hay;
Or quaintly braid the cowſlip-twine,
Or drive afield the tardy kine;
Or haſten from the ſultry hill
To loiter at the ſhady rill;
Or climb the tall pine's gloomy creſt
To rob the raven's ancient neſt.

Their humble porch with honied flowers
The curling woodbine's ſhade embowers;
From the trim garden's thymy mound
Their bees in buſy ſwarms reſound:
Nor fell Diſeaſe, before his time,
Haſtes to conſume life's golden prime:
But when their temples long have wore
The ſilver crown of treſſes hoar;
As ſtudious ſtill calm peace to keep,
Beneath a flowery turf they ſleep.

DYER.

GRONGAR HILL.

SILENT Nymph! with curious eye,
Who, the purple evening, lie
On the mountain's lonely van,
Beyond the noiſe of buſy man,
Painting fair the form of things,
While the yellow linnet ſings;
Or the tuneful nightingale
Charms the foreſt with her tale;
Come, with all thy various hues,
Come, and aid thy ſiſter Muſe.
Now, while Phœbus riding high,
Gives luſtre to the land and ſky,
Grongar Hill invites my ſong,
Draw the landſcape bright and ſtrong;
Grongar! in whoſe moſſy cells,
Sweetly muſing, Quiet dwells;
Grongar! in whoſe ſilent ſhade,
For the modeſt Muſes made,
So oft I have, the ev'ning ſtill,
At the fountain of a rill,
Sat upon a flow'ry bed,
With my hand beneath my head,
While ſtray'd my eyes o'er Towy's flood;
Over mead and over wood,
From houſe to houſe, from hill to hill,
Till Contemplation had her fill.

About his chequer'd ſides I wind,
And leave his brooks and meads behind;
And groves and grottos, where I lay,
And viſtas ſhooting beams of day.
Wide and wider ſpreads the vale,
As circles on a ſmooth canal:
The mountains round, unhappy fate!
Sooner or later, of all height,
Withdraw their ſummits from the ſkies,
And leſſen as the others riſe.
Still the proſpect wider ſpreads,
Adds a thouſand woods and meads;
Still it widens, widens ſtill,
And ſinks the newly-riſen hill.
Now I gain the mountain's brow;
What a landſcape lies below!
No clouds, no vapours, intervene;
But the gay, the open ſcene,
Does the face of Nature ſhow,
In all the hues of heaven's bow;
And, ſwelling to embrace the light,
Spreads around beneath the ſight.
Old caſtles on the cliffs ariſe,
Proudly tow'ring in the ſkies;
Ruſhing from the woods, the ſpires
Seem from hence aſcending fires:
Half his beams Apollo ſheds
On the yellow mountain-heads;
Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,
And glitters on the broken rocks.
Below me trees unnumber'd riſe,
Beautiful in various dyes:

The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the ſable yew;
The ſlender fir that taper grows,
The ſturdy oak with broad ſpread boughs:
And, beyond the purple grove,
Haunt of Phillis, queen of love!
Gaudy as the op'ning dawn,
Lies along and level lawn,
On which a dark hill, ſteep and high,
Holds and charms the wand'ring eye.
Deep are his feet in Towy's flood;
His ſides are cloth'd with waving wood;
Ancient towers crown his brow,
That caſt an awful look below;
Whoſe ragged walls the ivy creeps,
And with her arms from falling keeps:
So both a ſafety from the wind
On mutual dependence find.
'Tis now the raven's bleak abode;
'Tis now th' apartment of the toad;
And there the fox ſecurely feeds,
And there the pois'nous adder breeds,
Conceal'd in ruins, moſs, and weeds;
While, ever and anon, there falls
Huge heaps of hoary moulder'd walls.
Yet time has ſeen, that lifts the low,
And level lays the lofty brow,
Has ſeen this broken pile complete,
Big with the vanity of ſtate:
But tranſient is the ſmile of Fate!
A little rule, a little ſway,
A ſun-beam in a winter's day,

Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.
And ſee the rivers, how they run,
Thro' woods and meads, in ſhade and ſun!
Sometimes ſwift, and ſometimes ſlow,
Wave ſucceeding wave, they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life, to endleſs ſleep!
Thus is Nature's veſture wrought,
To inſtruct our wand'ring thought;
Thus ſhe dreſſes green and gay,
To diſperſe our cares away.
Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landſcape tire the view!
The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
The woody vallies, warm and low;
The windy ſummit, wild and high,
Roughly ruſhing on the ſky!
The pleaſant ſeat, the ruin'd tow'r,
The naked rock, the ſhady bow'r;
The town and village, dome and farm;
Each give each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Ethiop's arm.
See on the mountain's ſouthern ſide,
Where the proſpect opens wide,
Where the ev'ning gilds the tide,
How cloſe and ſmall the hedges lie!
What ſtreaks of meadows croſs the eye!
A ſtep, methinks, may paſs the ſtream,
So little diſtant dangers ſeem:
So we miſtake the future's face,
Ey'd through Hope's deluding glaſs.

As yon ſummits ſoft and fair,
Clad in colours of the air,
Which, to thoſe who journey near,
Barren, brown, and rough appear:
Still we tread the ſame coarſe way;
The preſent's ſtill a cloudy day.

O may I with myſelf agree,
And never covet what I ſee!
Content me with an humble ſhade,
My paſſions tam'd, my wiſhes laid;
For while our wiſhes wildly roll,
We baniſh quiet from the ſoul:
'Tis thus the buſy beat the air,
And miſers gather wealth and care.

Now, e'en now, my joys run high,
As on the mountain turf I lie;
While the wanton zephyr ſings,
And in the vale perfumes his wings;
While the waters murmur deep;
While the ſhepherd charms his ſheep;
While the birds unbounded fly,
And with muſic fill the ſky,
Now, e'en now, my joys run high.

Be full, ye courts! be great who will;
Search for Peace with all your ſkill;
Open wide the lofty door,
Seek her on the marble floor:
In vain ye ſearch, ſhe is not there;
In vain ye ſearch the domes of Care!
Graſs and flowers Quiet treads,
On the meads and mountain-heads.

Along with Pleaſure cloſe ally'd,
Ever by each other's ſide;
And often, by the murm'ring rill,
Hears the thruſh, while all is ſtill,
Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

CUNNINGHAM.

AN ELEGY,

ON A PILE OF RUINS.

IN the full proſpect yonder hill commands,
O'er foreſt, fields, and vernal-coated plains,
The veſtige of an ancient Abby ſtands,
Cloſe by a ruin'd caſtle's rude remains.

Half buried, there, lie many a broken buſt,
And obeliſk, and urn, o'erthrown by Time;
And many a cherub, there, deſcends in duſt
From the rent roof, and portico ſublime.

The rivulets, oft frighted at the ſound
Of fragments, tumbling from the towers on high,
Plunge to their ſource in ſecret caves profound,
Leaving their banks and pebbly bottoms dry.

Where rev'rend ſhrines in Gothick grandeur ſtood,
The nettle, or the noxious night-ſhade ſpreads;
The aſhlings, wafted from the neighbouring wood,
Thro' the worn turrets wave their trembling heads.

There Contemplation, to the croud unknown,
Her attitude compos'd, and aſpect ſweet,

Sits muſing on a monumental ſtone,
And points to the Memento at her feet.

Soon as ſage ev'ning check'd day's ſunny pride,
I left the mantling ſhade in moral mood;
And, ſeated by the maid's ſequeſter'd ſide,
Thus ſigh'd the mould'ring ruins as I view'd:—

Inexorably calm, with ſilent pace,
Here Time has paſs'd—what ruin marks his way!
This pile, now crumbling o'er its hallow'd baſe,
Turn'd not his ſtep, nor could his courſe delay.

Religion rais'd her ſupplicating eyes
In vain; and Melody, her ſong ſublime:
In vain Philoſophy, with maxims wiſe,
Would touch the cold unfeeling heart of Time.

Yet the hoar tyrant, though not mov'd to ſpare,
Relented when he ſtruck its finiſh'd pride;
And partly the rude ravage to repair,
The tott'ring tow'rs with twiſted ivy tied.

How ſolemn is the cell o'ergrown with moſs,
That terminates the view yon cloiſter'd way!
In the cruſh'd wall, a time-corroded croſs,
Religion like, ſtands mould'ring in decay!

Where the mild ſun, through ſaint-encypher'd glaſs,
Illum'd with mellow light that brown-brow'd aiſle,
Many rapt hours might Meditation paſs,
Slow moving 'twixt the pillars of the pile!

And Piety, with myſtick-meaning beads,
Bowing to ſaints on ev'ry ſide inurn'd,
Trod oft the ſolitary path, that leads
Where now the ſacred altar lies o'erturn'd!

Thro' the grey grove, betwixt thoſe with'ring trees,
'Mongſt a rude group of monuments, appears
A marble-imag'd matron on her knees,
Half waſted, like a Niobe in tears.

Low levelled in the duſt her darling's laid!
Death pitied not the pride of youthful bloom;
Nor could maternal piety diſſuade,
Or ſoften the fell tyrant of the tomb.

The relicks of a mitred ſaint may reſt,
Where, mould'ring in the niche, his ſtatue ſtands,
Now nameleſs, as the croud that kiſs'd his veſt,
And crav'd the benediction of his hands.

Near the brown arch, redoubling yonder gloom,
The bones of an illuſtrious chieftain lie;
As trac'd upon the time-unletter'd tomb,
The trophies of a broken fame imply.

Ah! what avails, that o'er the vaſſal plain,
His rights and rich demeſnes extended wide!
That honour, and her knights, compos'd his train,
And chivalry ſtood marſhall'd by his ſide!

Though to the clouds his caſtle ſeem'd to climb,
And frown'd defiance on the deſp'rate foe;
Though deem'd invincible, the conqueror, Time,
Levell'd the fabrick, as the founder, low.

Where the light lyre gave many a ſoft'ning ſound,
Ravens and rooks, the birds of diſcord, dwell;
And where Society ſat ſweetly crown'd,
Eternal Solitude has fix'd her cell.

The lizard, and the lazy lurking bat,
Inhabit now, perhaps, the painted room,

Where the ſage matron and her maidens ſat,
Sweet ſinging at the ſilver-working loom.

The traveller's bewilder'd on a waſte;
And the rude winds inceſſant ſeem to roar,
Where, in his groves, with arching arbours grac'd,
Young lovers often ſigh'd in days of yore.

His aqueducts, that led the limpid tide
To pure canals, a cryſtal cool ſupply!
In the deep duſt their barren beauties hide;
Time's thirſt, unquenchable, has drain'd them dry.

Though his rich hours in revelry were ſpent,
With Comus, and the laughter-loving crew;
And the ſweet brow of Beauty, ſtill bent,
Brighten'd his fleecy moments as they flew.

Fleet are the fleecy moments! fly they muſt;
Not to be ſtay'd by maſque, or midnight roar!
Nor ſhall a pulſe, amongſt that mould'ring duſt,
Beat wanton at the ſmiles of beauty more!

Can the deep ſtateſman, ſkill'd in great deſign,
Protract, but for a day, precarious breath?
Or the tun'd follower of the ſacred Nine,
Sooth, with his melody, inſatiate Death?

No—though the palace bar her golden gate,
Or monarchs plant ten thouſand guards around,
Unerring, and unſeen, the ſhaft of fate
Strikes the devoted victim to the ground!

What then avails ambition's wide-ſtretch'd wing,
The ſchoolman's page, or pride of beauty's bloom!
The crape-clad hermit, and the rich-rob'd king,
Level'd, he mix'd promiſcuous in the tomb!

The Macedonian monarch, wiſe and good,
Bade, when the morning's roſy reign began,
Courtiers ſhould call, as round his couch they ſtood,
"Philip! remember, thou'rt no more than man.

"Though glory ſpread thy name from pole to pole,
"Though thou art merciful, and brave, and juſt;
"Philip, reflect, thou'rt poſting to the goal,
"Where mortals mix in undiſtinguiſh'd duſt!"

So Saladin, for arts and arms renown'd,
(Egypt and Syria's wide domains ſubdu'd)
Returning with imperial triumphs crown'd,
Sigh'd, when the periſhable pomp he view'd;

And as he rode, high in his regal car,
In all the purple pride of conqueſt dreſs'd;
Conſpicuous, o'er the trophies gain'd in war,
Plac'd, pendent on a ſpear, his burial veſt:

While thus the herald cry'd—"This ſon of power,
"This Saladin, to whom the nation bow'd,
"May, in the ſpace of one revolving hour,
"Boaſt of no other ſpoil, but yonder ſhroud!"

Search where ambition rag'd with rigour ſteel'd,
Where ſlaughter, like the rapid lightning ran;
And ſay, while memory weeps the blood-ſtain'd field,
Where lies the chief, and where the common man?

Vain are the pyramids, and motto'd ſtones,
And monumental trophies rais'd on high;
For time confounds them with the crumbling ſtones,
That mix'd in haſty graves unnotic'd lie.

Reſts not, beneath the turf, the peaſant's head,
Soft as the lord's, beneath the labour'd tomb?

Or ſleeps one colder, in his cloſe clay-bed,
Than t'other, in the wide vault's dreary womb?

Hither let Lux'ry lead her looſe-rob'd train;
Here flutter Pride, on purple-painted wings;
And, from the moral proſpect, learn—how VAIN
The WISH, that SIGHS for SUBLUNARY THINGS!

LANGHORNE.

THE VISIONS OF FANCY.

IN FOUR ELEGIES.

ELEGY I.

CHILDREN of Fancy, whither are ye fled?
Where have ye borne thoſe hope-enliven'd hours,
That once with myrtle garlands bound my head,
That once beſtrew'd my vernal path with flowers?

In yon fair vale, where blooms the beechen grove,
Where winds the ſlow wave thro' the flowery plain,
To theſe fond arms you led the tyrant Love,
With Fear and Hope and Folly in his train.

My lyre, that, left at careleſs diſtance, hung
Light on ſome pale branch of the oſier ſhade,
To lays of amorous blandiſhment you ſtrung,
And o'er my ſleep the lulling muſic play'd.

"Reſt, gentle youth! while on the quivering breeze
"Slides to thine ear this ſoftly breathing ſtrain;
"Sounds that move ſmoother than the ſteps of eaſe,
"And pour oblivion in the ear of pain.

" In this fair vale eternal ſpring ſhall ſmile,
" And Time unenvious crown each roſeate hour;
" Eternal joy ſhall every care beguile,
" Breathe in each gale, and bloom in every flower.

" This ſilver ſtream, that down its cryſtal way
" Frequent has led thy muſing ſteps along,
" Shall, ſtill the ſame, in ſunny mazes play,
" And with its murmurs melodiſe thy ſong.

" Unfading green ſhall theſe fair groves adorn;
" Thoſe living meads immortal flowers unfold;
" In roſy ſmiles ſhall riſe each bluſhing morn,
" And every evening cloſe in clouds of gold.

" The tender Loves that watch thy ſlumbering reſt,
" And round thee flowers and balmy myrtles ſtrew,
" Shall charm, thro' all approaching life, thy breaſt,
" With joys for ever pure, for ever new.

" The genial power that ſpeeds the golden dart,
" Each charm of tender paſſion ſhall inſpire;
" With fond affection fill the mutual heart,
" And feed the flame of ever-young Deſire.

" Come, gentle Loves! your myrtle garlands bring;
" The ſmiling bower with cluſter'd roſes ſpread;
" Come, gentle Airs! with incenſe-dropping wing
" The breathing ſweets of vernal odour ſhed.

" Hark, as the ſtrains of ſwelling muſic riſe,
" How the notes vibrate on the fav'ring gale!
" Auſpicious glories beam along the ſkies,
" And powers unſeen the happy moments hail!

" Extatic hours! ſo every diſtant day
" Like this ſerene on downy wings ſhall move;
" Riſe crown'd with joys that triumph o'er decay,
" The faithful joys of Fancy and of Love."

ELEGY II.

AND were they vain, thoſe ſoothing lays ye ſung?
Children of Fancy! yes, your ſong was vain;
On each ſoft air though rapt Attention hung,
And Silence liſten'd on the ſleeping plain.

The ſtrains yet vibrate on my raviſh'd ear,
And ſtill to ſmile the mimic beauties ſeem,
Though now the viſionary ſcenes appear
Like the faint traces of a vaniſh'd dream.

Mirror of life! the glories thus depart
Of all that Youth and Love and Fancy frame,
When painful Anguiſh ſpeeds the piercing dart,
Or Envy blaſts the blooming flowers of Fame.

Nurſe of wild wiſhes, and of fond deſires,
The propheteſs of Fortune, falſe and vain,
To ſcenes where Peace in Ruin's arms expires
Fallacious Hope deludes her hapleſs train.

Go, Syren, go—thy charms on others try;
My beaten bark at length has reach'd the ſhore:
Yet on the rock my dropping garments lie;
And let me periſh, if I truſt thee more.

Come, gentle Quiet! long-neglected maid!
O come, and lead me to thy moſſy cell;
There unregarded in the peaceful ſhade,
With calm Repoſe and Silence let me dwell.

Come happier hours of ſweet unanxious reſt,
When all the ſtruggling paſſions ſhall ſubſide;
When Peace ſhall claſp me to her plumy breaſt,
And ſmooth my ſilent minutes as they glide.

But chief, thou goddeſs of the thoughtleſs eye,
Whom never cares or paſſions diſcompoſe,
O bleſt Inſenſibility be nigh,
And with thy ſoothing hand my weary eyelids cloſe.

Then ſhall the cares of love and glory ceaſe,
And all the fond anxieties of fame;
Alike regardleſs in the arms of Peace,
If theſe extol, or thoſe debaſe a name.

In Lyttleton though all the muſes praiſe,
His generous praiſe ſhall then delight no more,
Nor the ſweet magick of his tender lays
Shall touch the boſom which it charm'd before.

Nor then, tho' Malice, with inſidious guiſe
Of friendſhip, ope the unſuſpecting breaſt;
Nor then, tho' Envy broach her blackening lies,
Shall theſe deprive me of a moment's reſt.

O ſtate to be deſir'd! when hoſtile rage
Prevails in human more than ſavage haunts;
When man with man eternal war will wage,
And never yield that mercy which he wants.

When dark Deſign invades the chearful hour,
And draws the heart with ſocial freedom warm,
Its cares, its wiſhes, and its thoughts to pour,
Smiling inſidious with the hopes of harm.

Vain man, to others failings ſtill ſevere,
Yet not one foible in himſelf can find;
Another's faults to Folly's eye are clear,
But to her own e'en Wiſdom's ſelf is blind.

O let me ſtill, from theſe low follies free,
This ſordid malice, and inglorious ſtrife,
Myſelf the ſubject of my cenſure be,
And teach my heart to comment on my life.

With thee, Philoſophy, ſtill let me dwell,
My tutor'd mind from vulgar meanneſs ſave;
Bring Peace, bring Quiet to my humble cell,
And bid them lay the green turf on my grave.

ELEGY III.

BRIGHT o'er the green hills roſe the morning ray,
The wood-lark's ſong reſounded on the plain;
Fair Nature felt the warm embrace of day,
And ſmil'd thro' all her animated reign.

When young Delight, of Hope and Fancy born,
His head on tufted wild thyme half reclin'd,
Caught the gay colours of the orient morn,
And thence of life this picture vain deſign'd.

"O born to thoughts, to pleaſures more ſublime
"Than beings of inferior nature prove!
"To triumph in the golden hours of Time,
"And feel the charms of fancy and of love!

"High-favour'd man! for him unfolding fair
"In orient light this native landſcape ſmiles;
"For him ſweet Hope diſarms the hand of care,
"Exalts his pleaſures, and his grief beguiles.

" Blows not a bloſſom on the breaſt of Spring,
" Breathes not a gale along the bending mead,
" Trills not a ſongſter of the ſoaring wing,
" But fragrance, health and melody ſucceed.

" O let me ſtill with ſimple Nature live,
" My lowly field-flowers on her altar lay,
" Enjoy the bleſſings that ſhe meant to give,
" And calmly waſte my inoffenſive day!

" No titled name, no envy-teaſing dome,
" No glittering wealth my tutor'd wiſhes crave;
" So Health and Peace be near my humble home,
" A cool ſtream murmur, and a green tree wave.

" So may the ſweet Euterpe not diſdain
" At Eve's chaſte hour her ſilver lyre to bring;
" The muſe of pity wake her ſoothing ſtrain,
" And tune to ſympathy the trembling ſtring.

" Thus glide the penſive moments, o'er the vale
" While floating ſhades of duſky night deſcend:
" Not left untold the lover's tender tale,
" Nor unenjoy'd the heart-enlarging friend.

" To love and friendſhip flow the ſocial bowl!
" To attic wit and elegance of mind;
" To all the native beauties of the ſoul,
" The ſimple charms of truth and ſenſe refin'd!

" Then to explore whatever ancient ſage
" Studious from nature's early volume drew,
" To chaſe ſweet Fiction thro' her golden age,
" And mark how fair the ſun-flower, Science, blew!

" Haply to catch ſome ſpark of eaſtern fire,
" Heſperian fancy, or Aonian eaſe;
" Some melting note from Sappho's tender lyre,
" Some ſtrain that Love and Phœbus taught to pleaſe.

" When waves the grey light o'er the mountain's head,
" Then let me meet the morn's firſt beauteous ray;
" Careleſsly wander from my ſylvan ſhed,
" And catch the ſweet breath of the riſing day.

" Nor ſeldom, loitering as I muſe along,
" Mark from what flower the breeze its ſweetneſs bore;
" Or liſten to the labour-ſoothing ſong
" Of bees that range the thymy uplands o'er.

" Slow let me climb the mountain's airy brow,
" The green height gain'd, in muſeful rapture lie,
" Sleep to the murmur of the woods below,
" Or look on Nature with a lover's eye.

" Delightful hours! O, thus for ever flow;
" Led by fair Fancy round the varied year:
" So ſhall my breaſt with native raptures glow,
" Nor feel one pang from folly, pride, or fear.

" Firm be my heart to Nature and to Truth,
" Nor vainly wander from their dictates ſage;
" So Joy ſhall triumph on the brows of youth,
" So Hope ſhall ſmooth the dreary paths of age."

ELEGY IV.

OH! yet, ye dear, deluding viſions ſtay!
Fond hopes, of Innocence and Fancy born!
For you I'll caſt theſe waking thoughts away,
For one wild dream of life's romantic morn.

Ah! no: the ſunſhine o'er each object ſpread
By flattering Hope, the flowers that blew ſo fair,
Like the gay gardens of Armida fled,
And vaniſh'd from the powerful rod of Care.

So the poor pilgrim, who in rapturous thought
Plans his dear journey to Loretto's ſhrine,
Seems on his way by guardian ſeraphs brought,
Sees aiding angels favour his deſign.

Ambroſial bloſſoms, ſuch of old as blew
By thoſe freſh founts on Eden's happy plain,
And Sharon's roſes all his paſſage ſtrew:
So Fancy dreams; but Fancy's dreams are vain.

Wak'd and weary on the mountain's ſide,
His way unknown, the hapleſs pilgrim lies,
Or takes ſome ruthleſs robber for his guide,
And prone beneath his cruel ſabre dies.

Life's morning-landſcape, gilt with orient light,
Where Hope and Joy and Fancy hold their reign,
The grove's green wave, the blue ſtream ſparkling bright,
The blithe hours dancing round Hyperion's wain,

In radiant colours Youth's free hand pourtrays,
Then holds the flattering tablet to his eye;
Nor thinks how ſoon the vernal grove decays,
Nor ſees the dark cloud gathering o'er the ſky.

Hence Fancy conquer'd by the dart of Pain,
And wandering far from her Platonic ſhade,
Mourns o'er the ruins of her tranſient reign,
Nor unrepining ſees her viſions fade.

Their parent baniſh'd, hence her children fly,
The fairy race that fill'd her feſtive train;
Joy tears his wreath, and Hope inverts her eye,
And Folly wonders that her dream was vain.

THE EVENING PRIMROSE.

From the Fables of Flora.

THERE are that love the ſhades of life,
And ſhun the ſplendid walks of fame;
There are that hold it rueful ſtrife
To riſque Ambition's loſing game:

That far from Envy's lurid eye
The faireſt fruits of Genius rear,
Content to ſee them bloom and die,
In Friendſhip's ſmall, but genial ſphere.

Than vainer flowers tho' ſweeter far,
The Evening Primroſe ſhuns the day;
Blooms only to the weſtern ſtar,
And loves its ſolitary ray.

In Eden's vale an aged hind,
At the dim twilight's cloſing hour,
On his time-ſmoothed ſtaff reclin'd,
With wonder view'd the opening flower.

"Ill-fated flower, at eve to blow,"
In pity's ſimple thought he cries,
"Thy boſom muſt not feel the glow
"Of ſplendid ſuns, or ſmiling ſkies.

" Nor thee, the vagrants of the field,
" The hamlet's little train behold;
" Their eyes to ſweet oppreſſion yield,
" When thine the falling ſhades unfold.

" Nor thee the haſty ſhepherd heeds,
" When love has filled his heart with cares,
" For flowers he rifles all the meads,
" For waking flowers—but thine forbears.

" Ah! waſte no more that beauteous bloom
" On night's chill ſhade, that fragrant breath,
" Let ſmiling ſuns thoſe gems illume!
" Fair flower, to live unſeen is death."

Soft as the voice of vernal gales,
That o'er the bending meadow blow,
Or ſtreams that ſteal thro' even vales,
And murmur that they move ſo ſlow:

Deep in her unfrequented bower,
Sweet Philomela pour'd her ſtrain;
The bird of eve approv'd her flower,
And anſwer'd thus the anxious ſwain:

Live unſeen!
By moon-light ſhades, in valleys green,
Lovely flower, we'll live unſeen!
Of our pleaſures deem not lightly,
Laughing day may look more ſprightly,
But I love the modeſt mien,
Still I love the modeſt mien
Of gentle evening fair, and her ſtar-trained queen.
Didſt thou, Shepherd, never find,
Pleaſure is of penſive kind?

Has thy cottage never known,
That ſhe loves to live alone?
Doſt thou not at evening hour,
Feel ſome ſoft and ſecret power,
Gliding o'er thy yielding mind,
Leave ſweet ſerenity behind;
While, all diſarmed, the cares of day
Steal thro' the falling gloom away?
Love to think thy lot was laid
In this undiſtinguiſh'd ſhade.
Far from the world's infectious view,
Thy little virtues ſafely blew.
Go, and in day's more dangerous hour
Guard thy emblematic flower.

THE WALL-FLOWER.

From the Fables of Flora.

"WHY loves my flower, the ſweeteſt flower,
" That ſwells the golden breaſt of May,
" Thrown rudely o'er yon ruined tower
" To waſte her ſolitary day?

" Why, when the mead, the ſpicy vale,
" The grove and genial garden call,
" Will ſhe her fragrant ſoul exhale,
" Unheeded on the lonely wall?

" For never ſure was beauty born
" To live in death's deſerted ſhade!
" Come lovely flower, my banks adorn,
" My banks for life and beauty made."

Thus Pity wak'd the tender thought,
And by her ſweet perſuaſion led,
To ſeize the hermit-flower I ſought,
And bear her from her ſtony bed.

I ſought—but ſudden on mine ear
A voice in hollow murmurs broke,
And ſmote my heart with holy fear—
The GENIUS of the Ruin ſpoke.

"From thee be far th' ungentle deed,
"The honours of the dead to ſpoil,
"Or take the ſole remaining meed,
"The flower that crowns their former toil!

"Nor deem that flower the garden's foe,
"Or fond to grace this barren ſhade;
"'Tis Nature tells her to beſtow
"Her honours on the lonely dead.

"For this, obedient Zephyrs bear
"Her light ſeeds round yon turret's mold,
"And undiſpers'd by tempeſts there,
"They riſe in vegetable gold.

"Nor ſhall thy wonder wake to ſee
"Such deſert ſcenes diſtinction crave;
"Oft have they been, and oft ſhall be,
"Truth's, Honour's, Valour's, Beauty's grave.

"Where longs to fall that rifted ſpire,
"As weary of th' inſulting air;
"The poet's thought, the warrior's fire,
"The lover's ſighs are ſleeping there.

"When that too ſhakes the trembling ground,
"Borne down by ſome tempeſtuous ſky,

" And many a ſlumbering cottage round
" Startles—how ſtill their hearts will lie!

" Of them who wrapt in earth ſo cold,
" No more the ſmiling day ſhall view,
" Should many a tender tale be told;
" For many a tender thought is due.

" Haſt thou not ſeen ſome lover pale,
" When evening brought the penſive hour,
" Step ſlowly o'er the ſhadowy vale,
" And ſtop to pluck the frequent flower?

" Thoſe flowers he ſurely meant to ſtrew
" On loſt affection's lowly cell;
" Though there, as fond remembrance grew,
" Forgotten, from his hand they fell.

" Has not for thee the fragrant thorn
" Been taught her firſt roſe to reſign?
" With vain but pious fondneſs borne
" To deck thy Nancy's honour'd ſhrine!

" 'Tis Nature pleading in the breaſt,
" Fair memory of her works to find;
" And when to fate ſhe yields the reſt,
" She claims the monumental mind.

" Why, elſe, the o'er-grown paths of time,
" Would thus the letter'd ſage explore,
" With pain theſe crumbling ruins climb,
" And on the doubtful ſculpture pore?

" Why ſeeks he with unwearied toil,
" Through death's dim walks to urge his way,
" Reclaim his long-aſſerted ſpoil
" And lead Oblivion into day?

" 'Tis Nature prompts, by toil or fear
" Unmoved, to range through death's domain:
" The tender parent loves to hear
" Her children's ſtory told again.

" Treat not with ſcorn his thoughtful hours,
" If haply near theſe haunts he ſtray;
" Nor take the fair enlivening flowers
" That bloom to cheer his lonely way."

OGILVIE.

ODE.

TO MELANCHOLY.

HAIL, queen of thought ſublime! propitious pow'r,
Who o'er th' unbounded waſte art joy'd to roam,
Led by the moon, when at the midnight hour
Her pale rays tremble thro' the duſky gloom.

O bear me, goddeſs, to thy peaceful ſeat!
Whether to Hecla's cloud-wrapt brow convey'd,
Or lodg'd where mountains ſcreen thy deep retreat,
Or wand'ring wild thro' Chili's boundleſs ſhade.

Say, rove thy ſteps o'er Lybia's naked waſte?
Or ſeek ſome diſtant ſolitary ſhore;
Or, on the Andes' topmoſt mountain plac'd,
Doſt ſit, and hear the ſolemn thunder roar?

Fix'd on ſome hanging rock's projected brow,
Hear'ſt thou low murmurs from the diſtant dome?
Or ſtray thy feet where pale dejected Woe
Pours her long wail from ſome lamented tomb?

Hark! yon deep echo ſtrikes the trembling ear!
See night's dun curtain wraps the darkſome pole!
O'er heav'n's blue arch yon rolling worlds appear,
And rouſe to ſolemn thought th' aſpiring ſoul.

O lead my ſteps beneath the moon's dim ray,
Where Tadmor ſtands all-deſert and alone!
While from her time-ſhook tow'rs the bird of prey
Sounds through the night her long reſounding moan.

Or bear me far to yon dark diſmal plain,
Where fell-ey'd tygers, all athirſt for blood,
Howl to the deſert; while the horrid train
Roams o'er the wild where once great Babel ſtood:

That queen of nations! whoſe ſuperior call
Rous'd the broad Eaſt, and bid her arms deſtroy!
When warm'd to mirth, let judgment mark her fall,
And deep reflection daſh the lip of joy.

Short is Ambition's gay deceitful dream;
Though wreaths of blooming laurel bind her brow;
Calm Thought diſpels the viſionary ſcheme,
And Time's cold breath diſſolves the withering bough.

Slow as ſome miner ſaps th' aſpiring tower,
When working ſecret with deſtructive aim;
Unſeen, unheard, thus moves the ſtealing hour,
But works the fall of empire, pomp, and name.

Then let thy pencil mark the traits of man;
Full in the draught be keen-ey'd Hope pourtray'd:
Let flutt'ring Cupids croud the growing plan:
Then give one touch, and daſh it deep with ſhade.

Beneath the plume that flames with glancing rays
Be Care's deep engines on the ſoul impreſs'd;

Beneath the helmet's keen refulgent blaze
Let Grief ſit pining in the canker'd breaſt.

Let Love's gay ſons, a ſmiling train, appear,
With beauty pierc'd—yet heedleſs of the dart;
While, cloſely couch'd, pale ſick'ning Envy near
Whets her fell ſting, and points it at the heart.

Perch'd like a raven on ſome blaſted yew,
Let Guilt revolve the thought-diſtracting ſin;
Scar'd—while her eyes ſurvey th' ethereal blue,
Leſt Heaven's ſtrong lightning burſt the dark within.

Then paint, impending o'er the madd'ning deep
That rock, where heart-ſtruck Sappho, vainly brave,
Stood firm of ſoul—then from the dizzy ſteep
Impetuous ſprung, and daſh'd the boiling wave.

Here wrapt in ſtudious thought let Fancy rove,
Still prompt to mark Suſpicion's ſecret ſnare;
To ſee where Anguiſh nips the bloom of Love,
Or trace proud Grandeur to the domes of Care.

Should e'er ambition's tow'ring hopes inflame,
Let judging Reaſon draw the veil aſide;
Or, fir'd with envy at ſome mighty name,
Read o'er the monument that tells—He dy'd.

What are the enſigns of imperial ſway?
What all that Fortune's lib'ral hand has brought?
Teach they the voice to pour a ſweeter lay?
Or rouſe the ſoul to more exalted thought?

When bleeds the heart, as Genius blooms unknown,
When melts the eye o'er Virtue's mournful bier;
Not wealth, but pity, ſwells the burſting groan;
Not Pow'r, but whiſp'ring Nature prompts the tear.

Say, gentle mourner, in yon mouldy vault,
Where the worm fattens on ſome ſcepter'd brow,
Beneath that roof with ſculptur'd marble fraught,
Why ſleeps unmov'd the breathleſs duſt below?

Sleeps it more ſweetly than the ſimple ſwain,
Beneath ſome moſſy turf that reſts his head;
Where the lone widow tells the night her pain,
And eve with dewy tears embalms the dead?

The lily, ſcreen'd from ev'ry ruder gale,
Courts not the cultur'd ſpot where roſes ſpring:
But blows neglected in the peaceful vale,
And ſcents the zephyr's balmy breathing wing.

The buſts of grandeur, and the pomp of pow'r,
Can theſe bid Sorrow's guſhing tears ſubſide?
Can theſe avail in that tremendous hour,
When Death's cold hand congeals the purple tide?

Ah no! the mighty names are heard no more:
Pride's thought ſublime, and Beauty's kindling bloom,
Serve but to ſport one flying moment o'er,
And ſwell with pompous verſe the 'ſcutcheon'd tomb.

For me—may Paſſion ne'er my ſoul invade,
Nor be the whims of tow'ring Phrenzy giv'n;
Let Wealth ne'er court me from the peaceful ſhade,
Where contemplation wings the ſoul to Heav'n!

Oh guard me ſafe from Joy's enticing ſnare!
With each extreme that Pleaſure tries to hide,
The poiſon'd breath of ſlow-conſuming Care,
The noiſe of Folly, and the dreams of Pride.

But oft, when midnight's ſadly ſolemn knell
Sounds long and diſtant from the ſky-topt tow'r,

Calm let me ſit in Proſper's lonely cell *,
Or walk with Milton through the dark obſcure.

Thus when the tranſient dream of life is fled,
May ſome ſad friend recal the former years;
Then, ſtretch'd in ſilence o'er my duſty bed,
Pour the warm guſh of ſympathetic tears!

* *See Shakeſpeare's Tempeſt.*

ODE.

TO EVENING.

MEEK Pow'r, whoſe balmy-pinion'd gale
Steals o'er the flow'r-enamell'd dale!
Whoſe voice in gentle whiſpers near
Oft ſighs to Quiet's liſt'ning ear;
As on her downy couch at reſt,
By Thought's inſpiring viſions bleſt
She ſits, with white-rob'd Silence nigh,
And muſing heaves her ſerious eye,
To mark the ſlow ſun's glimm'ring ray,
To catch the laſt pale gleam of day;
Or ſunk in ſweet repoſe, unknown
Lies on the wild hill's van alone;
And ſees thy gradual pencil flow,
Along the heaven-illumin'd bow.

Come, Nymph demure, with mantle blue,
Thy treſſes bath'd in balmy dew,
With ſtep ſmooth ſliding o'er the green,
The graces breathing in thy mien;
And thy veſture's gather'd fold
Girt with a zone of circling gold;

And bring the harp, whoſe ſolemn ſtring
Dies to the wild wind's murm'ring wing;
And the Nymph, whoſe eye ſerene
Marks the calm, breathing woodland ſcene;
Thought, mountain ſage! who loves to climb,
And haunts the dark rock's ſummit dim;
Let Fancy falcon-wing'd be near:
And through the cloud-envelop'd ſphere,
Where muſing roams Retirement hoar,
Lull'd by the torrent's diſtant roar,
Oh bid with trembling light to glow
The raven-plume that crowns his brow.
Lo, where thy meek-ey'd train attend!
Queen of the ſolemn thought, deſcend!
Oh hide me in romantic bow'rs!
Or lead my ſtep to ruin'd tow'rs!
Where gleaming through the chinky door
The pale ray gilds the moulder'd floor:
While beneath the hallow'd pile,
Deep in the deſert ſhrieking ile,
Rapt Contemplation ſtalks along,
And hears the ſlow clock's pealing tongue;
Or, mid the dun diſcolour'd gloom,
Sits on ſome hero's peaceful tomb,
Throws Life's gay glitt'ring robe aſide,
And tramples on the neck of Pride.
Oft ſhelter'd by the rambling ſprays,
Lead o'er the foreſt's winding maze;
Where, through the mantling boughs, afar
Glimmers the ſilver-ſtreaming ſtar;
And, ſhower'd from ev'ry ruſtling blade,
The looſe light floats along the ſhade:

So hov'ring o'er the human ſcene
Gay Pleaſure ſports with brow ſerene;
By Fancy beam'd, the glancing ray
Shoots, flutters, gleams, and fleets away:
Unſettled, dubious, reſtleſs, blind,
Floats all the buſy buſtling mind;
While Memory's unſtain'd leaves retain
No trace from all th' ideal train.

But ſee the landſcape op'ning fair
Invites to breathe the purer air!
Oh when the cowſlip-ſcented gale
Shakes the light dew-drop o'er the dale,
When on her amber-dropping bed
Looſe Eaſe reclines her downy head;
How bleſt! by fairy-haunted ſtream
To melt in wild ecſtatic dream;
Die to the pictur'd wiſh, or hear
(Breath'd ſoft on Fancy's trembling ear)
Such lays, by angel-harps refin'd,
As half unchain the flutt'ring mind,
When on life's edge it eyes the ſhore,
And all its pinions ſtretch to ſoar.

Lo! where the ſun's broad orb withdrawn
Skirts with pale gold the duſky lawn;
While, led by ev'ry gentler pow'r,
Steals the ſlow, ſolemn, muſing hour.
Now from the green hill's purple brow
Let me mark the ſcene below;
Where feebly glancing through the gloom
Yon myrtle ſhades the ſilent tomb:
Not far, beneath the evening beam
The dark lake rolls his azure ſtream,

Whoſe breaſt the ſwan's white plumes divide,
Slow-ſailing o'er the floating tide.
Groves, meads, and ſpires, and foreſts bare,
Shoot glimm'ring through the miſty air;
Dim as the viſion-pictur'd bow'r
That gilds the ſaint's expiring hour,
When, rapt to ecſtaſy, his eye
Looks through the blue ethereal ſky.
All heav'n unfolding to his ſight!
Gay forms that ſwim in floods of light!
The ſun-pav'd floor, the balmy clime,
The ruby-beaming dome ſublime,
The tow'rs in glitt'ring pomp diſplay'd—
The bright ſcene hovers o'er his bed—
He ſtarts—but from his eager gaze
Black clouds obſcure the leſs'ning rays;
On mem'ry ſtill the ſcene is wrought,
And lives in Fancy's featur'd thought.
  On the airy mount reclin'd
What wiſhes ſooth the muſing mind!
How ſoft the velvet lap of ſpring!
How ſweet the Zephyr's violet wing!
Goddeſs of the plaintive ſong,
That leads the melting heart along;
Oh bid thy voice of genial pow'r
Reach Contemplation's lonely bow'r;
And call the ſage with tranced ſight
To climb the mountain's ſteepy height;
To wing the kindling wiſh, or ſpread
O'er Thought's pale cheek enliv'ning red;
Come, hoary Pow'r, with ſerious eye,
Whoſe thought explores yon diſtant ſky;

Now when the buſy world is ſtill,
Nor paſſion tempts the wav'ring will,
When ſweeter hopes each pow'r controul,
And quiet whiſpers to the ſoul,
Now ſweep from life th' illuſive train
That dance in Folly's dizzy brain:
Be Reaſon's ſimple draught pourtray'd,
Where blends alternate light and ſhade;
Bid dimpled Mirth, with Thought belied,
Sport on the bubble's glitt'ring ſide;
Bid Hope purſue the diſtant boon,
And Phrenzy watch the fading moon;
Paint Superſtition's ſtarting eye,
And Wit that leers with geſture ſly;
Let Cenſure whet her venom'd dart,
And green-ey'd Envy gnaw the heart;
Let Pleaſure lie on flow'rs reclin'd,
While Anguiſh aims her ſhaft behind.
Hail, Sire ſublime, whoſe hallow'd cave
Howls to the hoarſe deep's daſhing wave;
Thee Solitude to Phœbus bore,
Far on the lone deſerted ſhore,
Where Orellano's ruſhing tide
Roars on the rock's projected ſide.
Hence burſting o'er thy ripen'd mind,
Beams all the father's thought refin'd:
Hence oft, in ſilent vales unſeen,
Thy footſteps print the fairy green;
Or thy ſoul melts to ſtrains of woe,
That from the willow's quiv'ring bough
Sweet warbling breathe;—the zephyrs round
O'er Dee's ſmooth current waft the ſound,

When ſoft on bending oſiers laid
The broad ſun trembling through the bed;
All wild thy heav'n-rapt Fancy ſtrays,
Led through the ſoul-diſſolving maze;
Till Slumber downy-pinion'd, near
Plants her ſtrong fetlocks on thy ear;
The ſoul unfetter'd burſts away,
And baſks enlarg'd in beamy day.

ODE.

TO INNOCENCE.

'TWAS when the ſlow-declining ray
Had ting'd the cloud with evening gold,
No warbler pour'd the melting lay,
No ſound diſturb'd the ſleeping fold.

When by a murmuring rill reclin'd
Sat wrapt in thought a wand'ring ſwain;
Calm peace compos'd his muſing mind;
And thus he rais'd the flowing ſtrain:

"Hail, Innocence! celeſtial maid!
"What joys thy bluſhing charms reveal!
"Sweet as the arbour's cooling ſhade,
"And milder than the vernal gale.

"On thee attends a radiant choir,
"Soft-ſmiling Peace, and downy Reſt;
"With Love, that prompts the warbling lyre;
"And hope, that ſoothes the throbbing breaſt.

" O ſent from heav'n to haunt the grove,
" Where ſquinting Envy ne'er can come!
" Nor pines the cheek with luckleſs love,
" Nor Anguiſh chills the living bloom.

" But ſpotleſs beauty, rob'd in white,
" Sits on yon moſs-grown hill reclin'd;
" Serene as heaven's unſully'd light,
" And pure as Delia's gentle mind.

" Grant, heavenly Pow'r! thy peaceful ſway
" May ſtill my ruder thoughts controul;
" Thy hand to point my dubious way,
" Thy voice to ſooth the melting ſoul.

" Far in the ſhady ſweet retreat
" Let Thought beguile the ling'ring hour;
" Let Quiet court the moſſy ſeat,
" And twining olives form the bow'r.

" Let dove-ey'd Peace her wreath beſtow,
" And oft ſit liſtening in the dale,
" While Night's ſweet warbler from the bough
" Tells to the grove her plaintive tale.

" Soft as in Delia's ſnowy breaſt,
" Let each conſenting paſſion move;
" Let Angels watch its ſilent reſt,
" And all its bliſsful beams be Love!"

MISS CARTER.

CONTEMPLATION.

WHILE ſoft through water, earth, and air,
The vernal ſpirits rove,
From noiſy joys, and giddy crowds,
To rural ſcenes remove.

The mountain ſnows are all diſſolv'd,
And huſh'd the bluſt'ring gale:
While fragrant Zephyrs gently breathe
Along the flow'ry vale.

The circling planets' conſtant rounds
The wint'ry waſtes repair;
And ſtill, from temporary death,
Renew the verdant year.

But ah! when once our tranſient bloom,
The ſpring of life, is o'er,
That roſy ſeaſon takes its flight,
And muſt return no more.

Yet judge by reaſon's ſober rules,
From falſe opinion free,
And mark how little pilf'ring years
Can ſteal from you or me.

Each moral pleaſure of the heart,
Each laſting charm of truth,
Depends not on the giddy aid
Of wild, inconſtant youth.

The vain coquet, whoſe empty pride
A fading face ſupplies,
May juſtly dread the wintry gloom,
Where all its glory dies.

Leave ſuch a ruin to deplore,
To fading forms confin'd:
Nor age nor wrinkles diſcompoſe
One feature of the mind.

Amidſt the univerſal change
Unconſcious of decay,
It views, unmov'd, the ſcythe of Time
Sweep all beſides away.

Fix'd on its own eternal frame,
Eternal are its joys:
While, borne on tranſitory wings,
Each mortal pleaſure flies.

While ev'ry ſhort-liv'd flow'r of ſenſe
Deſtructive years conſume,
Through Friendſhip's fair enchanting walks
Unfading myrtles bloom.

Nor with the narrow bounds of time
The beauteous proſpect ends,
But, lengthen'd through the vale of death,
To Paradiſe extends.

A NIGHT-PIECE.

WHILE Night in ſolemn ſhade inveſts the pole,
And calm reflection ſoothes the penſive ſoul;
While reaſon undiſturb'd aſſerts her ſway,
And life's deceitful colours fade away;

To thee! All-conſcious Preſence! I devote
This peaceful interval of ſober thought:
Here all my better faculties confine;
And be this hour of ſacred ſilence thine!
If, by the day's illuſive ſcenes miſled,
My erring ſoul from virtue's path has ſtray'd;
Snar'd by example, or by paſſion warm'd,
Some falſe delight my giddy ſenſe has charm'd;
My calmer thoughts the wretched choice reprove,
And my beſt hopes are center'd in thy love.
Depriv'd of this, can life one joy afford?
Its utmoſt boaſt, a vain unmeaning word.
But, ah! how oft my lawleſs paſſions rove,
And break thoſe awful precepts I approve!
Purſue the fatal impulſe I abhor,
And violate the virtue I adore!
Oft, when thy better Spirit's guardian care
Warn'd my fond ſoul to ſhun the tempting ſnare,
My ſtubborn will his gentle aid repreſs'd,
And check'd the riſing goodneſs in my breaſt;
Mad with vain hopes, or urg'd by falſe deſires,
Still'd his ſoft voice, and quench'd his ſacred fires.
With grief oppreſs'd, and proſtrate in the duſt,
Shouldſt thou condemn, I own the ſentence juſt.
But, oh! thy ſofter titles let me claim,
And plead my cauſe by mercy's gentle name.
Mercy! that wipes the penitential tear,
And diſſipates the horrors of deſpair;
From rigorous juſtice ſteals the vengeful hour,
Softens the dreadful attribute of pow'r,
Diſarms the wrath of an offended God,
And ſeals my pardon in a Saviour's blood!

All-powerful Grace, exert thy gentle ſway,
And teach my rebel paſſions to obey;
Leſt lurking folly, with inſidious art,
Regain my volatile inconſtant heart!
Shall every high reſolve devotion frames
Be only lifeleſs ſounds and ſpecious names?
O rather, while thy hopes and fears controul,
In this ſtill hour, each motion of my ſoul,
Secure its ſafety by a ſudden doom,
And be the ſoft retreat of ſleep my tomb!
Calm let me ſlumber in that dark repoſe,
Till the laſt morn its orient beam diſcloſe:
Then, when the great archangel's potent ſound
Shall echo through creation's ample round,
Wak'd from the ſleep of death, with joy ſurvey
The op'ning ſplendors of eternal day.

MRS. BARBAULD.

AN ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

Deus eſt quodcunque vides, quocunque moveris.
LUCAN.

GOD of my life, and author of my days!
Permit my feeble voice to liſp thy praiſe;
And trembling take upon a mortal tongue
That hallow'd name to harps of Seraphs ſung.
Yet here the brighteſt Seraphs could no more
Than hide their faces, tremble, and adore.
Worms, angels, men, in every diff'rent ſphere
Are equal all, for all are nothing here.

All Nature faints beneath the mighty name
Which Nature's works, thro' all her parts, proclaim.
I feel that name my inmoſt thoughts controul,
And breathe an awful ſtillneſs through my ſoul;
As by a charm, the waves of grief ſubſide;
Impetuous paſſion ſtops her headlong tide:
At thy felt preſence all emotions ceaſe,
And my huſh'd ſpirit finds a ſudden peace,
Till ev'ry worldly thought within me dies,
And earth's gay pageants vaniſh from my eyes;
Till all my ſenſe is loſt in infinite,
And one vaſt object fills my aching ſight.
But ſoon, alas! this holy calm is broke;
My ſoul ſubmits to wear her wonted yoke;
With ſhackled pinions ſtrives to ſoar in vain,
And mingles with the droſs of earth again.
But he, our gracious Maſter, kind as juſt,
Knowing our frame, remembers man is duſt.
His Spirit, ever brooding o'er our mind,
Sees the firſt wiſh to better hopes inclin'd;
Marks the young dawn of ev'ry virtuous aim,
And fans the ſmoaking flax into a flame.
His ears are open to the ſofteſt cry,
His grace deſcends to meet the lifted eye;
He reads the language of a ſilent tear,
And ſighs are incenſe from a heart ſincere.
Such are the vows, the ſacrifice I give;
Accept the vow, and bid the ſuppliant live:
From each terreſtrial bondage ſet me free;
Still ev'ry wiſh that centers not in thee;
Bid my fond hopes, my vain diſquiets ceaſe,
And point my path to everlaſting peace.

If the ſoft hand of winning pleaſure leads
By living waters, and through flow'ry meads,
When all is ſmiling, tranquil, and ſerene,
And vernal beauty paints the flatt'ring ſcene,
Oh! teach me to elude each latent ſnare,
And whiſper to my ſliding heart—beware!
With caution let me hear the Syren's voice,
And doubtful, with a trembling heart, rejoice.
If friendleſs in a vale of tears I ſtray,
Where briars wound, and thorns perplex my way,
Still let my ſteady ſoul thy goodneſs ſee,
And with ſtrong confidence lay hold on thee;
With equal eye my various lot receive,
Reſign'd to die, or reſolute to live;
Prepar'd to kiſs the ſceptre or the rod,
While God is ſeen in all, and all in God.

I read his awful name emblazon'd high
With golden letters on th' illumin'd ſky;
Nor leſs the myſtic characters I ſee
Wrought in each flow'r, inſcrib'd on ev'ry tree:
In ev'ry leaf that trembles to the breeze
I hear the voice of God among the trees;
With thee in ſhady ſolitudes I walk,
With thee in buſy crowded cities talk;
In ev'ry creature own thy forming pow'r,
In each event thy providence adore.
Thy hopes ſhall animate my drooping ſoul,
Thy precepts guide me, and thy fear controul.
Thus ſhall I reſt, unmov'd by all alarms,
Secure within the temple of thine arms,
From anxious cares, from gloomy terrors free,
And feel myſelf omnipotent in thee.

Then when the laſt, the cloſing hour draws nigh,
And earth recedes before my ſwimming eye;
When trembling on the doubtful edge of fate
I ſtand, and ſtretch my view to either ſtate;
Teach me to quit this tranſitory ſcene
With decent triumph and a look ſerene;
Teach me to fix my ardent hopes on high,
And, having liv'd to thee, in thee to die.

ODE.

TO CONTENT.

O THOU, the Nymph with placid eye!
O ſeldom found, yet ever nigh!
Receive my temperate vow:
Not all the ſtorms that ſhake the pole
Can e'er diſturb thy halcyon ſoul,
And ſmooth unalter'd brow.

O come, in ſimpleſt veſt array'd,
With all thy ſober cheer diſplay'd,
To bleſs my longing ſight;
Thy mien compos'd, thy even pace,
Thy meek regard, thy matron grace,
And chaſte ſubdued delight.

No more by varying paſſions beat,
O gently guide my pilgrim feet
To find thy hermit cell;
Where in ſome pure and equal ſky,
Beneath thy ſoft indulgent eye,
The modeſt virtues dwell.

Simplicity in Attic veſt,
And Innocence, with candid breaſt,
And clear undaunted eye;
And Hope, who points to diſtant years,
Fair opening through this vale of tears
A viſta to the ſky.

There Health, through whoſe calm boſom glide
The temperate joys in even tide,
That rarely ebb or flow;
And Patience there, thy ſiſter meek,
Preſents her mild unvarying cheek
To meet the offer'd blow.

Her influence taught the Phrygian ſage
A tyrant maſter's wanton rage
With ſettled ſmiles to meet:
Inur'd to toil and bitter bread,
He bow'd his meek ſubmitted head,
And kiſs'd thy fainted feet.

But thou, O Nymph, retir'd and coy!
In what brown hamlet doſt thou joy
To tell thy tender tale;
The lowlieſt children of the ground,
Moſs-roſe and violet bloſſom round,
And lily of the vale.

O ſay what ſoft propitious hour
I beſt may chuſe to hail thy power,
And court thy gentle ſway?
When Autumn, friendly to the Muſe,
Shall thy own modeſt tints diffuſe,
And ſhed thy milder day.

When eve, her dewy ſtar beneath,
Thy balmy ſpirit loves to breathe,
And every ſtorm is laid;
If ſuch an hour was e'er thy choice,
Oft let me hear thy ſoothing voice
Low whiſpering through the ſhade.

MRS. C. SMITH.

SONNET.

THE partial Muſe, has from my earlieſt hours
Smil'd on the rugged path I'm doom'd to tread,
And ſtill with ſportive hand has ſnatch'd wild flowers,
To weave fantaſtic garlands for my head:
But far, far happier is the lot of thoſe
Who never learn'd her dear deluſive Art;
Which, while it decks the head with many a roſe,
Reſerves the thorn, to feſter in the heart.
For ſtill ſhe bids ſoft Pity's melting eye
Stream o'er the ills ſhe knows not to remove;
Points every pang, and deepens every ſigh
Of mourning friendſhip, or unhappy love.
Ah! then, how dear the Muſe's favours coſt,
If thoſe paint ſorrow beſt—who feel it moſt!

SONNET.

ON THE DEPARTURE OF THE NIGHTINGALE.

SWEET poet of the woods—a long adieu!
Farewel, ſoft minſtrel of the early year!

Ah! 'twill be long ere thou ſhalt ſing anew,
And pour thy muſic on the "night's dull ear."
Whether on ſpring thy wand'ring flights await,
Or whether ſilent in our groves you dwell,
The penſive muſe ſhall own thee for her mate,
And ſtill protect the ſong ſhe loves ſo well.
With cautious ſtep, the love-lorn youth ſhall glide
Thro' the lone brake that ſhades thy moſſy neſt;
And ſhepherd girls, from eyes profane, ſhall hide
The gentle bird, who ſings of pity beſt:
For ſtill thy voice ſhall ſoft affections move,
And ſtill be dear to ſorrow, and to love!

SONNET.

TO THE RIVER ARUN.

BE the proud Thames, of trade the buſy mart!
Arun! to thee will other praiſe belong;
Dear to the lover's, and the mourner's heart,
And ever ſacred to the ſons of ſong!
Thy banks romantic, hopeleſs love ſhall ſeek,
Where o'er the rocks the mantling bindwith flaunts;
And ſorrow's drooping form and faded cheek,
Chooſe on thy willowed ſhore her lonely haunts!
Banks! which inſpir'd thy Otway's plaintive ſtrain!
Wilds!—whoſe lorn echoes learn'd the deeper tone
Of Collins' powerful ſhell! yet once again
Another poet—Hayley is thine own!
Thy claſſic ſtream anew ſhall hear a lay,
Bright as its waves, and various as its way!

SONNET.

TO NIGHT.

I Love thee, mournful ſober-ſuited night,
When the faint moon, yet lingering in her wane,
And veil'd in clouds, with pale uncertain light
Hangs o'er the waters of the reſtleſs main.
In deep depreſſion ſunk, the enfeebled mind
Will to the deaf, cold elements complain,
And tell the emboſom'd grief, however vain,
To ſullen ſurges, and the viewleſs wind.
Tho' no repoſe on thy dark breaſt I find,
I ſtill enjoy thee—cheerleſs as thou art;
For in thy quiet gloom, the exhauſted heart
Is calm, tho' wretched; hopeleſs, yet reſign'd:
While, to the winds and waves its ſorrows given,
May reach—tho' loſt on earth—the ear of Heaven!

THE ORIGIN OF FLATTERY.

WHEN Jove, in anger to the ſons of earth,
Bid artful Vulcan give Pandora birth,
And ſent the fatal gift, which ſpread below
O'er all the wretched race contagious woe,
Unhappy man, by vice and folly toſt,
Found in the ſtorms of life his quiet loſt,
While Envy, Avarice, and Ambition, hurl'd
Diſcord and Death around the warring world;
Then the bleſt peaſant left his fields and fold,
And barter'd love and peace, for power and gold;

Left his calm cottage, and his native plain,
In ſearch of wealth to tempt the faithleſs main;
Or, braving danger, in the battle ſtood,
And bath'd his ſavage hands in human blood:
No longer then, his woodland walks among,
The ſhepherd lad his genuine paſſion ſung,
Or ſought at early morn his ſoul's delight,
Or grav'd her name upon the bark at night;
To deck her flowing hair no more he wove
The ſimple wreath, or with ambitious love
Bound his own brow with myrtle or with bay,
But broke his pipe, and threw his crook away.
The nymphs forſaken, other pleaſures ſought;
Then firſt for gold their venal hearts were bought,
And nature's bluſh to ſickly art gave place,
And affectation ſeiz'd the ſeat of grace:
No more ſimplicity, by ſenſe refin'd,
Or generous ſentiment, poſſeſs'd the mind;
No more they felt each other's joy and woe,
And Cupid fled, and hid his uſeleſs bow.
But with deep grief propitious Venus pin'd,
To ſee the ills which threaten'd womankind;
Ills, that ſhe knew her empire would diſarm,
And rob her ſubjects of their ſweeteſt charm;
Good humour's potent influence deſtroy,
And change for low'ring frowns, the ſmile of joy.
Then deeply ſighing at the mournful view,
She try'd at length what heavenly art could do
To bring back pleaſure to her penſive train,
And vindicate the glories of her reign.
A thouſand little loves attend the taſk,
And bear from Mars's head his radiant caſque,

The fair enchantreſs on its ſilver bound,
Wreath'd with ſoft ſpells her magic ceſtus round.
Then ſhaking from her hair ambroſial dew,
Infus'd fair hope, and expectation new,
And ſtifled wiſhes, and perſuaſive ſighs,
And fond belief, and "eloquence of eyes,"
And fault'ring accents, which explain ſo well
What ſtudy'd ſpeeches vainly try to tell,
And more pathetic ſilence, which imparts
Infectious tenderneſs to feeling hearts,
Soft tones of pity; faſcinating ſmiles;
And Maia's ſon aſſiſted her with wiles,
And brought gay dreams, fantaſtic viſions brought,
And wav'd his wand o'er the ſeducing draught.
Then Zephyr came: To him the goddeſs cry'd,
"Go fetch from Flora all her flow'ry pride
"To fill my charm, each ſcented bud that blows,
"And bind my myrtles with her thornleſs roſe:
"Then ſpeed thy flight to Gallia's ſmiling plain,
"Where rolls the Loire, the Garonne, and the Seine;
"Dip in their waters thy celeſtial wing,
"And the ſoft dew to fill my chalice bring;
"But chiefly tell thy Flora, that to me
"She ſend a bouquet of her fleurs de lys;
"That poignant ſpirit will complete my ſpell."
——'Tis done: the lovely ſorcereſs ſays 'tis well.
And now Apollo lends a ray of fire,
The cauldron bubbles, and the flames aſpire;
The watchful Graces round the circle dance,
With arms entwin'd, to mark the work's advance;
And with full quiver ſportive Cupid came,
Temp'ring his favourite arrows in the flame.

Then Venus ſpeaks; the wavering flames retire,
And Zephyr's breath extinguiſhes the fire.
At length the Goddeſs in the helmet's round
A ſweet and ſubtil Spirit duly found;
More ſoft than oil, than æther more refin'd,
Of power to cure the woes of womankind,
And call'd it FLATTERY:—balm of female life!
It charms alike the widow, maid, and wife;
Clears the ſad brow of virgins in deſpair,
And ſmooths the cruel traces left by care;
Bids palſy'd age with youthful ſpirit glow,
And hangs May's garlands on December's ſnow.
Delicious eſſence! howſoe'er apply'd,
By what rude nature is thy charm deny'd?
Some form ſeducing ſtill thy whiſper wears,
Stern Wiſdom turns to thee her willing ears,
And Prudery liſtens, and forgets her fears.
The ruſtic nymph, whom rigid aunts reſtrain,
Condemn'd to dreſs, and practiſe airs in vain,
At thy firſt ſummons finds her boſom ſwell,
And bids her crabbed governante farewell:
While, fir'd by thee, with ſpirit not her own,
She grows a toaſt, and riſes into ton.
The faded beauty, who, with ſecret pain,
Sees younger charms uſurp her envy'd reign,
By thee aſſiſted, can with ſmiles behold
The record where her conqueſts are enroll'd;
And dwelling yet on ſcenes by memory nurs'd,
When George the Second reign'd, or George the Firſt;
She ſees the ſhades of ancient beaux ariſe,
Who ſwear her eyes exceeded modern eyes,
When poets ſung for her, and lovers bled,
And giddy faſhion follow'd as ſhe led.

Departed modes appear in long array,
The flowers and flounces of her happier day,
Again her locks the decent fillets bind,
The waving lappet flutters in the wind,
And then comparing with a proud diſdain
The more fantaſtic taſtes that now obtain,
She deems ungraceful, trifling and abſurd,
The gayer world that moves round George the Third.
Nor thy ſoft influence will the train refuſe,
Who court in diſtant ſhades the modeſt Muſe,
Tho' in a form more pure and more refin'd,
Thy ſoothing ſpirit meets the letter'd mind.
Not Death itſelf thine empire can deſtroy;
Towards thee, e'en then, we turn the languid eye;
Still truſt in thee to bid our memory bloom,
And ſcatter roſes round the ſilent tomb.

COLLINS.

DIRGE IN CYMBELINE.

Sung by Guiderus and Arviragus over Fidele, ſuppoſed to be dead.

TO fair Fidele's graſſy tomb,
Soft maids and village hinds ſhall bring
Each opening ſweet, of earlieſt bloom,
And riſle all the breathing Spring.

No wailing ghoſt ſhall dare appear
To vex with ſhrieks this quiet grove;
But ſhepherd lads aſſemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch ſhall here be ſeen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew;
The female fays ſhall haunt the green,
And dreſs thy grave with pearly dew.

The red-breaſt oft at evening hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moſs, and gather'd flow'rs,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempeſts ſhake thy ſylvan cell;
Or 'midſt the chace on every plain,
The tender thought on thee ſhall dwell:

Each lonely ſcene ſhall thee reſtore,
For thee the tear be duly ſhed;
Belov'd, till life can charm no more;
And mourn'd, till Pity's ſelf be dead.

ODE.

Written in the Year 1746.

HOW ſleep the brave, who ſink to reſt
By all their country's wiſhes bleſt!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
She there ſhall dreſs a ſweeter ſod,
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By Fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unſeen their dirge is ſung;

There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bleſs the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom ſhall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there.

ODE.

TO EVENING.

IF aught of oaten ſtop, or paſtoral ſong,
May hope, chaſte Eve, to ſooth thy modeſt ear,
Like thy own ſolemn ſprings,
Thy ſprings, and dying gales;

O nymph reſerv'd, while now the bright-hair'd ſun
Sits in yon weſtern tent, whoſe cloudy ſkirts,
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed:

Now air is huſh'd, ſave where the weak-eyed bat,
With ſhort ſhrill ſhriek flits by on leathern wing,
Or where the beetle winds
His ſmall but ſullen horn,

As oft he riſes 'midſt the twilight path,
Againſt the pilgrim borne in heedleſs hum:
Now teach me, maid compos'd,
To breathe ſome ſoften'd ſtrain,

Whoſe numbers, ſtealing thro' thy darkening vale,
May not unſeemly with its ſtillneſs ſuit,
As, muſing ſlow, I hail
Thy genial lov'd return!

For when thy folding-ſtar ariſing ſhows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp

The fragrant hours, and elves
Who ſlept in buds the day,

And many a nymph who wreathes her brows with ſedge,
And ſheds the freſhening dew; and, lovelier ſtill,
The penſive pleaſures ſweet
Prepare thy ſhadowy car.

Then let me rove ſome wild and heathy ſcene,
Or find ſome ruin 'midſt its dreary dells,
Whoſe walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams.

Or if chill bluſtering winds, or driving rain,
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut,
That from the mountain's ſide
Views wilds and ſwelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-diſcover'd ſpires,
And hears their ſimple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual duſky veil.

While Spring ſhall pour his ſhow'rs, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing treſſes, meekeſt Eve!
While Summer loves to ſport
Beneath thy lingering light;

While ſallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves,
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy ſhrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes;

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendſhip, Science, ſmiling Peace,
Thy gentleſt influence own,
And love thy favourite name!

SELIM; OR, THE SHEPHERD's MORAL.

AN ORIENTAL ECLOGUE.

Scene, a Valley near Bagdat.—Time, the Morning.

" YE Perſian maids, attend your Poet's lays,
" And hear how ſhepherds paſs their golden days.
" Not all are bleſt, whom Fortune's hand ſuſtains
" With wealth in courts, nor all that haunt the plains:
" Well may your hearts believe the truths I tell;
" 'Tis Virtue makes the bliſs, where'er we dwell."

Thus Selim ſung, by ſacred Truth inſpir'd;
Nor praiſe, but ſuch as Truth beſtow'd, deſir'd:
Wiſe in himſelf, his meaning ſongs convey'd
Informing morals to the ſhepherd maid;
Or taught the ſwains that ſureſt bliſs to find,
What groves nor ſtreams beſtow—a virtuous mind.

When ſweet and bluſhing, like a virgin bride,
The radiant morn reſum'd her orient pride;
When wanton gales along the vallies play,
Breathe on each flow'r, and bear their ſweets away;
By Tygris' wandering waves he ſat, and ſung
This uſeful leſſon for the fair and young:

" Ye Perſian dames," he ſaid, " to you belong
" (Well may they pleaſe) the morals of my ſong:
" No fairer maids, I truſt, than you are found,
" Grac'd with ſoft arts, the peopled world around!
" The morn that lights you, to your loves ſupplies
" Each gentler ray, delicious to your eyes;
" For you thoſe flow'rs her fragrant hands beſtow,
" And yours the love that kings delight to know.

" Yet think not theſe, all beauteous as they are,
" The beſt kind bleſſings Heaven can grant the fair:
" Who truſt alone in beauty's feeble ray,
" Boaſt but the worth Balſora's * pearls diſplay!
" Drawn from the deep, we own the ſurface bright;
" But, dark within, they drink no luſtrous light.
" Such are the maids, and ſuch the charms they boaſt,
" By ſenſe unaided, or to virtue loſt.
" Self-flatt'ring ſex! your hearts believe in vain
" That Love ſhall blind, when once he fires, the ſwain;
" Or hope a lover by your faults to win,
" As ſpots on ermin beautify the ſkin:
" Who ſeeks ſecure to rule, be firſt her care
" Each ſofter virtue that adorns the fair;
" Each tender paſſion man delights to find,
" The lov'd perfection of a female mind!
" Bleſt were the days when Wiſdom held her reign,
" And ſhepherds ſought her on the ſilent plain;
" With Truth ſhe wedded in the ſecret grove,
" Immortal Truth! and daughters bleſs'd their love.
" O haſte, fair maids! ye Virtues, come away!
" Sweet Peace and Plenty lead you on your way!
" The balmy ſhrub for you ſhall love our ſhore,
" By Ind excell'd, or Araby, no more.
" Loſt to our fields, for ſo the fates ordain,
" The dear deſerters ſhall return again.
" Come thou, whoſe thoughts as limpid ſprings are clear;
" To lead the train, ſweet Modeſty, appear:
" Here make thy court amidſt our rural ſcene,
" And ſhepherd girls ſhall own thee for their queen:

* *The Gulf of that name, famous for the pearl-fiſhery.*

" With thee be Chaſtity, of all afraid,
" Diſtruſting all, a wiſe ſuſpicious maid;
" But man the moſt—not more the mountain doe
" Holds the ſwift falcon for her deadly foe.
" Cold is her breaſt, like flowers that drink the dew;
" A ſilken veil conceals her from the view.
" No wild deſires amidſt thy train be known,
" But Faith, whoſe heart is fix'd on one alone:
" Deſponding Meekneſs, with her downcaſt eyes,
" And friendly Pity, full of tender ſighs;
" And Love the laſt. By theſe your hearts approve;
" Theſe are the virtues that muſt lead to Love."
Thus ſung the ſwain; and ancient legends ſay,
The maids of Bagdat verify'd the lay:
Dear to the plains, the Virtues came along;
The ſhepherds lov'd, and Selim bleſs'd his ſong.

MOORE.

THE FEMALE SEDUCERS.

'TIS ſaid of widow, maid, and wife,
That honour is a woman's life;
Unhappy ſex! who only claim
A being in the breath of fame;
Which tainted, not the quick'ning gales
That ſweep Sabæa's ſpicy vales,
Nor all the healing ſweets reſtore,
That breathe along Arabia's ſhore.
The trav'ller, if he chance to ſtray,
May turn uncenſur'd to his way;

Polluted ſtreams again are pure,
And deepeſt wounds admit a cure:
But woman no redemption knows,
The wounds of honour never cloſe.

Though diſtant ev'ry hand to guide,
Nor ſkill'd on life's tempeſtuous tide,
If once her feeble bark recede,
Or deviate from the courſe decreed,
In vain ſhe ſeeks the friendleſs ſhore,
Her ſwifter folly flies before!
The circling ports againſt her cloſe,
And ſhut the wand'rer from repoſe;
Till, by conflicting waves oppreſs'd,
Her found'ring pinnace ſinks to reſt.

Are there no offerings to atone
For but a ſingle error?—None.
Though woman is avow'd, of old,
No daughter of celeſtial mould,
Her temp'ring not without allay,
And form'd but of the finer clay,
We challenge from the mortal dame
The ſtrength angelic natures claim;
Nay more—for ſacred ſtories tell,
That e'en immortal angels fell.

Whatever fills the teeming ſphere
Of humid earth, and ambient air,
With varying elements endu'd,
Was form'd to fall, and riſe renew'd.

The ſtars no fix'd duration know;
Wide oceans ebb, again to flow;
The moon repletes her waning face,
All beauteous, from her late diſgrace;

And ſuns, that mourn approaching night,
Refulgent riſe with new-born light.
In vain may death and time ſubdue,
While nature mints her race anew;
And holds ſome vital ſpark apart,
Like virtue, hid in ev'ry heart.
'Tis hence reviving warmth is ſeen,
To clothe a naked world in green.
No longer barr'd by winter's cold,
Again the gates of life unfold;
Again each inſect tries his wing,
And lifts freſh pinions on the ſpring;
Again from ev'ry latent root
The bladed ſtem and tendril ſhoot,
Exhaling incenſe to the ſkies,
Again to periſh, and to riſe.
And muſt weak woman then diſown
The change, to which a world is prone?
In one meridian brightneſs ſhine,
And ne'er like ev'ning ſuns decline?
Reſolv'd and firm alone?—Is this
What we demand of woman?—Yes.
But ſhould the ſpark of veſtal fire
In ſome unguarded hour expire;
Or ſhould the nightly thief invade
Heſperia's chaſte and ſacred ſhade,
Of all the blooming ſpoil poſſeſs'd,
The dragon Honour charm'd to reſt,
Shall virtue's flame no more return?
No more with virgin ſplendor burn?
No more the ravag'd garden blow
With ſpring's ſucceeding bloſſom?—No.

Pity may mourn, but not reſtore;
And woman falls—to riſe no more!
Within this ſublunary ſphere
A country lies—no matter where;
The clime may readily be found
By all who tread poetic ground;
A ſtream, call'd Life, acroſs it glides,
And equally the land divides;
And here, of vice the province lies;
And there, the hills of virtue riſe.
Upon a mountain's airy ſtand,
Whoſe ſummit look'd to either land,
An ancient pair their dwelling choſe,
As well for proſpect as repoſe;
For mutual faith they long were fam'd,
And Temp'rance and Religion nam'd.
A num'rous progeny divine
Confeſs'd the honours of their line;
But in a little daughter fair
Was center'd more than half their care;
For Heav'n, to gratulate her birth,
Gave ſigns of future joy to earth;
White was the robe this infant wore,
And Chaſtity the name ſhe bore.
As now the maid in ſtature grew
(A flow'r juſt op'ning to the view)
Oft through her native lawns ſhe ſtray'd,
And wreſtling with the lambkins play'd;
Her looks diffuſive ſweets bequeath'd,
The breeze grew purer as ſhe breath'd;
The morn her radiant bluſh aſſum'd,
The ſpring with earlier fragrance bloom'd;

And nature yearly took delight,
Like her, to dreſs the world in white.
But when her riſing form was ſeen
To reach the criſis of fifteen,
Her parents up the mountain's head
With anxious ſtep their darling led;
By turns they ſnatch'd her to their breaſt,
And thus the fears of age expreſs'd:
O joyful cauſe of many a care!
O daughter too divinely fair!
Yon world, on this important day,
Demands thee to a dang'rous way;
A painful journey all muſt go,
Whoſe doubted period none can know;
Whoſe due direction who can find,
Where reaſon's mute, and ſenſe is blind?
Ah, what unequal leaders theſe,
Through ſuch a wide, perplexing maze!
Then mark the warnings of the wiſe,
And learn what love and years adviſe.
Far to the right thy proſpect bend,
Where yonder tow'ring hills aſcend;
Lo, there the arduous path's in view
Which Virtue and her ſons purſue;
With toil o'er leſs'ning earth they riſe,
And gain, and gain upon the ſkies.
Narrow's the way her children tread,
No walk for pleaſure ſmoothly ſpread,
But rough, and difficult, and ſteep,
Painful to climb, and hard to keep.
Fruits immature thoſe lands diſpenſe,
A food indelicate to ſenſe,

Of taſte unpleaſant; yet from thoſe
Pure health, with cheerful vigour, flows;
And ſtrength, unfeeling of decay,
Throughout the long laborious way.
Hence, as they ſcale that heav'nly road,
Each limb is lighten'd of its load;
From earth refining ſtill they go,
And leave the mortal weight below;
Then ſpreads the ſtrait, the doubtful clears,
And ſmooth the rugged path appears;
For cuſtom turns fatigue to eaſe,
And, taught by Virtue, pain can pleaſe.
At length, the toilſome journey o'er,
And near the bright celeſtial ſhore,
A gulph, black, fearful, and profound,
Appears, of either world the bound,
Through darkneſs leading up to light;
Senſe backward ſhrinks, and ſhuns the ſight;
For there the tranſitory train
Of time, and form, and care, and pain,
And matter's groſs incumb'ring maſs,
Man's late aſſociates, cannot paſs;
But ſinking, quit th' immortal charge,
And leave the wond'ring ſoul at large;
Lightly ſhe wings her obvious way,
And mingles with eternal day.
Thither, oh thither wing thy ſpeed,
Though pleaſure charm or pain impede;
To ſuch the all-bounteous Pow'r has given,
For preſent earth, a future heaven;
For trivial loſs, unmeaſur'd gain;
And endleſs bliſs, for tranſient pain.

Then fear, ah! fear to turn thy ſight
Where yonder flow'ry fields invite:
Wide on the left the path-way bends,
And with pernicious eaſe deſcends;
There, ſweet to ſenſe, and fair to ſhow,
New-planted Edens ſeem to blow,
Trees, that delicious poiſon bear;
For death is vegetable there.

Hence is the frame of health unbrac'd,
Each ſinew ſlack'ning at the taſte,
The ſoul to paſſion yields her throne,
And ſees with organs not her own;
While, like the ſlumb'rer in the night,
Pleas'd with the ſhadowy dream of light,
Before her alienated eyes
The ſcenes of fairy-land ariſe;
The puppet world's amuſing ſhow,
Dipt in the gaily-colour'd bow,
Sceptres, and wreaths, and glitt'ring things,
The toys of infants and of kings,
That tempt, along the baneful plain,
The idly wiſe and lightly vain,
Till, verging on the gulphy ſhore,
Sudden they ſink—and riſe no more.

But liſt to what thy fates declare;
Though thou art woman, frail as fair,
If once thy ſliding foot ſhould ſtray,
Once quit yon heav'n-appointed way,
For thee, loſt maid, for thee alone,
Nor pray'rs ſhall plead, nor tears atone;
Reproach, ſcorn, infamy, and hate,
On thy returning ſteps ſhall wait;

Thy form be loath'd by ev'ry eye,
And ev'ry foot thy preſence fly.
Thus arm'd with words of potent ſound,
Like guardian angels plac'd around,
A charm, by truth divinely caſt,
Forward our young advent'rer paſs'd,
Forth from her ſacred eyelids ſent,
Like morn, fore-running radiance went,
While Honour, handmaid late aſſign'd,
Upheld her lucid train behind.
Awe-ſtruck, the much-admiring crowd
Before the virgin viſion bow'd;
Gaz'd with an ever-new delight,
And caught freſh virtue at the ſight;
For not of earth's unequal frame
They deem the heav'n-compounded Dame;
If matter, ſure the moſt refin'd,
High wrought, and temper'd into mind,
Some darling daughter of the day,
And body'd by her native ray.
Where'er ſhe paſſes, thouſands bend,
And thouſands where ſhe moves attend;
Her ways obſervant eyes confeſs,
Her ſteps purſuing praiſes bleſs;
While to the elevated Maid
Oblations, as to Heav'n, are paid.
'Twas on an ever-blithſome day,
The jovial birth of roſy May,
When genial warmth, no more ſuppreſt,
New melts the froſt in ev'ry breaſt,
The cheek with ſecret flushing dyes,
And looks kind things from chaſteſt eyes;

The ſun with healthier viſage glows,
Aſide his clouded kerchief throws,
And dances up th' ethereal plain,
Where late he us'd to climb with pain,
While nature, as from bonds ſet free,
Springs out, and gives a looſe to glee.
And now, for momentary reſt,
The Nymph her travell'd ſtep repreſs'd,
Juſt turn'd to view the ſtage attain'd,
And gloried in the height ſhe gain'd.
Outſtretch'd before her wide ſurvey
The realms of ſweet perdition lay,
And pity touch'd her ſoul with woe,
To ſee a world ſo loſt below;
When ſtraight the breeze began to breathe
Airs, gently wafted from beneath,
That bore commiſſion'd witchcraft thence,
And reach'd her ſympathy of ſenſe;
No ſounds of diſcord, that diſcloſe
A people ſunk and loſt in woes,
But as of preſent good poſſeſs'd,
The very triumph of the bleſs'd.
The maid in rapt attention hung,
While thus approaching Sirens ſung:

Hither, faireſt, hither haſte,
Brighteſt beauty, come and taſte,
What the pow'rs of bliſs unfold,
Joys too mighty to be told;
Taſte what ecſtaſies they give;
Dying raptures taſte and live.
In thy lap, diſdaining meaſure,
Nature empties all her treaſure,

Soft desires, that sweetly languish;
Fierce delights, that rise to anguish;
Fairest, dost thou yet delay?
Brightest beauty, come away.
List not, when the froward chide,
Sons of pedantry and pride,
Snarlers, to whose feeble sense
April's sunshine is offence;
Age and envy will advise
E'en against the joy they prize.
Come, in pleasure's balmy bowl
Slake the thirstings of thy soul,
Till thy raptur'd pow'rs are fainting
With enjoyment, past the painting;
Fairest, dost thou yet delay?
Brightest beauty, come away.
So sung the Sirens, as of yore,
Upon the false Ausonian shore:
And O! for that preventing chain,
That bound Ulysses on the main,
That so our Fair One might withstand
The covert ruin, now at hand.
The song her charm'd attention drew,
When now the tempters stood in view;
Cur'osity, with prying eyes,
And hands of busy, bold empriſe;
Like Hermes, feather'd were her feet;
And, like fore-running fancy, fleet;
By search untaught, by toil untir'd,
To novelty she still aspir'd,
Tasteless of every good possess'd,
And but in expectation blest.

With her, associate, Pleasure came,
Gay pleasure, frolic-loving dame,
Her mien, all swimming in delight,
Her beauties half reveal'd to sight;
Loose flow'd her garments from the ground,
And caught the kissing winds around.
As erst Medusa's looks were known
To turn beholders into stone,
A dire reversion here they felt,
And in the eye of Pleasure melt.
Her glance with sweet persuasion charm'd,
Unnerv'd the strong, the steel'd disarm'd;
No safety e'en the flying find,
Who, vent'rous, look but once behind.
Thus was the much-admiring Maid,
While distant, more than half betray'd.
With smiles, and adulation bland,
They join'd her side, and seiz'd her hand;
Their touch envenom'd sweets instill'd,
Her frame with new pulsations thrill'd;
While half consenting, half denying,
Reluctant now, and now complying,
Amidst a war of hopes and fears,
Of trembling wishes, smiling tears,
Still down, and down, the winning pair
Compell'd the struggling, yielding Fair.
As when some stately vessel, bound
To blest Arabia's distant ground,
Borne from her courses, haply lights
Where Barca's flow'ry clime invites,
Conceal'd around whose treach'rous land
Lurk the dire rock and dang'rous sand

The pilot warns, with ſail and oar,
To ſhun the much-ſuſpected ſhore,
In vain; the tide, too ſubtly ſtrong,
Still bears the wreſtling bark along,
Till found'ring, ſhe reſigns to fate,
And ſinks, o'erwhelm'd, with all her freight.
So, baffling ev'ry bar to ſin,
And Heaven's own pilot, plac'd within,
Along the devious ſmooth deſcent,
With pow'rs increaſing as they went,
The dames, accuſtom'd to ſubdue,
As with a rapid current drew,
And o'er the fatal bounds convey'd
The loſt, the long reluctant Maid.
Here ſtop, ye fair ones, and beware,
Nor ſend your fond affections there;
Yet, yet your darling, now deplor'd,
May turn, to you and heav'n reſtor'd:
Till then, with weeping Honour wait,
The ſervant of her better fate;
With Honour, left upon the ſhore,
Her friend and handmaid now no more;
Nor, with the guilty world, upbraid
The fortunes of a wretch betray'd;
But o'er her failing caſt a veil,
Rememb'ring, you yourſelves are frail.
And now, from all-enquiring light,
Faſt fled the conſcious ſhades of night;
The damſel, from a ſhort repoſe,
Confounded at her plight, aroſe.
As when, with ſlumb'rous weight oppreſs'd,
Some wealthy miſer ſinks to reſt,

Where felons eye the glitt'ring prey,
And ſteal his hoard of joys away;
He, borne where golden Indus ſtreams,
Of pearl and quarry'd di'mond dreams;
Like Midas, turns the glebe to ore,
And ſtands all rapt amidſt his ſtore;
But wakens, naked, and deſpoil'd
Of that, for which his years had toil'd.
So far'd the Nymph, her treaſure flown,
And turn'd, like Niobe, to ſtone;
Within, without, obſcure and void,
She felt all ravag'd, all deſtroy'd.
And, O thou curs'd, inſidious coaſt!
Are theſe the bleſſings thou canſt boaſt?
Theſe, Virtue! theſe the joys they find,
Who leave thy heav'n-topt hills behind?
Shade me, ye pines, ye caverns, hide,
Ye mountains, cover me! ſhe cry'd.
Her trumpet Slander rais'd on high,
And told the tidings to the ſky;
Contempt diſcharg'd a living dart,
A ſide-long viper to her heart;
Reproach breath'd poiſons o'er her face,
And ſoil'd and blaſted ev'ry grace;
Officious Shame, her handmaid new,
Still turn'd the mirror to her view,
While thoſe in crimes the deepeſt dy'd,
Approach'd to whiten at her ſide.
And ev'ry lewd inſulting dame
Upon her folly roſe to fame.
What ſhould ſhe do? Attempt once more
To gain the late-deſerted ſhore?

So truſting, back the Mourner flew,
As faſt the train of fiends purſue.
Again the farther ſhore's attain'd,
Again the land of Virtue gain'd;
But echo gathers in the wind,
And ſhews her inſtant foes behind.
Amaz'd, with headlong ſpeed ſhe tends,
Where late ſhe left an hoſt of friends;
Alas! thoſe ſhrinking friends decline,
Nor longer own that form divine:
With fear they mark the following cry,
And from the lonely trembler fly,
Or backward drive her on the coaſt,
Where peace was wreck'd, and honour loſt.
From earth, thus hoping aid in vain,
To Heav'n not daring to complain;
No truce by hoſtile clamour given,
And from the face of friendſhip driven,
The Nymph ſunk proſtrate on the ground,
With all her weight of woes around.
Enthron'd within a circling ſky,
Upon a mount, o'er mountains high,
All radiant ſat, as in a ſhrine,
Virtue, firſt effluence divine;
Far, far above the ſcenes of woe,
That ſhut this cloud-wrapt world below;
Superior goddeſs, eſſence bright,
Beauty of uncreated light,
Whom ſhould mortality ſurvey,
As doom'd upon a certain day,
The breath of frailty muſt expire,
The world diſſolve in living fire,

The gems of heav'n and ſolar flame
Be quench'd by her eternal beam,
And nature, quick'ning in her eye,
To riſe a new-born phœnix, die.
Hence, unreveal'd to mortal view,
A veil around her form ſhe threw,
Which three ſad ſiſters of the ſhade,
Pain, Care, and Melancholy, made.
Through this her all-enquiring eye,
Attentive from her ſtation high,
Beheld, abandon'd to deſpair,
The ruins of her fav'rite fair;
And with a voice, whoſe awful ſound
Appal'd the guilty world around,
Bid the tumultuous winds be ſtill,
To numbers bow'd each liſt'ning hill,
Uncurl'd the ſurging of the main,
And ſmooth'd the thorny bed of pain;
The golden harp of heav'n ſhe ſtrung,
And thus the tuneful goddeſs ſung:

Lovely Penitent, ariſe,
Come, and claim thy kindred ſkies;
Come, thy ſiſter angels ſay
Thou haſt wept thy ſtains away.

Let experience now decide
'Twixt the good and evil try'd;
In the ſmooth, enchanted ground,
Say, unfold the treaſures found.

Structures, rais'd by morning dreams;
Bands, that trip the flitting ſtreams;

Down, that anchors on the air;
Clouds, that paint their changes there;

Seas, that ſmoothly dimpling lie,
While the ſtorm impends on high,
Shewing, in an obvious glaſs,
Joys that in poſſeſſion paſs;

Tranſient, fickle, light, and gay,
Flatt'ring, only to betray;
What, alas, can life contain!
Life! like all its circles—vain.

Will the ſtork, intending reſt,
On the billow build her neſt?
Will the bee demand his ſtore
From the bleak and bladeleſs ſhore?

Man alone, intent to ſtray,
Ever turns from wiſdom's way;
Lays up wealth in foreign land,
Sows the ſea, and ploughs the ſand.

Soon this elemental maſs,
Soon th' incumb'ring world ſhall paſs;
Form be wrapt in waſting fire,
Time be ſpent, and life expire.

Then, ye boaſted works of men,
Where is your aſylum then?
Sons of pleaſure, ſons of care,
Tell me, mortals, tell me where?

Gone, like traces on the deep,
Like a ſceptre graſp'd in ſleep,
Dews, exhal'd from morning glades,
Melting ſnows, and gliding ſhades.

Paſs the world, and what's behind?
Virtue's gold, by fire refin'd;
From an univerſe deprav'd,
From the wreck of nature ſav'd.

Like the life-ſupporting grain,
Fruit of patience, and of pain,
On the ſwain's autumnal day,
Winnow'd from the chaff away.

Little trembler, fear no more,
Thou haſt plenteous crops in ſtore;
Seed, by genial ſorrows ſown,
More than all thy ſcorners own.

What though hoſtile earth deſpiſe,
Heaven beholds with gentler eyes;
Heaven thy friendleſs ſteps ſhall guide,
Cheer thy hours, and guard thy ſide.

When the fatal trump ſhall ſound,
When th' immortals pour around,
Heaven ſhall thy return atteſt,
Hail'd by myriads of the bleſs'd.

Little native of the ſkies,
Lovely Penitent, ariſe;
Calm thy boſom, clear thy brow,
Virtue is thy ſiſter now.

More delightful are my woes
Than the rapture pleaſure knows;
Richer far the weeds I bring,
Than the robes that grace a king.

On my wars, of ſhorteſt date,
Crowns of endleſs triumph wait;

On my cares a period bleſs'd;
On my toils, eternal reſt.

Come, with Virtue at thy ſide;
Come, be ev'ry bar defy'd,
Till we gain our native ſhore;
Siſter, come, and turn no more.

GOLDSMITH.

EDWIN AND ANGELINA.

A BALLAD.

"TURN, gentle Hermit of the dale,
"And guide my lonely way
"To where yon taper cheers the vale
"With hoſpitable ray.

"For here forlorn and loſt I tread,
"With fainting ſteps and ſlow;
"Where wilds, immeaſurably ſpread,
"Seem length'ning as I go."

"Forbear, my ſon," the Hermit cries,
"To tempt the dang'rous gloom;
"For yonder phantom only flies
"To lure thee to thy doom.

"Here to the houſeleſs child of want
"My door is open ſtill;
"And tho' my portion is but ſcant,
"I give it with good will.

" Then turn to-night, and freely ſhare
" Whate'er my cell beſtows;
" My ruſhy couch and frugal fare,
" My bleſſing and repoſe.

" No flocks that range the valley free
" To ſlaughter I condemn;
" Taught by that Pow'r that pities me,
" I learn to pity them:

" But from the mountain's graſſy ſide
" A guiltleſs feaſt I bring;
" A ſcrip with herbs and fruits ſupply'd,
" And water from the ſpring.

" Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego;
" All earth-born cares are wrong:
" Man wants but little here below,
" Nor wants that little long."

Soft as the dew from heaven deſcends,
His gentle accents fell;
The modeſt ſtranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderneſs obſcure
The lonely manſion lay;
A refuge to the neighb'ring poor,
And ſtrangers led aſtray.

No ſtores beneath its humble thatch
Requir'd a maſter's care;
The wicket, op'ning with a latch,
Receiv'd the harmleſs pair.

And now, when buſy crowds retire
To take their ev'ning reſt,

The Hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his penſive gueſt;

And ſpread his vegetable ſtore,
And gaily preſs'd, and ſmil'd;
And, ſkill'd in legendary lore,
The ling'ring hours beguil'd.

Around in ſympathetic mirth
Its tricks the kitten tries,
The cricket chirrups in the hearth,
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart,
To ſooth the ſtranger's woe;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His riſing cares the Hermit ſpy'd,
With anſwering care oppreſs'd:
"And whence, unhappy youth," he cry'd,
"The ſorrows of thy breaſt?

"From better habitations ſpurn'd,
"Reluctant doſt thou rove?
"Or grieve for friendſhip unreturn'd,
"Or unregarded love?

"Alas! the joys that fortune brings
"Are trifling, and decay;
"And thoſe who prize the paultry things
"More trifling ſtill than they.

"And what is Friendſhip but a name,
"A charm that lulls to ſleep;
"A ſhade that follows wealth or fame,
"And leaves the wretch to weep?

" And Love is ſtill an emptier ſound,
" The modern fair-one's jeſt;
" On earth unſeen, or only found
" To warm the turtle's neſt.

" For ſhame, fond youth! thy ſorrows huſh,
" And ſpurn the ſex!" he ſaid:
But, while he ſpoke, a riſing bluſh
His love-lorn gueſt betray'd.

Surpris'd he ſees new beauties riſe,
Swift mantling to the view,
Like colours o'er the morning ſkies,
As bright, as tranſient too.

The baſhful look, the riſing breaſt,
Alternate ſpread alarms;
The lovely ſtranger ſtands confeſs'd
A maid in all her charms.

" And, ah! forgive a ſtranger rude,
" A wretch forlorn," ſhe cry'd,
" Whoſe feet unhallow'd thus intrude
" Where Heaven and you reſide!

" But let a maid thy pity ſhare,
" Whom love has taught to ſtray;
" Who ſeeks for reſt, but finds deſpair
" Companion of her way.

" My father liv'd beſide the Tyne,
" A wealthy lord was he;
" And all his wealth was mark'd as mine;
" He had but only me.

" To win me from his tender arms
" Unnumber'd ſuitors came;

" Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
" And felt, or feign'd a flame.

" Each hour a mercenary crowd
" With richeſt proffers ſtrove;
" Among the reſt young Edwin bow'd,
" But never talk'd of love.

" In humble, ſimpleſt habit clad,
" No wealth or pow'r had he;
" Wiſdom and worth were all he had,
" But theſe were all to me.

" The bloſſom op'ning to the day,
" The dews of heaven refin'd,
" Could nought of purity diſplay
" To emulate his mind.

" The dew, the bloſſoms of the tree,
" With charms inconſtant ſhine:
" Their charms were his; but, woe to me!
" Their conſtancy was mine.

" For ſtill I try'd each fickle art,
" Importunate and vain;
" And while his paſſion touch'd my heart,
" I triumph'd in his pain:

" Till, quite dejected with my ſcorn,
" He left me to my pride;
" And ſought a ſolitude forlorn,
" In ſecret, where he dy'd.

" But mine the ſorrow, mine the fault!
" And well my life ſhall pay;
" I'll ſeek the ſolitude he ſought,
" And ſtretch me where he lay!

" And there forlorn, deſpairing hid,
" I'll lay me down and die;
" 'Twas ſo for me that Edwin did,
" And ſo for him will I!"

" Forbid it, Heav'n!" the Hermit cry'd,
And claſp'd her to his breaſt:
The wond'ring fair-one turn'd to chide—
'Twas Edwin's ſelf that preſs'd.

" Turn, Angelina, ever dear;
" My charmer, turn to ſee
" Thy own, thy long-loſt Edwin here,
" Reſtor'd to love and thee.

" Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
" And ev'ry care reſign:
" And ſhall we never, never part,
" My life—my all that's mine?

" No, never from this hour to part;
" We'll live and love ſo true,
" The ſigh that rends thy conſtant heart
" Shall break thy Edwin's too!

JAGO.

THE BLACKBIRDS.

AN ELEGY.

THE ſun had chas'd the mountain ſnow,
And kindly loos'd the frozen ſoil;
The melting ſtreams began to flow,
And ploughmen urg'd their annual toil.

'Twas then, amid the vocal throng,
Whom nature wakes to mirth and love,
A Blackbird rais'd his am'rous ſong,
And thus it echo'd thro' the grove:

"O faireſt of the feather'd train!
"For whom I ſing, for whom I burn;
"Attend with pity to my ſtrain,
"And grant my love a kind return.

"For ſee, the wintry ſtorms are flown,
"And gentle zephyrs fan the air;
"Let us the genial influence own,
"Let us the vernal paſtime ſhare.

"The raven plumes his jetty wing,
"To pleaſe his croaking paramour;
"The larks reſponſive ditties ſing,
"And tell their paſſion as they ſoar.

"But truſt me, love, the raven's wing
"Is not to be compar'd with mine;
"Nor can the lark ſo ſweetly ſing
"As I, who ſtrength with ſweetneſs join.

"O, let me all thy ſteps attend!
"I'll point new treaſures to thy ſight;
"Whether the grove thy wiſh befriend,
"Or hedge rows green, or meadows bright.

"I'll ſhew my love the cleareſt rill,
"Whoſe ſtreams among the pebbles ſtray;
"Theſe will we ſip, and ſip our fill,
"Or on the flow'ry margin play.

"I'll lead her to the thickeſt brake,
"Impervious to the ſchool-boy's eye;

" For her the plaſter'd neſt I'll make,
" And on her downy pinions lie.

" When prompted by a mother's care,
" Her warmth ſhall form th' impriſon'd young,
" The pleaſing taſk I'll gladly ſhare,
" Or cheer her labours with my ſong.

" To bring her food I'll range the fields,
" And cull the beſt of ev'ry kind;
" Whatever nature's bounty yields,
" And love's aſſiduous care can find.

" And when my lovely mate would ſtray,
" To taſte the ſummer ſweets at large,
" I'll wait at home the live-long day,
" And tend with care our little charge.

" Then prove with me the ſweets of love,
" With me divide the cares of life;
" No buſh ſhall boaſt in all the grove
" So fond a mate, ſo bleſs'd a wife."

He ceas'd his ſong. The melting dame,
With ſoft indulgence heard the ſtrain;
She felt, ſhe own'd, a mutual flame,
And haſted to relieve his pain.

He led her to the nuptial bow'r,
And neſtled cloſely to her ſide;
The fondeſt bridegroom of that hour,
And ſhe the moſt delighted bride.

Next morn he wak'd her with a ſong;
" Behold," he ſaid, " the new-born day!
" The lark his matin peal has rung,
" Ariſe, my love, and come away."

Together thro' the fields they ſtray'd,
And to the murmuring riv'let's ſide
Renew'd their vows, and hopp'd and play'd
With honeſt joy, and decent pride,

When, oh! with grief the Muſe relates
The mournful ſequel of my tale;
Sent by an order from the Fates,
A gunner met them in the vale.

Alarm'd, the lover cry'd, "My dear!
"Haſte, haſte away! from danger fly!
"Here, gunner! point thy thunder here;
"O, ſpare my love, and let me die!"

At him the gunner took his aim;
His aim, alas! was all too true:
O! had he choſe ſome other game;
Or ſhot—as he was wont to do!

Divided pair! forgive the wrong,
While I with tears your fate rehearſe;
I'll join the widow's plaintive ſong,
And ſave the lover in my verſe.

PRATT.

THE PARTRIDGES.

AN ELEGY.

Written on the laſt Day of Auguſt.

HARD by yon copſe, that ſkirts the flow'ry vale,
As late I walk'd to taſte the ev'ning breeze,

A plaintive murmur mingled in the gale,
And notes of ſorrow echo'd thro' the trees.

Touch'd by the penſive ſound, I nearer drew;
But my rude ſtep increas'd the cauſe of pain:
Soon o'er my head the whirring Partridge flew,
Alarm'd; and with her flew an infant train.

But ſhort th' excurſion; for unus'd to play,
Feebly the unfledg'd wings th' eſſay could make:
The parent, ſhelter'd by the cloſing day,
Lodg'd her lov'd covey in a neighb'ring brake.

Her cradling pinions there ſhe amply ſpread,
And huſh'd th' affrighted family to reſt;
But ſtill the late alarm ſuggeſted dread,
And cloſer to their feath'ry friend they preſs'd.

She, wretched parent! doom'd to various woe,
Felt all a mother's hope, a mother's care;
With grief foreſaw the dawn's impending blow,
And, to avert it, thus preferr'd her pray'r:

"O Thou! who e'en the ſparrow doſt befriend;
"Whoſe providence protects the harmleſs wren;
"Thou, God of birds! theſe innocents defend,
"From the vile ſport of unrelenting men.

"For ſoon as dawn ſhall dapple yonder ſkies,
"The ſlaughtering gunner, with the tube of fate,
"While the dire dog the faithleſs ſtubble tries,
"Shall perſecute our tribe with annual hate.

"O may the ſun, unfann'd by cooling gale,
"Parch with unuſual heat th' undewy ground;
"So ſhall the pointer's wonted cunning fail,
"So ſhall the ſportſman leave my babe unfound.

" Then ſhall I fearleſs guide them to the mead;
" Then ſhall I ſee with joy their plumage grow;
" Then ſhall I ſee (fond thought!) their future breed,
" And every tranſport of a parent know!

" But if ſome victim muſt endure the dart,
" And fate marks out that victim from my race,
" Strike, ſtrike the leaden vengeance thro' this heart!
" Spare! ſpare my babes! and I the death embrace.

COOPER.

A FATHER'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.

DEEP in a grove by cypreſs ſhaded,
Where mid-day ſun had ſeldom ſhone,
Or noiſe the ſolemn ſcene invaded,
Save ſome afflicted Muſe's moan,

A ſwain, towards full-ag'd manhood wending,
Sat ſorrowing at the cloſe of day,
At whoſe fond ſide a boy attending
Liſp'd half his father's cares away.

The father's eyes no object wreſted,
But on the ſmiling prattler hung,
Till, what his throbbing heart ſuggeſted,
Theſe accents trembled from his tongue:

" My youth's firſt hope, my manhood's treaſure,
" My deareſt innocent, attend,
" Nor fear rebuke, or ſour diſpleaſure:
" A father's loveliеſt name is Friend.

" Some truths from long experience flowing,
" Worth more than royal grants, receive;
" For truths are wealths of Heav'n's beſtowing,
" Which kings have ſeldom power to give.

" Since, from an ancient race deſcended,
" You boaſt an unattainted blood,
" By yours be their fair fame attended,
" And claim by birth-right—to be good.

" In love for every fellow-creature,
" Superior riſe above the crowd;
" What moſt ennobles human nature
" Was ne'er the portion of the proud.

" Be thine the generous heart that borrows
" From others joys a friendly glow,
" And for each hapleſs neighbour's ſorrows
" Throbs with a ſympathetic woe.

" This is the temper moſt endearing,
" Tho' wide proud pomp her banner ſpreads,
" An heavenlier power good-nature bearing,
" Each heart in willing thraldom leads.

" Taſte not from fame's uncertain fountain
" The peace-deſtroying ſtreams that flow,
" Nor from ambition's dangerous mountain
" Look down upon the world below.

" The princely pine on hills exalted,
" Whoſe lofty branches cleave the ſky,
" By winds, long brav'd, at laſt aſſaulted,
" Is headlong whirl'd in duſt to lie;

" While the mild roſe, more ſafely growing,
" Low in its unaſpiring vale,

" Amid retirement's ſhelter blowing,
" Exchanges ſweets with ev'ry gale.

" Wiſh not for beauty's darling features,
Moulded by Nature's partial pow'r,
" For faireſt forms 'mong human creatures
" Shine but the pageants of an hour.

" I ſaw, the pride of all the meadow,
" At noon, a gay narciſſus blow
" Upon a river's bank, whoſe ſhadow
" Bloom'd in the ſilver waves below;

" By noon-tide's heat its youth was waſted,
" The waters, as they paſs'd, complain'd;
" At eve, its glories all were blaſted,
" And not one former tint remain'd.

" Nor let vain wit's deceitful glory
" Lead you from Wiſdom's path aſtray;
" What genius lives renown'd in ſtory,
" To happineſs who found the way?

" In yonder mead behold that vapour,
" Whoſe vivid beams illuſive play,
" Far off it ſeems a friendly taper,
" To guide the trav'ller on his way;

" But ſhould ſome hapleſs wretch, purſuing,
" Tread where the treach'rous meteors glow,
" He'd find, too late, his raſhneſs rueing,
" That fatal quickſands lurk below:

" In life ſuch bubbles nought admiring,
" Gilt with falſe light, and fill'd with air,

" Do you, from pageant crowds retiring,
" To Peace in Virtue's cot repair.

" There ſeek the never-waſted treaſure
" Which mutual love and friendſhip give,
" Domeſtic comfort, ſpotleſs pleaſure,
" And bleſt and bleſſing you will live.

" If Heav'n with children crown your dwelling,
" As mine its bounty does with you,
" In fondneſs fatherly excelling,
" Th' example you have felt purſue."

He paus'd—for tenderly careſſing
The darling of his wounded heart,
Looks had means only of expreſſing
Thoughts, language never could impart.

Now night, her mournful mantle ſpreading,
Had rob'd in black th' horizon round,
And dank dews, from her treſſes ſhedding,
With genial moiſture bath'd the ground;

When back to city follies flying,
'Midſt cuſtom's ſlaves he liv'd reſign'd,
His face, array'd in ſmiles, denying
The true complexion of his mind.

For ſeriouſly around ſurveying
Each character, in youth and age,
Of fools betray'd, and knaves betraying,
That play'd upon this human ſtage;

(Peaceful himſelf and undeſigning)
He loath'd the ſcenes of guile and ſtrife,
And felt each ſecret wiſh inclining
To leave this fretful farce of life.

Yet to whate'er above was fated
Obediently he bow'd his ſoul,
For, what all-bounteous Heav'n created,
He thought Heav'n only ſhould controul.

DODD.

ODE.

Written in the Walks at Brecknock.

TO DR. SQUIRE, LORD BISHOP OF ST. DAVID'S.

I.

RUDE romantic ſhades and woods,
Hanging walks and falling floods!
Now that guſh with foaming pride
Down the rough rock's ſteepy ſide;
Now that o'er the pebbles play,
Winding round your ſilver way:
Mountains, that in duſky cloud
High your ſacred ſummits ſhroud;
Whoſe variegated ſides adorn
Fields, and flocks, and groves, and corn,
And whited cots, beſide the ſteep,
Where health and labour ſweetly ſleep;
Hail pleaſing ſcenes! Amyntas cry'd,
As by old Hundy's* gurgling ſide,

* *A river which runs by Brecknock.*

In careleſs ſort his limbs he laid,
The hoar hill hanging o'er his head.
His harp of ancient Britiſh ſound lay by!
He ſeiz'd it rapturous; o'er the ſtrings
His fingers lightly fly,
While thus his voice reſponſive ſings:

II.

From that celeſtial orb, where, thron'd in light,
Thou dwell'ſt, of powers angelic firſt and bleſt;
Oh lovely Gratitude! divinely bright,
Deſcend, in all thy glowing beauties dreſt.
Goddeſs, come, and oh! impart
All thy ardours to my heart;
Tune my harp, and touch my tongue,
Give me melody and ſong:
Softeſt notes and numbers bring,
'Tis Palemon that I ſing:
Gratitude exalts my lays,
'Tis my Benefactor's praiſe.

III.

But where can our numbers, or notes,
Sufficiently pleaſing be found,
To expreſs the due ſenſe of his worth,
Who my life with ſuch comforts hath crown'd?
He mark'd the ſmall flock which I fed,
And my diligence gave him delight;
Young ſhepherd, I'll help you, he ſaid,
And he plac'd me ſtill nearer his ſight.
Then he gave me ſome ſheep of my own,
O could I the charge but improve!

'Twould ſhow how I honour'd his gift,
And would I could merit his love!
But ſooner this brook at my feet
Shall ceaſe in ſoft murmurs to flow;
Theſe mountains ſhall ſooner ſink down
To a plain with the vallies below;
Than mute to his praiſes, my tongue
Shall ceaſe his lov'd name to reſound,
Or my heart to his favours ſo priz'd
Be ever inſenſible found.
O may the great Shepherd of all
His life with rich bleſſings increaſe!
And ſweetly encompaſs him round
With plenty, with health, and with peace!
On all that partake of his board
Be happineſs largely beſtow'd;
His wife be ſtill loving and kind:
His children ſtill lovely and good!
And—paſs'd his benevolent days
'Midſt elegant labours of love,
Oh late, ye good angels, his ſoul
To the ſeats of the bleſſed remove!
Thus Amyntas ſung pleas'd to his harp,
With Brecon's white walls in his view:
Many poets much ſweeter you'll find;
No poet more honeſt and true.

Biſhop Squire made him Prebend of Brecon, May 1764.

PIOUS MEMORY.

Occaſioned by ſeeing the Graves dreſſed with Flowers, at Brecknock in Wales.

"WHITHER away, fair maid!" I cry'd,
As on old Hundy's bank I lay,
When, paſſing by me, I eſpy'd
A modeſt maid in neat array.

Upon her red but well-turn'd arm
A little wicker-baſket hung;
With flowers of various hues complete,
And branches ever-green and young:

The fragrant bay, the mournful yew,
The cypreſs, and the box, were there;
The daiſy py'd, the violet blue,
The red pink, and the primroſe fair.

"And why that baſket on your arm,
"With all thoſe fragrant ſweets ſupply'd?"
With bluſhing look, and penſive air,
And voice of meekneſs, ſoft ſhe ſigh'd:

"To yonder church-yard do I haſte,
"To dreſs the grave where Henry ſleeps;
"No maid a truer lover bleſs'd—
"No maid more faithful lover weeps.

"Stern Death forbade us to unite,
"And cut him down with ruthleſs blow;
"And now I ſpeed to deck his grave,
"As 'tis our weekly wont to do."

The melancholy cuſtom pleas'd:
She left me wrapp'd in penſive thought;
Ideas ſad, but ſoothing, roſe,
When my ſlow ſteps the church-yard ſought.

There, kneeling o'er her Henry's grave,
Adorn'd with all her baſket's ſtore,
The rural maiden, ſighing, hung,
Her eyes with tender tears ran o'er.

She rais'd thoſe eyes, ſo full of tears,
Which now and then ſtole down her cheek;
And much to Heav'n ſhe would have ſpoke,
But ſorrow would not let her ſpeak.

Yet, though her thoughts could find no vent,
There is, who reads each honeſt mind:
And the true heart to Him devote,
Shall ample ſatisfaction find.

Then, gentle maiden! do no fear,
Again thy Henry thou ſhalt meet:
Till then thy tender taſk purſue,
And ſtrew thy greens and flow'rs ſo ſweet.

And you, whom all around I ſee,
The ſame dear mournful taſk employ:
Ye parents, children, huſbands, wives,
The melancholy bliſs enjoy!

Oh! 'tis delicious to maintain
Of friends deceas'd a due reſpect!
Then bring me flow'rets—bring me greens,
Straight ſhall my parents' grave be deck'd;

And many a friend's (whom faithful love
Still keeps alive within my breaſt)

Luxuriouſly ſad, I'll ſee
With choiceſt garlands weekly dreſs'd.

Come, then, the wicker-baſket bring;
Come, Memory, and with me go!
Each lovely flower that breathes the ſpring
Affection's gentle hand ſhall ſtrew:

A mellow tear of ſoothing woe,
Shall o'er the graves ſpontaneous fall;
While Heav'n the heart's ſtill wiſh ſhall hear,
And to each other grant us all.

MASON.

ELEGY.

TO A YOUNG NOBLEMAN LEAVING THE UNIVERSITY.

ERE yet, ingenuous youth, thy ſteps retire
From Cam's ſmooth margin, and the peaceful vale,
Where Science call'd thee to her ſtudious quire,
And met thee muſing in her cloiſters pale;

O let thy friend (and may he boaſt the name!)
Breathe from his artleſs reed one parting lay:
A lay like this thy early virtues claim,
And this let voluntary friendſhip pay.

Yet know, the time arrives, the dang'rous time,
When all thoſe virtues, op'ning now ſo fair,
Tranſplanted to the world's tempeſtuous clime,
Muſt learn each paſſion's boiſt'rous breath to bear;

There, if ambition, peſtilent and pale,
Or luxury ſhould taint their vernal glow;
If cold ſelf-intereſt, with her chilling gale,
Should blaſt th' unfolding bloſſoms ere they blow;

If mimic hues, by art or faſhion ſpread,
Their genuine ſimple colouring ſhould ſupply;
O may with them theſe laureate honours fade,
And with them (if it can) my friendſhip die!

Then do not blame, if, though thyſelf inſpire,
Cautious I ſtrike the panegyric ſtring;
The Muſe full oft purſues a meteor fire,
And, vainly vent'rous, ſoars on waxen wing:

Too actively awake at friendſhip's voice,
The poet's boſom pours the fervent ſtrain,
Till ſad reflection blames the haſty choice,
And oft invokes oblivion's aid in vain.

Call we the ſhade of Pope from that bleſt bow'r,
Where thron'd he ſits with many a tuneful ſage;
Aſk, if he ne'er bemoans that hapleſs hour
When St. John's name illumin'd glory's page.

Aſk, if the wretch, who dar'd his mem'ry ſtain;
Aſk, if his country's, his religion's foe,
Deſerv'd the meed that Marlbro' fail'd to gain;
The deathleſs meed he only could beſtow:

The bard will tell thee, the miſguided praiſe
Clouds the celeſtial ſunſhine of his breaſt;
E'en now, repentant of his erring lays,
He heaves a ſigh amid the realms of reſt.

If Pope through friendſhip fail'd, indignant view,
Yet pity, Dryden—hark, whene'er he ſings,

How adulation drops her courtly dew
On titled rhymers and inglorious kings!

See, from the depths of his exhauſtleſs mine,
His glitt'ring ſtores the tuneful ſpendthrift throws:
Where fear or int'reſt bids, behold they ſhine;
Now grace a Cromwell's, now a Charles's brows.

Born with too gen'rous or too mean a heart,
Dryden! in vain to thee thoſe ſtores were lent;
Thy ſweeteſt numbers but a trifling art;
Thy ſtrongeſt diction idly eloquent.

The ſimpleſt lyre, if truth directs its lays,
Warbles a melody ne'er heard from thine:
Not to diſguſt with falſe or venal praiſe,
Was Parnell's modeſt fame, and may be mine.

Go then, my friend, nor let thy candid breaſt
Condemn me, if I check the plauſive ſtring:
Go to the wayward world; complete the reſt;
Be what the pureſt Muſe would wiſh to ſing.

Be ſtill thyſelf: that open path of truth,
Which led thee here, let manhood firm purſue;
Retain the ſweet ſimplicity of youth;
And all thy virtue dictates, dare to do.

Still ſcorn, with conſcious pride, the maſk of art;
On vice's front let fearful caution low'r;
And teach the diffident, diſcreeter part
Of knaves that plot, and fools that fawn for pow'r.

So, round thy brow when age's honours ſpread,
When death's cold hand unſtrings thy Maſon's lyre,
When the green turf lies lightly on his head,
Thy worth ſhall ſome ſuperior bard inſpire:

He to the ampleſt bounds of time's domain
On rapture's plume ſhall give thy name to fly;
For truſt, with rev'rence truſt, this Sabine ſtrain,
"The Muſe forbids the virtuous man to die."

ODE.

TO A FRIEND.

AH! ceaſe this kind perſuaſive ſtrain,
Which, when it flows from friendſhip's tongue,
However weak, however vain,
O'erpowers beyond the Siren's ſong:
Leave me, my friend, indulgent go,
And let me muſe upon my woe.
Why lure me from theſe pale retreats?
Why rob me of theſe penſive ſweets?
Can Muſic's voice, can Beauty's eye,
Can Painting's glowing hand ſupply
A charm ſo ſuited to my mind,
As blows this hollow guſt of wind,
As drops this little weeping rill
Soft tinkling down the moſs-grown hill,
While thro' the Weſt, where ſinks the crimſon day,
Meek Twilight ſlowly ſails, and waves her banners gray?

II.

Say, from affliction's various ſource
Do none but turbid waters flow?
And cannot fancy clear their courſe?
For Fancy is the friend of Woe.

Say, mid that grove, in love-lorn ſtate,
While yon poor Ringdove mourns her mate,
Is all, that meets the ſhepherd's ear,
Inſpired by anguiſh, and deſpair?
Ah! no; fair Fancy rules the ſong:
She ſwells her throat; ſhe guides her tongue;
She bids the waving Aſpin ſpray
Quiver in cadence to her lay;
She bids the fringed Oſiers bow,
And ruſtle round the lake below,
To ſuit the tenor of her gurgling ſighs,
And ſooth her throbbing breaſt with ſolemn ſympathies.

III.

To thee, whoſe young and poliſh'd brow
The wrinkling hand of ſorrow ſpares;
Whoſe cheeks, beſtrew'd with roſes, know
No channel for the tide of tears;
To thee yon Abbey dank, and lone,
Where ivy chains each mould'ring ſtone
That nods o'er many a martyr's tomb,
May caſt a formidable gloom.
Yet ſome there are, who, free from fear,
Could wander through the cloiſters drear,
Could rove each deſolated iſle,
Though midnight thunders ſhook the pile;
And dauntleſs view, or ſeem to view,
(As faintly flaſh the lightnings blue)
Thin ſhiv'ring Ghoſts from yawning charnels throng,
And glance with ſilent ſweep the ſhaggy vaults along.

IV.

But ſuch terrific charms as theſe,
I aſk not yet; my ſober mind

The fainter forms of ſadneſs pleaſe;
My ſorrows are of ſofter kind.
Through this ſtill valley let me ſtray,
Rapt in ſome ſtrain of penſive GRAY:
Whoſe lofty genius bears along
The conſcious dignity of Song;
And, ſcorning from the ſacred ſtore
To waſte a note on Pride or Power,
Roves through the glimmering twilight gloom,
And warbles round each ruſtic tomb:
He too, perchance (for well I know,
His heart can melt with friendly woe)
He too, perchance, when theſe poor limbs are laid,
Will heave one tuneful ſigh, and ſooth my hov'ring Shade.

BEATTIE.

RETIREMENT.

AN ODE.

WHEN in the crimſon cloud of even,
The lingering light decays,
And Heſper on the front of heaven
His glittering gem diſplays;
Deep in the ſilent vale, unſeen,
Beſide a lulling ſtream,
A penſive youth, of placid mien,
Indulged his tender theme.

Ye cliffs, in hoary grandeur pil'd,
High o'er the glimmering dale;

Ye woods, along whose windings wild
Murmurs the solemn gale;
Where Melancholy strays forlorn,
And Woe retires to weep,
What time the wan moon's yellow horn
Gleams on the western deep:

To you, ye wastes, whose artless charms
Ne'er drew Ambition's eye,
'Scap'd a tumultuous world's alarms,
To your retreats I fly.
Deep in your most sequester'd bower
Let me at last recline,
Where Solitude, mild, modest Power,
Leans on her ivy'd shrine.

How shall I woo thee, matchless Fair!
Thy heavenly smile how win!
Thy smile, that smooths the brow of Care,
And stills the storm within?
O wilt thou to thy favourite grove
Thine ardent votary bring,
And bless his hours, and bid them move
Serene, on silent wing!

Oft let remembrance sooth his mind
With dreams of former days,
When in the lap of Peace reclin'd
He fram'd his infant lays;
When Fancy roved at large, nor Care,
Nor cold Distrust alarm'd,
Nor Envy, with malignant glare,
His simple youth had harm'd.

'Twas then, O Solitude, to thee
His early vows were paid,

From heart ſincere, and warm, and free,
Devoted to the ſhade!
Ah, why does Fate his ſteps decoy,
In ſtormy paths to roam,
Remote from all congenial joy!—
O take the Wanderer home.

Thy ſhades, thy ſilence, now be mine,
Thy charms my only theme;
My haunt the hallow cliff, whoſe pine
Waves o'er the gloomy ſtream;
Whence the ſcar'd owl, on pinions grey,
Breaks from the ruſtling boughs,
And down the lone vale ſails away,
To more profound repoſe.

O while to thee the woodland pours
Its wildly warbling ſong,
And balmy from the bank of flowers
The Zephyr breathes along,
Let no rude ſound invade from far,
No vagrant foot be nigh,
No ray from Grandeur's gilded car,
Flaſh on the ſtartled eye!

But if ſome pilgrim through the glade
Thy hallow'd bowers explore,
O guard from harm his hoary head,
And liſten to his lore;
For he of joys divine ſhall tell,
That wean from earthly woe,
And triumph o'er the mighty ſpell
That chains this heart below.

For me no more the path invites
Ambition loves to tread;

No more I climb thoſe toilſome heights
By guileful Hope miſled;
Leaps my fond fluttering heart no more
To Mirth's enliv'ning ſtrain;
For preſent pleaſure ſoon is o'er,
And all the paſt is vain.

THE HERMIT.

AT the cloſe of the day, when the hamlet is ſtill,
And mortals the ſweets of forgetfulneſs prove;
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And nought but the nightingale's ſong in the grove
'Twas thus, by the cave of the mountain afar,
While his harp rung ſymphonious, a Hermit began
No more with himſelf, or with nature at war,
He thought as a ſage, though he felt as a man.

"Ah why, all abandon'd to darkneſs and woe!
"Why, lone Philomela! that languiſhing fall?
"For ſpring ſhall return, and a lover beſtow,
"And ſorrow no longer thy boſom inthrall;
"But if pity inſpire thee, renew the ſad lay,
"Mourn, ſweeteſt complainer; man calls thee to mourn;
"O ſooth him, whoſe pleaſures like thine paſs away!
"Full quickly they paſs—but they never return!

"Now gliding remote, on the verge of the ſky,
"The moon, half extinguiſh'd, her creſcent diſplays
"But lately I mark'd, when majeſtic on high
"She ſhone, and the planets were loſt in her blaze.

'Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladneſs purſue
" The path that conducts thee to ſplendor again:
'But man's faded glory what change ſhall renew!
" Ah, fool! to exult in a glory ſo vain!

'Tis night, and the landſcape is lovely no more;
" I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;
For morn is approaching, your charms to reſtore,
" Perfum'd with freſh fragrance, and glittering with dew:
Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn;
" Kind Nature the embryo bloſſom will ſave:
But when ſhall ſpring viſit the mouldering urn?
" O when ſhall it dawn on the night of the grave?"

'Twas thus, by the glare of falſe ſcience betray'd,
' That leads to bewilder; and dazzles, to blind;
My thoughts wont to roam, from ſhade onward to ſhade:
' Deſtruction before me, and ſorrow behind:
O pity, great Father of light," then I cry'd,
" Thy creature, who fain would not wander from Thee!
Lo, humbled in duſt, I relinquiſh my pride:
" From doubt and from darkneſs thou only canſt free."

And darkneſs and doubt are now flying away;
' No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn.
So breaks on the traveller, faint and aſtray,
' The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.
See Truth, Love, and Mercy, in triumph deſcending,
' And nature all glowing in Eden's firſt bloom!
O'er the cold cheek of Death ſmiles and roſes are blending,
' And Beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.'

BURNS.

THE COTTER's SATURDAY NIGHT.

TO R. A----, ESQ.

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the Poor. GRAY.

MY lov'd, my honour'd, much respected friend!
No mercenary Bard his homage pays;
With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end,
My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise:
To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene,
The native feelings strong, the guileless ways,
What A---- in a cottage would have been;
Ah! tho' his worth unknown, far happier there, I ween!

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh;
The short'ning winter-day is near a close;
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh;
The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose:
The toil-worn Cotter frae his labor goes,
This night his weekly moil is at an end,
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of a lonely tree;

Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin, ſtacher through
To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin noiſe and glee.
His wee-bit ingle blinkin bonilie,
His clean hearth-ſtane, his thrifty Wifie's ſmile,
The liſping infant, prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary kiaugh and care beguile,
And makes him quite forget his labor and his toil.

Belyve, the elder bairns come drappin in,
At ſervice out amang the Farmers roun';
Some ca' the pleugh, ſome herd, ſome tentie rin
A cannie errand to a neebor town:
Their eldeſt hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
In youthfu' bloom, Love ſparklin in her e'e,
Comes hame, perhaps, to ſhew a braw new gown,
Or depoſite her ſair-won penny-fee,
To help her Parents dear, if they in hardſhip be.

With joy unfeign'd, brothers and ſiſters meet,
And each for other's weelfare kindly ſpiers:
The ſocial hours, ſwift-wing'd, unnotic'd fleet;
Each tells the uncos that he ſees or hears.
The Parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;
Anticipation forward points the view;
The Mother, wi' her needle and her ſheers,
Gars auld claes look amaiſt as weel's the new;
The Father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their Maſter's and their Mitreſs's command,
The youngkers a' are warned to obey;
And mind their labors wi' an eydent hand,
And ne'er, tho' out o' ſight, to jauk or play;
"And O! be ſure to fear the Lord alway!
"And mind your duty, duely, morn and night!

" Left in temptation's path ye gang aſtray,
" Implore his counſel and aſſiſting might:
" They never ſought in vain that ſought the Lord a-
" right."

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door,
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the ſame,
Tells how a neebor lad came o'er the moor,
To do ſome errands, and convoy her hame.
The wily Mother ſees the conſcious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and fluſh her cheek,
With heart-ſtruck, anxious care, enquires his name,
While Jenny hafflins is afraid to ſpeak;
Weel pleas'd the Mother hears, it's nae wild, worth-
leſs Rake.

With kindly welcome, Jenny brings him ben;
A ſtrappan youth; he takes the Mother's eye;
Blythe Jenny ſees the viſit's no ill ta'en;
The Father cracks o' horſes, pleughs, and kye.
The Youngſter's artleſs heart o'erflows wi' joy,
But blate an' laithfu', ſcarce can weel behave;
The Mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can ſpy
What makes the Youth ſae baſhfu' and ſae grave;
Weel-pleas'd to think her bairn 's reſpected like the
lave.

O happy love! where love like this is found!
O heart-felt raptures! bliſs beyond compare!
I've paced much this weary, mortal round,
And ſage Experience bids me this declare—
" If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleaſure ſpare,
" One cordial in this melancholy Vale,

" 'Tis when a youthful, loving, modeſt Pair,
" In other's arms, breathe out the tender tale,
" Beneath the milk-white thorn that ſcents the ev'n-
ing gale.'

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart—
A Wretch! a Villain! loſt to love and truth!
That can, with ſtudied, ſly, enſnaring art,
Betray ſweet Jenny's unſuſpecting youth?
Curſe on his perjur'd arts! diſſembling ſmooth!
Are Honour, Virtue, Conſcience, all exil'd?
Is there no Pity, no relenting Ruth,
Points to the Parents fondling o'er their Child?
Then paints the ruin'd Maid, and their diſtraction
wild!

But now the ſupper crowns their ſimple board,
The healſome Porritch, chief of Scotia's food:
The ſoupe their only Hawkie does afford,
That 'yont the hallan ſnugly chows her cood:
The Dame brings forth, in complimental mood,
To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell,
And aft he's preſt, and aft he ca's it guid;
The frugal Wife, garrulous, will tell,
How 'twas a towmond auld ſin' Lint was i' the bell.

The chearfu' Supper done, wi' ſerious face,
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
The Sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace,
The big ha'-Bible, ance his Father's pride:
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aſide,
His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare;
Thoſe ſtrains that once did ſweet in Zion glide,

He wales a portion with judicious care;
"And let us worſhip GOD!" he ſays with ſolemn air.

They chant their artleſs notes in ſimple guiſe;
They tune their hearts, by far the nobleſt aim:
Perhaps Dundee's wild-warbling meaſures riſe,
Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name;
Or noble Elgin beets the heaven-ward flame,
The ſweeteſt far of Scotia's holy lays:
Compar'd with theſe, Italian trills are tame;
The tickl'd ears no heart-felt raptures raiſe;
Nae uniſon hae they with our Creator's praiſe.

The prieſt-like Father reads the ſacred page,
How Abram was the Friend of God on high;
Or, Moſes bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
Or how the royal Bard did groaning lye,
Beneath the ſtroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
Or rapt Iſaiah's wild, ſeraphic fire;
Or other Holy Seers that tune the ſacred lyre.

Perhaps the Chriſtian Volume is the theme,
How guiltleſs blood for guilty man was ſhed;
How He, who bore in Heaven the ſecond name,
Had not on Earth whereon to lay His head:
How His firſt followers and ſervants ſped;
The Precepts ſage they wrote to many a land:
How he, who lone in Patmos baniſhed,
Saw in the ſun a mighty Angel ſtand,
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounc'd by Heaven's command.

Then kneeling down to Heaven's Eternal King,
The Saint, the Father, and the Huſband prays:
Hope "ſprings exulting on triumphant wing*,"
That *thus* they all ſhall meet in future days:
There ever baſk in uncreated rays,
No more to ſigh or ſhed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praiſe,
In ſuch ſociety, yet ſtill more dear;
While circling Time moves round in an eternal ſphere.

Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method, and of art,
When men diſplay to congregations wide
Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart!
The Power, incens'd, the Pageant will deſert,
The pompous ſtrain, the ſacerdotal ſtole;
But haply in ſome Cottage far apart,
May hear, well-pleas'd, the language of the Soul;
And in His Book of Life the Inmates poor enroll.

Then homeward all take off their ſev'ral way;
The youngling Cottagers retire to reſt:
The Parent-pair their ſecret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heaven the warm requeſt,
That He who ſtills the raven's clam'rous neſt,
And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
Would, in the way His Wiſdom ſees the beſt,
For them and for their little ones provide;
But chiefly, in their hearts with Grace divine preſide.

From ſcenes like theſe old Scotia's grandeur ſprings,
That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad:

* *Pope's Windſor Foreſt.*

Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
"An honeſt man's the nobleſt work of God:"
And certes, in fair Virtue's heavenly road,
The Cottage leaves the palace far behind:
What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous load,
Diſguiſing oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of Hell, in wickedneſs refin'd!

O Scotia! my dear, my native ſoil!
For whom my warmeſt wiſh to Heaven is ſent!
Long may thy hardy ſons of ruſtic toil,
Be bleſt with health and peace, and ſweet content!
And, O! may Heaven their ſimple lives prevent
From Luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous Populace may riſe the while,
And ſtand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd Iſle.

O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide,
That ſtream'd thro' great, unhappy Wallace' heart;
Who dar'd to, nobly, ſtem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the ſecond glorious part:
(The Patriot's God peculiarly thou art,
His friend, inſpirer, guardian, and reward!)
O never, never Scotia's realm deſert,
But ſtill the Patriot, and the Patriot-Bard,
In bright ſucceſſion raiſe, her Ornament and Guard!

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY,

On turning one down with the Plough, in April 1786.

WEE, modeſt, crimſon-tipped flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;

For I maun cruſh amang the ſtoure
Thy ſlender ſtem:
To ſpare thee now is paſt my pow'r,
Thou bonie gem.

Alas! its no thy neebor ſweet
The bonie Lark, companion meet!
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet!
Wi' ſpreckl'd breaſt,
When upward-ſpringing, blythe, to greet
The purpling Eaſt.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting North
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the ſtorm,
Scarce rear'd above the Parent-earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our Gardens yield,
High ſhelt'ring woods an' wa's maun ſhield;
But thou, beneath the random bield
O' clod or ſtane,
Adorns the hiſtie ſtibble-field,
Unſeen, alane.

There, in thy ſcanty mantle clad,
Thy ſnawie boſom ſun-ward ſpread,
Thou lifts thy unaſſuming head
In humble guiſe;
But now the Share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artleſs Maid,
Sweet Flow'ret of the rural ſhade!

By Love's ſimplicity betray'd,
And guileleſs truſt,
Till ſhe, like thee, all ſoil'd, is laid
Low i' the duſt.

Such is the fate of ſimple Bard,
On Life's rough ocean luckleſs ſtarr'd!
Unſkilful he to note the card
Of prudent Lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to ſuffering Worth is giv'n,
Who long with wants and woes has ſtriv'n,
By human pride or cunning driv'n
To Mis'ry's brink,
Till wrench'd of ev'ry ſtay but Heav'n,
He, ruin'd, ſink!

E'en thou who mourn'ſt the Daiſy's fate,
That fate is thine—no diſtant date;
Stern Ruin's plough-ſhare drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till, cruſh'd beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom!

BRUCE.

ELEGY.

TO SPRING.

'TIS paſt; the iron North has ſpent his rage;
Stern Winter now reſigns the length'ning day;
The ſtormy howlings of the winds aſſuage,
And warm o'er ether weſtern breezes play.

Of genial heat and cheerful light the ſource,
From ſouthern climes, beneath another ſky,
The ſun, returning, wheels his golden courſe;
Before his beams all noxious vapours fly.

Far to the north grim Winter draws his train
To his own clime, to Zembla's frozen ſhore;
Where, thron'd on ice, he holds eternal reign;
Where whirlwinds madden, and where tempeſts roar.

Loos'd from the bands of froſt, the verdant ground
Again puts on her robe of cheerful green,
Again puts forth her flowers; and all around,
Smiling, the cheerful face of Spring is ſeen.

Behold! the trees new-deck their wither'd boughs;
Their ample leaves, the hoſpitable plane,
The taper elm, and lofty aſh diſcloſe;
The blooming hawthorn variegates the ſcene.

The lily of the vale, of flowers the Queen,
Puts on the robe ſhe neither ſew'd nor ſpun;
The birds on ground, or on the branches green,
Hop to and fro, and glitter in the ſun.

Soon as o'er eaſtern hills the morning peers,
From her low neſt the tufted lark upſprings;
And, cheerful ſinging, up the air ſhe ſteers;
Still high ſhe mounts, ſtill loud and ſweet ſhe ſings.

On the green furze, cloth'd o'er with golden blooms,
That fill the air with fragrance all around:
The linnet ſits, and tricks his gloſſy plumes,
While o'er the wild, his broken notes reſound.

While the sun journeys down the western sky,
Along the greensward, mark'd with Roman mound,
Beneath the blithsome shepherd's watchful eye,
The cheerful lambkins dance and frisk around.

Now is the time for those who wisdom love,
Who love to walk in Virtue's flow'ry road,
Along the lovely paths of Spring to rove,
And follow Nature up to Nature's GOD.

Thus Zoroaster studied Nature's laws;
Thus Socrates, the wisest of mankind;
Thus heaven-taught Plato trac'd th' Almighty cause,
And left the wond'ring multitude behind.

Thus Asbly gather'd academic boys;
Thus gentle Thomson, as the Seasons roll,
Taught them to sing the great CREATOR's praise,
And bear their poet's name from pole to pole.

Thus have I wander'd along the dewy lawn;
My footsteps oft the blooming wild hath worn;
Before the lark, I've sung the beauteous dawn,
And gather'd health from all the gales of morn;

And, e'en, when Winter chill'd the aged year,
I wander'd lonely o'er the hoary plain;
Though frosty Boreas warn'd me to forbear,
Boreas, with all his tempests, warn'd in vain.

Then deep my nights, and quiet blest'd my days;
I had no loss, my Mind was all my store;
No anxious wishes e'er disturb'd my ease;
Heav'n gave content and health—I ask'd no more.

Now Spring returns;—but not to me returns
The vernal joy, my better years have known;

Dim in my breaſt life's dying taper burns,
And all the joys of life with health are flown.

Starting and ſhiv'ring in th' inconſtant wind,
Meagre and pale, the ghoſt of what I was,
Beneath ſome blaſted tree I lie reclin'd,
And count the ſilent moments as they paſs:

The winged moments, whoſe unſtaying ſpeed
No art can ſtop, or in their courſe arreſt;
Whoſe flight ſhall ſhortly count me with the dead,
And lay me down in peace with them that reſt.

Oft morning-dreams preſage approaching fate;
And morning-dreams, as poets tell, are true:
Led by pale ghoſts, I enter death's dark gate,
And bid the realms of light and life adieu.

I hear the helpleſs wail, the ſhriek of woe;
I ſee the muddy wave, the dreary ſhore,
The ſluggiſh ſtreams that ſlowly creep below,
Which mortals viſit, and return no more.

Farewel, ye blooming fields! ye cheerful plains!
Enough for me the church-yard's lonely mound,
Where Melancholy with ſtill ſilence reigns,
And the rank graſs waves o'er the cheerleſs ground.

There let me wander at the ſhut of eve,
When ſleep ſits dewy on the labourer's eyes,
The world and all its buſy follies leave,
And talk with Wiſdom where my Daphnis lies.

There let me ſleep forgotten in the clay,
When death ſhall ſhut theſe weary aching eyes,
Reſt in the hopes of an eternal day,
Till the laſt long night's gone, and the laſt morn ariſe.

SCOTT.

ELEGY.

Written at the Approach of Spring.

STERN Winter hence with all his train removes,
And cheerful ſkies and limpid ſtreams are ſeen;
Thick-ſprouting foliage decorates the groves;
Reviving herbage robes the fields in green.

Yet lovelier ſcenes th' approaching months prepare;
When blooming Spring's full-beauty is diſplay'd,
The ſmile of beauty ev'ry vale ſhall wear,
The voice of ſong enliven ev'ry ſhade.

O Fancy, paint not coming days too fair!
Oft for the proſpects ſprightly May ſhould yield,
Rain-pouring clouds have darken'd all the air,
Or ſnows untimely whiten'd o'er the field:

But ſhould kind Spring her wonted bounty ſhow'r,
The ſmile of Beauty, and the voice of ſong;
If gloomy thought the human mind o'erpow'r,
E'en vernal hours glide unenjoy'd along.

I ſhun the ſcenes where madd'ning paſſion raves,
Where pride and folly high dominion hold;
And unrelenting Avarice drives her ſlaves
O'er proſtrate Virtue in purſuit of gold.

The graſſy lane, the wood-ſurrounded field,
The rude ſtone-fence, with fragrant wall-flow'rs gay,
The clay-built cot, to me more pleaſure yield
Than all the pomp imperial domes diſplay:

And yet e'en here, amid theſe ſecret ſhades,
Theſe ſimple ſcenes of unreprov'd delight,
Affliction's iron hand my breaſt invades,
And Death's dread dart is ever in my ſight.

While genial ſuns to genial ſhowers ſucceed,
(The air all mildneſs, and the earth all bloom)
While herds and flocks range ſportive o'er the mead,
Crop the ſweet herb, and ſnuff the rich perfume;

O why alone to hapleſs man deny'd
To taſte the bliſs inferior beings boaſt?
O why this fate, that fear and pain divide
His few ſhort hours on earth's delightful coaſt?

Oh ceaſe—no more of Providence complain!
'Tis ſenſe of guilt that wakes the mind to woe;
Gives force to fear, adds energy to pain,
And palls each joy by Heav'n indulg'd below:

Why elſe the ſmiling infant-train ſo bleſt,
Or ill propenſion ripens into ſin?
Or wild deſire inflames the youthful breaſt,
Ere dear-bought knowledge end the peace within?

As to the bleating tenants of the field,
As to the ſportive warblers on the trees,
To them their joys ſincere the ſeaſons yield,
And all their days and all their proſpects pleaſe.

Such mine, when firſt from London's crowded ſtreets,
Rov'd my young ſteps to Surry's wood-crown'd hills,
O'er new-blown meads, that breath'd a thouſand ſweets,
By ſhady coverts, and by cryſtal rills.

O happy hours, beyond recov'ry fled!
What ſhare I now, that can your loſs repay,

While o'er my mind these glooms of thought are spread,
And veil the light of life's meridian ray?

Is there no Power this darkness to remove?
The long-lost joys of Eden to restore?
Or raise our views to happier seats above,
Where fear, and pain, and death, shall be no more?

Yes, those there are, who know a SAVIOUR's love
The long-lost joys of Eden can restore,
And raise their views to happier seats above,
Where fear, and pain, and death shall be no more:

These paternal share the gift of Nature's hand;
And in the varied scenes that round them shine,
(Minute and beautiful, the awful and the grand)
Admire th' amazing workmanship divine.

Blows not a flow'ret in th' enamell'd vale,
Shines not a pebble where the riv'let strays,
Sports not an insect on the spicy gale,
But claims their wonder, and excites their praise.

For them e'en vernal nature looks more gay,
For them more lively hues the fields adorn;
To them more fair the fairest smile of day,
To them more sweet the sweetest breath of morn.

They feel the bliss that Hope and Faith supply;
They pass serene th' appointed hours that bring
The day that wafts them to the realms on high,
The day that centers in eternal Spring.

THE MUSE;

OR, POETICAL ENTHUSIASM.

THE Muſe! whate'er the Muſe inſpires,
My ſoul the tuneful ſtrain admires:
The Poet's birth, I aſk not where,
His place, his name, they're not my care;
Nor Greece, nor Rome, delights me more,
Than Tagus bank *, or Thames's ſhore †:
From ſilver Avon's flowery ſide,
Tho' Shakeſpeare's numbers ſweetly glide,
As ſweet, from Morven's deſert hills,
My ear the voice of Oſſian fills.

The Muſe! whate'er the Muſe inſpires,
My ſoul the tuneful ſtrain admires:
Nor bigot zeal, nor party rage
Prevail, to make me blame the page;
I ſcorn not all that Dryden ſings,
Becauſe he flatters courts and kings;
And from the maſter lyre of Gray,
When pomp of muſic breaks away,
Nor leſs the ſound my notice draws,
For that 'tis heard in freedom's cauſe.

The Muſe! whate'er the Muſe inſpires,
My ſoul the tuneful ſtrain admires:
Where Wealth's bright ſun propitious ſhines,
No added luſtre marks the lines;

* *Tagus bank.*] Alluding to Camoens, the Portugueſe Epic Poet; of whoſe Luſiad we have a maſterly tranſlation by Mickle.

† *Thames's ſhore.*] Alluding to Milton, Pope, &c.

Where Want extends her chilling ſhades,
No pleaſing flower of Fancy fades;
A ſcribbling peer's applauded lays
Might claim, but claim in vain, my praiſe
From that poor Youth, whoſe tales relate
Sad Juga's fears, and Bawdin's fate ‡.

The Muſe! whate'er the Muſe inſpires,
My ſoul the tuneful ſtrain admires:
When Fame her wreath well-earn'd beſtows,
My breaſt no latent envy knows;
My Langhorne's verſe I love to hear,
And Beattie's ſong delights my ear;
And his § whom Athen's Tragic Maid
Now leads through Scarning's lonely glade,
While he for Britiſh nymphs bids flow
Her notes of terror and of woe.

The Muſe! whate'er the Muſe inſpires,
My ſoul the tuneful ſtrain admires:
Or be the verſe, or blank or rhyme,
The theme, or humble or ſublime;
If Paſtoral's hand my journey leads,
Thro' harveſt fields, or new-mown meads;
If Epic's voice ſonorous calls
To OEta's cliffs ‖, or Salem's walls ¶;
Enough—the Muſe! the Muſe inſpires!
My ſoul the tuneful ſtrain admires.

‡ See Rowley's Poems; ſuppoſed to have been written by Chatterton, an unhappy youth born at Briſtol.

§ Mr. Potter, the excellent tranſlator of Eſchylus and Euripides.

‖ Glover's Leonidas.

¶ Taſſo's Jeruſalem Delivered.

COWPER.

VERSES,

Supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk, during his solitary Abode in the Island of Juan Fernandez.

I AM monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute,
From the centre all round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
O solitude! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
I must finish my journey alone,
Never hear the sweet music of speech,
I start at the sound of my own.
The beasts that roam over the plain,
My form with indifference see,
They are so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,
Divinely bestow'd upon man,
O had I the wings of a dove,
How soon wou'd I taste you again!
My sorrows I then might assuage
In the ways of religion and truth,
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
And be cheer'd by the sallies of youth.

Religion! what treaſure untold
Reſides in that heav'nly word!
More precious than ſilver and gold,
Or all that this earth can afford.
But the ſound of the church-going bell
These vallies and rocks never heard,
Ne'er ſigh'd at the ſound of a knell,
Or ſmil'd when a ſabbath appear'd.

Ye winds that have made me your ſport,
Convey to this deſolate ſhore,
Some cordial endearing report
Of a land I ſhall viſit no more.
My friends do they now and then ſend
A wiſh or a thought after me?
O tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to ſee.

How fleet is a glance of the mind!
Compar'd with the ſpeed of its flight,
The tempeſt itſelf lags behind,
And the ſwift-winged arrows of light.
When I think of my own native land,
In a moment I ſeem to be there;
But, alas! recollection at hand
Soon hurries me back to deſpair.

But the ſea-fowl is gone to her neſt,
The beaſt is laid down in his lair,
E'en here is a ſeaſon of reſt,
And I to my cabbin repair.
There is mercy in ev'ry place,
And mercy, encouraging thought!
Gives even affliction a grace,
And reconciles man to his lot.

BOADICEA,

AN ODE.

WHEN the Britiſh warrior queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought with an indignant mien,
Counſel of her country's gods,

Sage, beneath a ſpreading oak,
Sat the Druid, hoary chief,
Ev'ry burning word he ſpoke,
Full of rage and full of grief.

Princeſs! if our aged eyes
Weep upon thy matchleſs wrongs,
'Tis becauſe reſentment ties
All the terrors of our tongues.

Rome ſhall periſh—write that word
In the blood that ſhe has ſpilt;
Periſh hopeleſs and abhorr'd,
Deep in ruin as in guilt.

Rome for empire far renown'd,
Tramples on a thouſand ſtates,
Soon her pride ſhall kiſs the ground—
Hark! the Gaul is at her gates.

Other Romans ſhall ariſe,
Heedleſs of a ſoldier's name,
Sounds, not arms, ſhall win the prize,
Harmony the path to fame.

Then the progeny that ſprings
From the forests of our land,

Arm'd with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.

Regions, Cæsar never knew,
Thy posterity shall sway,
Where his eagles never flew,
None invincible as they.

Such the bard's prophetic words,
Pregnant with celestial fire,
Bending as he sweeps the chords
Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She with all a monarch's pride,
Felt them in her bosom glow,
Rush'd to battle, fought and died,
Dying, hurl'd them at the foe.

Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
Heav'n awards the vengeance due,
Empire is on us bestow'd,
Shame and ruin wait for you.

MAVOR.

ODE.

TO NATURE.

Written in Whichwood Forest, Oxfordshire.

AMID the variegated scene
Of blossoms, flowers, and herbage green,
Where twining shrubs enamour'd grow,
And oaks adorn the mountain's brow;

Enraptur'd let me tune the lay,
And ſing of Nature, ever gay.
Celeſtial goddeſs! firſt of things,
When Time outſpread his ardent wings!
Who erſt poſſeſs'd the ſpacious ball,
Rever'd, ador'd, and lov'd by all;
Ere Art, proud Art, with mimic grace,
Obſcur'd thy plan, or marr'd thy face;
Or dar'd deform thy holy reign,
And mix its monſters with thy train!
Wilt thou vouchſafe to aid the lay,
That ſtrives thy beauties to diſplay;
And o'er the warblings of the Muſe,
The ſpirit of thy charms diffuſe?
Whether the craggy cliff, or dale,
The purling ſtream, or flowery vale,
The moſſy bank, or ſhelly ſhore,
Or Whichwood's glooms delight thee more;
O hear a fond enthuſiaſt's ſigh,
And ſee his tear-impearled eye,
Becauſe rude Art uſurps thy throne,
And wears thoſe honours once thy own!
Come, lead me through thy bleſt abodes,
The ſeats of innocence and gods;
Where green-rob'd Dryads gambol round;
Where dove-ey'd Peace, and Health are found;
Where neat Simplicity retires,
And Friendſhip lights her pureſt fires;
Where hoary Faith, and mutual Love,
In uniſon delight to move:
For all that's noble, ſacred, fair,
Muſt ſhine in brighteſt luſtre there!

When Phœbus firſt, with golden beam,
Teaches the foreſt's top to gleam;
Or when, amid his fervid courſe,
On panting herds he pours his force;
Or when, at dew-beſprinkled eve,
He courts the ſmooth Atlantic wave;
With thee, O Nature! let me rove,
And find thy form in every grove;
Still on thy lovely features gaze,
And eye thy walks, and devious ways!
Smiles aught below devoid of thee?
Ah! no; thy charms are all to me.
If rapt by Fancy's magic power,
Where forms engage each joyleſs hour,
To marble domes, and ſplendid courts,
Where Art, deep maſk'd, performs her ſports;
How would I mourn thy rites profan'd!
Thy name abus'd, thy viſage ſtain'd!
And Art exerting each grimace,
To mime the beauties of thy face;
Affecting graces thine alone:
For grace and beauty are thy own!

Unhappy great! to Nature foes;
How ſweet the pleaſures that you loſe!
Can tinſel pomp, and equipage,
Your giddy minds ſo ſtrong engage?
Can gilded miſery, ſtate and noiſe,
Be deem'd the ſummit of your joys?
Ill-fated race! borne down the ſtream
By poliſh'd manners' ſpecious name,
You ſacrifice the tranquil hour
To pageantry and empty power;

Forfeit the dulcet ſmiles of bliſs,
For mad Ambition's harlot kiſs;
And baniſh Nature's ſimple charms,
To fold Art's fopperies in your arms.
Can ſplendid domes, and gay alcoves,
Compare with verdant waving groves?
Can Perſian carpets' richeſt dye,
With Nature's velvet veſture vie?
Mantles ſo bright the vinous bowl,
Round which diſeaſe and furies howl;
As cryſtal ſprings, and limpid rills,
Purling adown the laughing hills?
Or breathes ſo ſweet the lulling lute,
And ſoft meanders of the flute;
As love-ſick Philomela's lay,
Join'd with the concert of each ſpray,
When young-ey'd Spring awakes the year,
And choriſters the woodlands cheer?
To the eye of native taſte,—
To the uncorrupted breaſt,
Shines ſo bright the diamond's blaze,—
The maſquerade, or mingled rays
Which a thouſand flambeaux pour
O'er the health-deſtroying hour;
As the ruſtic's cheerful dance,
When Heſper bids the ſtars advance:—
The blithſome frolics of the green,
Where love and innocence are ſeen;
Where beauty ſhines without diſguiſe,
And heart-felt paſſions light the eyes?
To me, the ſhepherd's artleſs tale;
His ſighs, that mingle with the gale;

His anxious cares, his joys, his fears;
His jealous doubts, and tender tears,
The natural terms that paint his love;—
The verdant ſcenery of the grove;
Are far more pleaſing than the ſtage,
Though Shakeſpeare wrote th' impaſſion'd page;
And Garrick ſtill, with tragic art,
Could point each word to touch the heart!
O taſte corrupt! eſtrang'd to bliſs,
To ſmiling Peace and Happineſs;
Periſh your hated, baneful ſway!
And haſte, O haſte! propitious day,
When, Nature, thou who charm'ſt the wiſe,
Shalt with exalted honours riſe!
Smit with thy love, O let me trace
Thoſe ſeats where thou, in awful grace,
Or mildeſt beauty, reign'ſt alone,
And guilty Art is yet unknown:
Direct me, Nature, to thy ſhore,
For never mortal lov'd thee more!
Dwell'ſt thou on Andes' rocky brow;
Or, 'midſt th' untrodden flow'rs that grow,
Where the ſea-like Plata ſtrays,
And works its wild meand'rous ways?
Sitt'ſt thou amid eternal froſt,
On Zembla's ſolitary coaſt?
Or on the Alpine mountains hoar,
Hear'ſt thou of driving ſtorms the roar?
'Midſt flaming Ætna's heaving mine,
Doſt thou delight in awe to ſhine;
Or lov'ſt ſome ſea-beſprinkled iſle,
Where human feet ne'er ſtamp'd the ſoil?

Yes, there thou dwell'ſt;—nor there alone
I ſee thy venerable throne:
Where'er I turn my eyes around,
Thy fair profuſion clothes the ground;
In ev'ry lawn, and op'ning glade,
Thy ſmiling honours are diſplay'd,
And Whichwood's deep, embowering glooms,
With all thy ſapphire colours blooms.
Whichwood! how dear thy bleſs'd retreats!
Thy moſſy banks, and rural ſeats!
Thy waving groves, thy hamlets mean,
Where Poverty, with brow ſerene,
Where Innocence and Peace reſide,
And down life's current gently glide!
Thrice happy they, who here retir'd,
With envy nor ambition fir'd;
Content thoſe cravings to ſupply,
That Nature views with wiſhing eye;
Enjoy thy pure ſalubrious air,
And ſee thy proſpects wide and fair;
The fragrance of thy flowers inhale,
And feel Hygeia in each gale.
With rapture beating at my breaſt,—
Each vexing paſſion lull'd to reſt,
Oft let me thrid thy tangled brakes,
Soon as the dawning day awakes;
Traverſe thy velvet-mantled lawns,
Where graze thy flocks, and ſport thy fawns;
Aſcend thy ſlopes, and pierce thy groves,
To liſten to their warblers loves;
Or to thy limpid rills retire,
And cool the ſun's meridian fire:

Then reſt ſupine, where branching trees
Exclude the unremitting breeze;
Or oft with tranſport turn an eye
On the ſcenes that round me lie;
Mark yon river's mazy bed,
Where many a willow rears its head;—
Catch the village echo far;
See numerous ſpires aſcend in air,
With ſhining domes in trees embrac'd,
And Nature mix'd with genuine taſte;—
All the varied landſcape view,
Till the high hills are loſt in blue.
Here let me tune the vocal lyre,
And, Nature, thou my voice inſpire!
Here learn the ſoft melliſluous ſtrains
That Warton pipes on Iſis' plains;
Admire each ſoul-enchanting line,
And catch ſome grace to call it mine.
From Hayley's muſe attempt to pleaſe
With native, unaffected eaſe;
Learn all deſcription's force from Pye *,
And with his ſtrains immortal vie:
From lovely Cowley's comic vein
Of human manners knowledge gain,
Whoſe attic wit, and genius bright,
O'er gloomy care can throw delight,
Who paints the ſcene which Nature ſhows,
Nor ſuffers art to interpoſe!
Thus through life's vale O let me ſtray,
In mild Contentment's placid way!

* *New Poet Laureat.*

Nor court the favour of the Great;
Nor ſpend a ſigh for wealth or ſtate;
Nor wiſh in Fame's broad roll to ſhine;—
But be the ſocial pleaſures mine!
All the joys O let me prove,
That ſpring from conſtancy and love;
From Heaven receive the friend ſincere,
To taſte my bliſs, or ſooth my care:
And ſince pure Nature's wants are few,
Let me her ſimple plan purſue;
To Virtue's love reſign my heart,
And never know deluſive Art!

ANONYMOUS.

THE BEGGAR'S PETITION.

PITY the ſorrows of a poor old man, [door,
Whoſe trembling limbs have borne him to your
Whoſe days are dwindled to the ſhorteſt ſpan;
Oh give relief, and Heaven will bleſs your ſtore!

Theſe tatter'd clothes my poverty beſpeak,
Theſe hoary locks proclaim my lengthen'd years;
And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek
Has been the channel to a flood of tears.

Yon houſe, erected on the riſing ground,
With tempting aſpect drew me from my road;
For Plenty there a reſidence has found,
And Grandeur a magnificent abode.

Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor!
Here, as I crav'd a morſel of their bread,

A pamper'd menial drove me from the door
To ſeek a ſhelter in an humbler ſhed.

Oh take me to your hoſpitable dome!
Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold!
Short is my paſſage to the friendly tomb,
For I am poor, and miſerably old.

Should I reveal the ſources of my grief,
If ſoft humanity e'er touch'd your breaſt,
Your hands would not withhold the kind relief,
And tears of pity would not be repreſs'd.

Heaven ſends misfortunes; why ſhould we repine?
'Tis Heav'n has brought me to the ſtate you ſee;
And your condition may be ſoon like mine,
The Child of Sorrow and of Miſery.

A little farm was my paternal lot,
Then, like the lark, I ſprightly hail'd the morn;
But, ah! Oppreſſion forc'd me from my cot;
My cattle died, and blighted was my corn.

My daughter, once the comfort of my age,
Lur'd by a villain from her native home,
Is caſt abandon'd on the world's wide ſtage,
And doom'd in ſcanty poverty to roam.

My tender wife, ſweet ſoother of my care!
Struck with ſad anguiſh at the ſtern decree,
Fell, ling'ring fell, a victim to deſpair,
And left the world to wretchedneſs and me.

Pity the ſorrows of a poor old man,
Whoſe trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whoſe days are dwindled to the ſhorteſt ſpan;
Oh give relief, and Heaven will bleſs your ſtore!

ODE.

TO HOPE.

I.

FRIEND to the wretch whoſe boſom knows no joy!
Parent of bliſs, beyond the reach of fate!
Celeſtial HOPE! thou gift divine,
Sweet balm of grief! O ſtill be mine.
When pains torment, and cares annoy,
Thou only canſt their force abate,
And gild the gloom which ſhades this mortal ſtate.
Though oft thy joys are falſe and vain,
Though anxious doubts attend thy train,
Though diſappointment mock thy care,
And point the way to fell deſpair,
Yet ſtill my ſecret ſoul ſhall own thy pow'r
In ſorrow's bittereſt pang, in pleaſure's gayeſt hour.
For from the date of Reaſon's birth
That wond'rous power was given,
To ſoften every grief on earth,
To raiſe the ſoul from thoughtleſs mirth,
And wing its flight to heaven.
Nor Pain, nor Pleaſure can its force deſtroy,
In every varied ſcene it points to future joy.

II.

Fancy, wave thy airy pinions,
Bid the ſoft ideas riſe,
Spread o'er all thy wide dominions
Vernal ſweets, and cloudleſs ſkies.

And lo, on yonder verdant plain,
A lovely youthful train appear,
Their gentle hearts have felt no pain,
Their guiltleſs boſoms know no fear:
In each gay ſcene ſome new delight they find,
Yet fancy gayer proſpects ſtill behind.
Where are the ſoft deluſions fled?
Muſt Wiſdom teach the ſoul to mourn?
Return, ye days of ignorance, return!
Before my eyes your fairy viſions ſpread!
Alas! thoſe viſions charm no more,
The pleaſing dream of youth is o'er;
Far other thoughts muſt now the ſoul employ,
It glows with other hopes, it pants for other joy.

III.

Hark, the ſprightly voice of Pleaſure
Calls to yonder roſy bow'r,
There ſhe ſcatters all her treaſure,
There exerts her magic power.
Liſten to the pleaſing call,
Follow, mortals, follow all;
Lead the dance, and ſpread the feaſt,
Crown with roſes every gueſt:
Now the ſprightly minſtrels ſound,
Pleaſure's voice is heard around, [ſound.
And Pleaſure's ſprightly voice the hills and dales re-
Whence aroſe that ſecret ſigh?—
What ſudden gloom o'erclouds thy cheerful brow
Say, does not every pleaſure wait thee now,
That e'er could charm the ear, or court the eye?

In vain does Nature laviſh all her ſtore;
The conſcious ſpirit ſtill aſpires,
Still purſues ſome new deſires,
And every wiſh obtain'd, it ſighs and pants for more.

IV.

Are theſe, O Hope! the glories of thy reign?
The airy dreams of fancy and of youth!
Muſt all thy boaſted pleaſures lead to pain;
Thy joys all vaniſh at the light of truth?
Muſt wretched man, led by a meteor fire,
To diſtant bleſſings ſtill aſpire;
Still with ardour ſtrive to gain
Joys he oft purſues in vain,
Joys which quickly muſt expire;
And when at length the fatal hour is come,
And death prepares th' irrevocable doom,
Mourn all his darling hopes at once deſtroy'd,
And ſigh to leave that bliſs he ne'er enjoy'd?

V.

Riſe, heavenly viſions, riſe,
And every vain deluſive fear controul;
Let real glory charm my wond'ring eyes,
And real happineſs enchant my ſoul!
Hail, glorious dawn of everlaſting day,
Though faintly ſeen! ———
Thy beams the ſinking heart can cheer,
And light the weary pilgrim on his way:
For not in vain did Heav'n inſpire
That active ſpark of ſacred fire
Which ſtill with reſtleſs ardour glows:

In pain, in pleaſure, ſtill the ſame,
It ſeeks that Heav'n from whence it came,
And ſcorns all meaner joys, all tranſient woes.
The ſoul, for perfect bliſs deſign'd,
Strives in vain that bliſs to find,
'Till, wing'd by Hope, at length it flies
Beyond the narrow bounds of earth, and air, and ſkies.

VI.

Still unmov'd, let Hope remain
Fix'd on true ſubſtantial joy;
Dangers then ſhall threat in vain,
Pains torment, or cares annoy:
Then ſhall ev'ry guiltleſs pleaſure
Smile with charms unknown before,
Hope ſecure in real treaſure
Mourn her blaſted joys no more:
Then through each revolving year—
Though earthly glories fade away,
Tho' youth, and ſtrength, and life itſelf, decay—
Yet ſtill more bright the proſpect ſhall appear;
Happier ſtill the lateſt day,
Brighter far the parting ray.—
O'er life's laſt ſcene celeſtial beams ſhall ſhine,
Till death at length ſhall burſt the chain,
While ſongs of triumph ſound on high;
Then ſhall Hope her power reſign,
Loſt in endleſs ecſtaſy,
And never-fading joy in heaven's full glories reign.

AN AUTUMNAL ELEGY.

LONELY and silent, o'er the russet fields,
Musing along, with pensive steps I rove!—
The scene no more its wonted pleasure yields,
Its beauty lost, and mute the neighb'ring grove.

Whilst Grief o'er drooping Nature sheds a tear,
Affection fond shall pour the duteous lay,
To mourn the ruins of the falling year,
Ere yet the wintry storms o'ercast the day.

Sweet were those scenes, when lovely crops of grain
Wav'd to the soft-wing'd breeze, that fragrance bore
From yonder balmy meads and fertile plain,
Which now their flow'ry vestment wear no more.

'Twas there, with bright-ey'd Fancy erst, I stray'd
To meet Hygeia on the dewy lawn;
(Then sweeter smil'd the rosy blushing maid)
When young Aurora kindled up the dawn.

And there by lonely contemplation led
What time chaste Ev'ning assum'd her gentle reign,
Tasted the sweets by bounteous Nature spread,
Sooth'd by sweet Philomel's charming strain:—

But now, which way soe'er I turn my eyes,
The fading prospect sickens to my view,
The drooping Woodland's variegated dyes
Proclaim around gay Summer's last adieu.

Adieu, ye fields—adieu, ye once-lov'd shades,
Adieu those pleasures once to me ye gave;
For others joy the flowers may deck your glades,
Your warblers sing, and future foliage wave.

But why lament for tranſient pleaſures flown?
Spring ſhall return, and deck the ravag'd plain;
Nature again ſhall loſe her wintry frown,
And ſmile through all her animated reign.

If not to me; yet Hope's tranſlucent ray
Opens a proſpect far beyond the tomb,
Where happy fields enjoy a cloudleſs day,
And groves immortal wear a fadeleſs bloom.

A few revolving ſuns the change may bring,
Which lands me on that peaceful boundleſs ſhore,
There to enjoy an everlaſting Spring,
Where Winter ſtorms diſturb the ſcene no more.

DEVOTIONAL PIECES.

THE HEBREW POET.

This Ode *repreſents the Difficulty of a juſt Tranſlation of the Pſalms of David, in all their Hebrew Glory; with an Apology for the Imitation of them in Chriſtian Language.*

SHEW me the man that dares and ſings
Great David's verſe to Britiſh ſtrings:
Sublime attempt! but bold and vain
As building Babel's tower again.

The bard * that climb'd to Cooper's Hill,
Reaching at Zion, ſham'd his ſkill,
And bids the ſons of Albion own,
That Judah's Pſalmiſt reigns alone.

* *Sir John Denham.*

Bleſt Poet! now, like gentle Thames,
He ſooths our ears with ſilver ſtreams;
Like his own Jordan, now he rolls,
And ſweeps away our captive ſouls.

Softly the tuneful ſhepherd leads
The Hebrew flocks to flow'ry meads:
He marks their path with notes divine,
While fountains ſpring with oil and wine.

Rivers of peace attend his ſong,
And draw their milky train along:
He jars; and, lo! the flints are broke,
But honey iſſues from the rock.

When kindling with victorious fire,
He ſhakes his lance acroſs the lyre:
The lyre reſounds unknown alarms,
And ſets the thunderer in arms.

Behold the God! th' Almighty King
Rides on a tempeſt's glorious wing:
His enſigns lighten round the ſky,
And moving legions ſound on high.

Ten thouſand cherubs wait his courſe,
Chariots of fire and flaming horſe:
Earth trembles, and her mountains flow,
At his approach, like melting ſnow.

But who theſe frowns of wrath can draw,
That ſtrikes Heav'n, Earth, and Hell, with awe?
Red lightning from his eye-lids broke;
His voice was thunder, hail, and ſmoke.

He ſpake; the cleaving waters fled,
And ſtars beheld the ocean's bed:
While the great maſter ſtrikes his lyre,
You ſee the frighted floods retire:

In heaps the frighted billows ſtand,
Waiting the changes of his hand:
He leads his Iſrael through the ſea,
And wat'ry mountains guard their way.

Turning his hand with ſovereign ſweep
He drowns all Egypt in the deep:
Then guides the tribes, a glorious band,
Through deſerts to the promis'd land!

Here camps, with wide embattl'd force;
Here gates and bulwarks ſtop their courſe:
He ſtorms the mounds, the bulwark falls,
The harp lies ſtrow'd with ruin'd walls.

See his broad ſword flies o'er the ſtrings,
And mows down nations with their kings:
From every chord his bolts are hurl'd,
And vengeance ſmites the rebel world.

Lo! the great Poet ſhifts the ſcene;
And ſhews the face of God ſerene:
Truth, Meekneſs, Peace, Salvation ride,
With guards of juſtice at his ſide.

No meaner muſe could weave the light,
To form his robes divinely bright;
Or frame a crown of ſtars to ſhine
With beams for Majeſty divine.

Now in prophetic light he ſees
Ages to come, and dark decrees;
He brings the Prince of Glory down,
Stript of his robe and ſtarry crown.

See Jews and Heathens fir'd with rage;
See, their combining powers engage
Againſt the Anointed of the Lord,
The Man whom angels late ador'd;

God's only Son; behold, he dies!
Surpriſing grief! the groans ariſe!
The lyre complains on ev'ry ſtring,
And mourns the murder of her King.

But Heaven's Anointed muſt not dwell
In death: the vanquiſh'd pow'rs of hell
Yield to the harp's diviner lay;
The grave reſigns th' illuſtrious prey.

Meſſiah lives! Meſſiah reigns!
The ſong ſurmounts the airy plains,
T' attend her Lord with joys unknown,
And bear the Victor to his throne.

Rejoice, ye ſhining worlds on high,
Behold the Lord of glory nigh:
Eternal doors, your leaves diſplay,
To make the Lord of Glory way.

What mortal bard has ſkill or force
To paint theſe ſcenes, to tread this courſe,
Or furniſh through th' ethereal road
A triumph for a riſing God?

Aſtoniſh'd at ſo vaſt a flight
Through flaming worlds and floods of light,
My muſe her awful diſtance keeps,
Still following, but with trembling ſteps.

She bids her humble verſe explain
The Hebrew harp's ſublimer ſtrain;
Points to her Saviour ſtill, and ſhows
What courſe the Sun of Glory goes.

Here he aſcends behind a cloud
Of incenſe, there he ſets in blood;
She reads his labours and his names
In ſpicy ſmoke, and bleeding lambs.

Rich are the graces which ſhe draws
From types, and ſhades, and Jewiſh laws;
With thouſand glories long foretold
To turn the future age to gold.

Grace is her theme, and joy, and love:
Deſcend, ye bleſſings, from above,
And crown my ſong. Eternal God,
Forgive the muſe that dreads thy rod:

Silent, ſhe hears thy vengeance roll,
That cruſhes mortals to the ſoul,
Nor dares aſſume the bolt, nor ſheds
Th' immortal curſes on their heads.

Yet ſince her God is ſtill the ſame,
And David's Son is all her theme,
She begs ſome humble place to ſing
In concert with Judea's King.

PSALM CXXXIX.

THE ALL-SEEING GOD.

LORD, thou haſt ſearch'd and ſeen me through!
Thine eye commands with piercing view
My riſing and my reſting hours,
My heart and fleſh with all their pow'rs.

My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God diſtinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to ſpeak,
Ere from my op'ning lips they break.

Within thy circling pow'r I ſtand,
On ev'ry ſide I find thy hand:
Awake, aſleep, at home, abroad,
I am ſurrounded ſtill with God.

Amazing knowledge, vaſt and great!
What large extent! what lofty height!
My ſoul, with all the powers I boaſt,
Is in the boundleſs proſpect loſt.

O may theſe thoughts poſſeſs my breaſt
Where'er I rove, where'er I reſt!
Nor let my weaker paſſions dare
Conſent to ſin, for God is there.

PAUSE I.

Could I ſo falſe, ſo faithleſs prove
To quit thy ſervice and thy love,
Where, Lord, could I thy preſence ſhun,
Or from thy dreadful glory run?—

If up to Heav'n I take my flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'ſt enthron'd in light;
Or dive to hell, there vengeance reigns,
And Satan groans beneath thy chains.

If mounted on a morning ray,
I fly beyond the weſtern ſea,
Thy ſwifter hand would firſt arrive,
And there arreſt thy fugitive.

Or ſhould I try to ſhun thy ſight,
Beneath the ſpreading veil of night;
One glance of thine, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkneſs into day.

The veil of night is no diſguiſe,
No ſcreen from thy all-ſearching eyes;
Thy hand can ſeize thy foes as ſoon
Thro' midnight ſhades as blazing noon.

Midnight and noon in this agree,
Great God, they're both alike to thee:
Not death can hide what God will ſpy,
And hell lies naked to his eye.

O may theſe thoughts poſſeſs my breaſt,
Where'er I rove, where'er I reſt;
Nor let my weaker paſſions dare
Conſent to ſin, for God is there.

PAUSE II.

THE WONDERFUL FORMATION OF MAN.

'TWAS from thy hand, my God, I came,
A work of ſuch a curious frame;

In me thy fearful wonders ſhine,
And each proclaims thy ſkill divine.

Thine eyes did all my limbs ſurvey,
Which yet in dark confuſion lay;
Thou ſaw'ſt the daily growth they took,
Form'd by the model of thy book.

By thee my growing parts were nam'd;
And what thy ſov'reign counſels fram'd,
(The breathing lungs, the beating heart)
Was copy'd with unerring art.

At laſt, to ſhew my Maker's name,
God ſtamp'd his image on my frame;
And in ſome unknown moment join'd
The finiſh'd members to the mind.

There the young ſeeds of thought began,
And all the paſſions of the man!
Great God, our infant-nature pays
Immortal tribute to thy praiſe.

Lord, ſince in my advancing age,
I've acted on life's buſy ſtage:
Thy thoughts of love to me, ſurmount
The pow'r of numbers to recount.

I could ſurvey the ocean o'er,
And count each ſand that makes the ſhore,
Before my ſwifteſt thoughts could trace
The num'rous wonders of thy grace!

Theſe, on my heart are ſtill impreſs'd,
With theſe I give my eyes to reſt;
And at my waking hour I find
God and his love poſſeſs my mind.

PAUSE III.

THE HEART-SEARCHING GOD.

MY God, what inward grief I feel
When impious men tranſgreſs thy will;
I mourn to hear their lips profane,
Take thy tremendous name in vain.

Does not my ſoul deteſt and hate
The ſons of malice and deceit?
Thoſe that oppoſe thy laws and thee,
I count them enemies to me.

Lord, ſearch my ſoul, try ev'ry thought,
Though my own heart accuſe me not
Of walking in a falſe diſguiſe,
I beg the trial of thine eyes.

Doth ſecret miſchief lurk within?
Do I indulge ſome unknown ſin?
O turn my feet whene'er I ſtray,
And lead me in thy perfect way.

SUN, MOON, AND STARS, PRAISE YE THE LORD.

FAIREST of all the lights above,
Thou ſun, whoſe beams adorn the ſpheres,
And with unweary'd ſwiftneſs move,
To form the circles of our years;

Praiſe the Creator of the ſkies,
That dreſs'd thine orb in golden rays;

Or may the ſun forget to riſe,
If he forget his Maker's praiſe.

Thou reigning beauty of the night,
Fair queen of ſilence, ſilver moon,
Whoſe gentle beams and borrow'd light,
Are ſofter rivals of the noon;

Ariſe, and to that Sov'reign Pow'r
Waxing and waning honours pay,
Who bade thee rule the duſky hour,
And half ſupply the abſent day.

Ye twinkling ſtars, who gild the ſkies
When darkneſs has its curtains drawn,
Who keep your watch with wakeful eyes,
When buſineſs, cares, and day, are gone;

Proclaim the glories of your Lord,
Diſpers'd through all the heav'nly ſtreet,
Whoſe boundleſs treaſures can afford
So rich a pavement for his feet.

Thou heav'n of heav'ns, ſupremely bright,
Fair palace of the court divine,
Where with inimitable light,
The Godhead condeſcends to ſhine,

Praiſe thou thy Great Inhabitant,
Who ſcatters lovely beams of grace
On ev'ry angel, ev'ry ſaint,
Nor veils the luſtre of his face.

O God of glory, God of love,
Thou art the ſun that makes our days:
With all thy ſhining works above,
Let earth and duſt attempt thy praiſe.

A SONG,

TO CREATING WISDOM.

ETERNAL Wiſdom, Thee we praiſe,
Thee the creation ſings:
With thy loud name, rocks, hills, and ſeas,
And heav'n's high palace rings.

Place me on the bright wings of day
To travel with the ſun;
With what amaze ſhall I ſurvey
The wonders thou haſt done!

Thy hand, how wide it ſpread the ſky!
How glorious to behold!
Ting'd with a blue of heav'nly dye,
And ſtarr'd with ſparkling gold.

There thou haſt bid the globes of light
Their endleſs circles run;
There the pale planet rules the night,
And day obeys the ſun.

Downward I turn my wond'ring eyes
On clouds and ſtorms below,
Thoſe under-regions of the ſkies
Thy num'rous glories ſhew.

The noiſy winds ſtand ready there
Thy orders to obey,
With ſounding wings they ſweep the air,
To make thy chariot way.

There, like a trumpet loud and ſtrong,
Thy thunder ſhakes our coaſt;

While the red lightnings wave along
The banners of thine hoſt.

On the thin air, without a prop,
Hang fruitful ſhowers around;
At thy command they ſink, and drop
Their fatneſs on the ground.

Now to the earth I bend my ſong,
And caſt my eyes abroad:
Glancing the Britiſh iſles along:—
Bleſt iſles, confeſs your God!

How did his wond'rous ſkill array
Your fields in charming green:
A thouſand herbs his art diſplay,
A thouſand flow'rs between.

The oaks for future navies grow,
Fair Albion's beſt defence;
While corn and vines rejoice below,
Thoſe luxuries of ſenſe.

The bleating flocks his paſture feeds;
And herds of larger ſize,
That bellow through the Lindian meads,
His bounteous hand ſupplies.

We ſee the Thames careſs the ſhores—
He guides her ſilver flood:
While angry Severn ſwells and roars,
Yet hears her ruler—God

The rolling mountains of the deep
Obſerve his ſtrong command;
His breath can raiſe the billows ſteep,
Or ſink them to the ſand.

Amidſt thy wat'ry kingdom, Lord,
The finny nations play,
And ſcaly monſters at thy word
Ruſh through the northern ſea.

Thy glories blaze all nature round!
And ſtrike the gazing ſight,
Through ſkies, and ſeas, and ſolid ground,
With terror and delight.

Infinite ſtrength, and equal ſkill,
Shine through the worlds abroad;
Our ſouls with vaſt amazement fill,
And ſpeak the Builder, God.

But the ſweet beauties of thy grace
Our ſofter paſſions move;
Pity divine, in Jeſus' face,
We ſee, adore, and love.

THE SONG OF ANGELS ABOVE.

EARTH has detain'd me priſ'ner long,
And I'm grown weary now;
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
There's nothing here for you.

Tir'd in my thoughts, I ſtretch me down,
And upward glance my eyes,
Upward, my Father, to thy throne,
And to my native ſkies.

There the dear Man, my Saviour, ſits,
The God, how bright he ſhines!

And ſcatters infinite delights,
On all the happy minds.

Seraphs, with elevated ſtrains,
Circle the throne around,
And move, and charm the ſtarry plains,
With an immortal ſound.

Jeſus, the Lord, their harps employs;
Jeſus, my love, they ſing;
Jeſus, the name of both our joys,
Sounds ſweet from ev'ry ſtring.

Hark! how, beyond the narrow bounds
Of time and ſpace they run,
And ſpeak in moſt majeſtic ſounds,
The Godhead of the Son!

How on the Father's breaſt he lay
(The darling of his ſoul)
Infinite years before the day,
Or heavens, began to roll.

And now they ſink the lofty tone,
And gentler notes they play,
And bring th' eternal Godhead down
To dwell in humble clay.

O, ſacred beauties of the Man,
The God reſides within!
His fleſh all pure, without a ſtain,
His ſoul without a ſin.

Then how he look'd, and how he ſmil'd,
What wond'rous things he ſaid!
Sweet cherubs, ſtay, dwell here awhile,
And tell what Jeſus did.

At his command the blind awake,
And feel the gladſome rays;
He bids the dumb attempt to ſpeak,
They try their tongues in praiſe.

He ſhed a thouſand bleſſings round,
Where'er he turn'd his eye;
He ſpoke, and at the ſov'reign ſound
The helliſh legions fly.

Thus, while, with unambitious ſtrife
Th' ethereal minſtrels rove,
Through all the labours of his life,
And wonders of his love.

In the full choir a broken ſtring
Groans with a ſtrange ſurpriſe;
The reſt in ſilence mourn their King,
That bleeds, and loves, and dies.

Seraph and ſaint, with drooping wings
Ceaſe their harmonious breath;
No blooming trees, nor bubbling ſprings,
While Jeſus ſleeps in death.

Then, all at once, to living ſtrains,
They ſummon every chord,
Break up the tomb, and burſt his chains,
And ſhew their riſing Lord.

Around the flaming army throngs,
To guard him to the ſkies,
With loud hoſannas on their tongues,
And triumph in their eyes.

In awful ſtate the conqu'ring God
Aſcends his ſhining throne,
While tuneful angels ſound abroad
The vict'ries he has won.

Now let me riſe, and join their ſong,
And be an angel too:
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
Here's joyful work for you.

I would begin the muſic here,
And ſo my ſoul ſhould riſe:
Oh for ſome heav'nly notes, to bear
My ſpirit to the ſkies.

There, ye that love my Saviour ſit,
There I would fain have place,
Among your thrones or at your feet,
So I might ſee his face.

I am confin'd to earth no more,
But mount in haſte above,
To bleſs the God that I adore,
And ſing the Man I love.

HYMN.

PRAISE TO GOD.

BEGIN the high celeſtial ſtrain,
My raviſh'd ſoul, and ſing
A ſolemn hymn of grateful Praiſe,
To heaven's Almighty King.

Ye curling fountains, as you roll
Your silver waves along;
Whisper, to all your verdant shores,
The subject of my song.

Bear it, ye winds, on all your wings,
To distant climes away,
And round the wide-extended world,
The lofty theme convey.

Take the glad burden of his name,
Ye clouds, as you arise,
Whether to deck the golden morn,
Or shade the evening skies.

Long let it tremble round the spheres,
And echo through the sky;
Till angels, with immortal skill,
Improve the harmony.

While we, with sacred rapture fir'd,
The blest Creator sing;
And chant our consecrated lays,
To Heav'n's Eternal King.

HYMN.

PRAISE TO THE REDEEMER.

TO our Redeemer's glorious name,
Awake the sacred song!
O may his love (immortal flame!)
Tune every heart and tongue.

His love, what mortal thought can reach,
What mortal tongue diſplay?
Imagination's utmoſt ſtretch
In wonder dies away.

Let wonder ſtill with love unite,
And gratitude and joy;
Jeſus be our ſupreme delight,
His praiſe our beſt employ.

Jeſus, who left his throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliſs,
And came to earth to bleed and die!
Was ever love like this!

Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee;
May every heart with rapture ſay,
The Saviour dy'd for me.

O may the ſweet, the bliſsful theme,
Fill every heart and tongue;
Till ſtrangers love thy charming name,
And join the ſacred ſong.

HYMN.

THE GLORIOUS PRESENCE OF CHRIST IN HEAVEN.

O For a ſweet inſpiring ray,
To animate our feeble ſtrains,
From the bright realms of endleſs day,
The bliſsful realms, where Jeſus reigns.

There, low before his glorious throne,
Adoring ſaints and angels fall;
And with delightful worſhip own
His ſmile their bliſs, their heaven, their all.

Immortal glories crown his head,
While tuneful hallelujahs riſe;
And love, and joy, and triumph ſpread,
Through all th' aſſemblies of the ſkies.

He ſmiles, and ſeraphs tune their ſongs,
To boundleſs rapture while they gaze;
Ten thouſand thouſand joyful tongues,
Reſound his everlaſting praiſe.

There all the favourites of the Lamb,
Shall join, at laſt, the heavenly choir:
O may the joy-inſpiring theme,
Awake our faith and warm deſire.

Dear Saviour, let thy Spirit ſeal,
Our intereſt in that bliſsful place;
Till death remove this mortal veil,
And we behold thy lovely face.

HYMN.

THE JOYS OF HEAVEN.

COME, Lord, and warm each languid heart,
Inſpire each lifeleſs tongue;
And let the joys of heaven impart,
Their influence to our ſong.

Then to the ſhining ſeats of bliſs,
The wings of Faith ſhall ſoar,
And all the charms of Paradiſe
Our raptur'd thoughts explore.

Pleaſures, unſully'd, flouriſh there,
Beyond the reach of time;
Not blooming Eden ſmil'd ſo fair,
In all her flow'ry prime.

Sorrow, and pain, and every care,
And diſcord there ſhall ceaſe;
And perfect joy, and love ſincere,
Adorn the realms of peace.

The ſoul, from ſin for ever free,
Shall mourn its power no more;
But, cloth'd in ſpotleſs purity,
Redeeming love adore.

There on a throne, how dazzling bright,
Th' exalted Saviour ſhines;
And beams ineffable delight,
On all the heav'nly minds?

There ſhall the followers of the Lamb
Join in immortal ſongs;
And endleſs honours to his name
Employ their tuneful tongues.

Lord, tune our hearts to praiſe and love,
Our feeble notes inſpire;
Till, in thy bliſsful courts above,
We join th' angelic choir.

HYMN.

THE EXCELLENCY OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

FATHER of Mercies, in thy Word,
What endless glory shines?
For ever be thy name ador'd,
For these celestial lines.

Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches, above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

Here, the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast,
Sublimer sweets than Nature knows
Invite the longing taste.

Here, the Redeemer's welcome voice,
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life, and everlasting joys,
Attend the blissful sound.

O may these heavenly pages be,
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

Divine instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred Word,
And view my Saviour there.

A SONG OF PRAISE,

TO THE EVER-BLESSED TRINITY.

BLEST be the Father and his love,
To whoſe celeſtial ſource we owe
Rivers of endleſs joys above,
And rills of comfort here below.

Glory to thee, great Son of God,
From whoſe dear wounded body rolls
A precious ſtream of vital blood,
Pardon and life for dying ſouls.

We give thee, ſacred Spirit, praiſe,
Who in our hearts of ſin and woe
Makes living ſprings of grace ariſe,
And into boundleſs glory flow.

Thus God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit we adore;
That ſea of life and love unknown,
Without a bottom, or a ſhore.

Notes and Observations.

AS the Editor has entitled this little Volume THE POETICAL PRECEPTOR, he thinks it proper to add a few Notes, relative to the works of those authors he has made use of; well knowing, that such information, trifling as it may appear to some, is yet valuable to others: as many in their choice, and purchase of books, may want a guide; and to those who have not a better, even these notices may be welcome.

MILTON.

I COULD not with propriety introduce any thing more from the Paradise Lost, into this little Collection, than I have done, for reasons mentioned in the Preface; but every reader, who has the least taste for Poetry, will surely read the whole, as it is the noblest, and most sublime Poem, in ours, or perhaps any other language. In his other pieces, as those here selected, also in his Samson Agonistes, Comus, a Masque, &c. there are such beautiful imagery and sentiment, as would have entitled him to an eminent place among the very first rate English Poets, even if he had never wrote the Paradise Lost.

His Poetical Works have been published, in a great number of different editions; they may be had complete, in 2 vols. 12mo. but the best edition is that by Dr. Newton, Bishop of Bristol, in 4 vols. 8vo. enriched with valuable Notes. There is also a fine edition of his smaller Poems, with Notes, in 1 vol. 8vo. by Mr. T. War-

T. Warton, the late Poet Laureat: and the ingenious Mr. Capel Loft is about publiſhing a new and very correct edition of the Paradiſe Loſt.

Born 1608. Died 1674.

DRYDEN.

DRYDEN has moſt eminent merit, and ſtands one of the foremoſt, among the great Poets of our nation: his writings are voluminous, and he is allowed to have given the greateſt improvement, of any one man, to Engliſh Poeſy, by the beautiful variety and harmony of his numbers. His pieces are nervous, and ever illumined with the true fire of poetic genius: but there is ſomething of a licentiouſneſs in ſome of his writings that is diſguſting.

His Tranſlations are generally eſteemed, particularly his Tranſlation of Virgil; which yet ſtands unrivalled. His Prefaces alſo, are allowed to be ſome of the moſt maſterly pieces of criticiſm ever written. His Works are, Miſcellanies, in 4 vols. 12mo. Plays, 6 vols. 12mo. Fables, 1 vol. 12mo. Virgil, 4 vols. 12mo. and his Juvenal, 1 vol. 12mo.—I believe the beſt edition of his Miſcellaneous Works was publiſhed by Derrick, in 4 vols. 8vo.

Born 1631. Died 1701.

POPE.

POPE has improved on his great maſter, Dryden, and in point of ſweetneſs has even excelled him: poliſhed ſmoothneſs and harmony of numbers are his great characteriſtics; and I believe it is generally allowed that no man ever put more ſenſe into a couplet than he has done; but at the ſame time it muſt alſo be ſaid, that the conſtant ſuavity, and roundneſs of his periods, are more apt to cloy, than the harmonious irregu-

irregularity of Dryden.—To enumerate his beauties, would be to particularize almoſt his whole works. His Tranſlation of Homer, though it may be ſaid to be rather a paraphraſe, than a cloſe tranſlation; yet is allowed to poſſeſs more of the fire of Homer, than any other Tranſlation extant. His Works are publiſhed in 6 vols. 12mo. with Notes, by Biſhop Warburton; and his Tranſlation of Homer, in 9 vols. 12mo. with Notes, and 4 vols. without. There is alſo a ſumptuous edition of his whole Works, with his Life, publiſhed by Ruffhead, in 5 vols. 4to.

Born 1688. Died 1744.

PARNELL.

PARNELL is with many a much admired author, and it is enough to ſay, that he was the intimate friend of Pope, who highly approved his writings. Certainly he was a very ingenious Poet, and has juſtly obtained diſtinguiſhed fame. His Works are moſtly ſhort pieces, the chief of which, in 1 vol. 12mo. was publiſhed by Pope. There is alſo a ſmall volume of his Poſthumous Pieces in 8vo.

Born 1679. Died 1717.

PRIOR.

THIS author holds a high place in the eſteem of a great many readers, for his wit, as well as his poetical talents. His ſentiments have in many inſtances great force; and ſterling wit ſparkles through the whole of his Poems, which make 2 vols. ſmall 8vo.

Born 1664. Died 1721.

GAY.

GAY.

THE Poems of Gay are numerous, and poſſeſs real merit; but I believe his popular fame reſts chiefly upon his Beggar's Opera, and his Fables, to which the Shepherd and Philoſopher is an introduction. His Works are, Plays, in 1 vol. 12mo. Fables, 1 vol. 12mo. and Poems, in 2 vols. 12mo.

Born 1688. Died 1732.

ADDISON.

ADDISON's Poetical Pieces, if we except his Latin Poems and Tranſlations, are not many. His Campaign is the greateſt Poem he ever wrote, and is a fine piece. He derived his greateſt fame, and moſt deſervedly, from his proſe writings; though he is generally claſſed among our beſt Poets. Addiſon's whole Works are in 4 vols. 4to. His Poems have been publiſhed in one ſmall volume.

Born 1672. Died 1719.

THOMSON.

THIS benevolent and pleaſing writer, is, I believe, as well known, as much read, and admired, as any of our Britiſh Poets; eſpecially his Seaſons: In theſe a vaſt deal of moſt pleaſing rural imagery, is ſo happily grouped, that it cannot but pleaſe every admirer of Nature; and he has moralized upon every part of his ſubject, in ſo juſt, and pleaſing a manner, that while we are enraptured with the poetry, we cannot but admire the good heart of the Author.—The Hymn here given, is printed at the end of the Seaſons; and is not only a fine ſpecimen of his manner, but is univerſally eſteemed as a moſt beautiful piece. He wrote many

other Poems beſide the Seaſons; ſome of conſiderable length, as his Caſtle of Indolence, after the manner of Spencer; and his Liberty, a poem, in five books; which laſt he is ſaid to have valued himſelf more highly upon than all his other writings. He alſo wrote ſeveral Tragic Pieces, which if not ſo much admired as ſome others, by theatrical critics, are juſtly eſteemed for beauty of ſentiment, and chaſtity of language. His Works have been publiſhed in a variety of editions. There is a beautiful edition, in 3 vols. ſmall 8vo. printed by Strahan; and alſo an ordinary edition, in 2 vols. 12mo. Dr. Aikin has publiſhed a fine edition of his Seaſons, in 8vo. with an Eſſay on the plan, and character of the Poem. There are alſo numerous editions of his Seaſons, in various ſized volumes, to be had alone.

Born 1700. Died. 1748.

LYTTLETON.

LORD LYTTLETON's Monody, on the Death of his Lady, has been univerſally admired; and truly a moſt beautiful and pathetic piece it is! He was the author of many other Poems, and ſeveral well-eſteemed productions in proſe. His Miſcellaneous Works, including his Poems, are in 3 vols. 8vo. The Poems have been publiſhed alone, in one ſmall volume.

Born 1708. Died 1773.

SHENSTONE.

THE productions of this amiable and very pleaſing author are numerous. His Elegies (in which he is unrivalled), and indeed, moſt of his Poems are very beautiful; tenderneſs and elegance are his true characteriſtics. His whole Works, conſiſting of Poems, ſome

some Essays and Letters, are in 3 vols. small 8vo. but they have been published in a variety of editions.

Born 1714. Died 1763.

VERNON.

THE natural and pleasing simplicity of the Parish Clerk, makes it popular; and it is a very proper companion to Shenstone's Schoolmistress. This author's Poems are in one small 8vo. volume.

GRAY.

MR. GRAY, unquestionably possessed the genuine spirit of poetic genius, in a very eminent degree; which he has exhibited in several beautiful Odes, &c. but no man ever established a more extensive and general fame, upon a small piece, than he has done, upon his well-known beautiful Elegy in a Country Church Yard. That it may have faults, some cold hearted critics may discover; but while nature, pathos, harmony, and elegant simplicity can charm, so long will Gray's Elegy be read and admired. The Rev. Mr. Mason, a brother poet, and a friend of our author, published his whole Works, Letters, Poems, &c. with his Life, in one volume, 4to. which has been since republished, in a new edition, in 4 vols. 12mo. but the whole of his Poetical Works may be had in one volume, small 8vo.

Born 1716. Died 1771.

SMOLLETT.

SMOLLETT had true poetic genius, as his Ode to Independence abundantly testifies; but he chiefly employed his pen on other kinds of writing, mostly Novels:

Novels: however his Dramatic Pieces, and other Poems, make one volume, ſmall 8vo.

Born 1720. Died 1771.

LOWTH.

THE beautiful piece here inſerted, was the production of Dr. Lowth, late Biſhop of London; and was written when he was a ſcholar at Wincheſter, and only 16 years of age. He wrote ſeveral other pieces, which are to be found in the Collections of Dodſley, Pearch, &c. but I do not know that they were ever publiſhed together. His Lectures on the Hebrew Poetry, are much admired by every ſcholar, and they are well tranſlated by Gregory, in 2 vols. 8vo.

Born 1710. Died 1787.

MERRICK.

MERRICK publiſhed a Tranſlation of the Pſalms in verſe, beſide many other poetical pieces, of which he was the author; but I muſt acknowledge that I never ſaw any of the latter, but what were ſcattered abroad in different Collections of Poetry.

His Pſalms were originally publiſhed in 4to. but they may now be had, without notes, in 1 vol. 12mo.

T. WARTON.

MR. T. WARTON, the late Poet Laureat, was the author of many elegant ſmall pieces, which are publiſhed in 1 vol. 8vo. but his moſt valuable performance is his Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry, in 3 vols. 4to. a work replete with curious hiſtorical matter, in the literary way, and highly intereſting to the lovers of that poetry of which it records the progreſs.

DYER.

DYER.

THE Grongar Hill of Dyer, has been ever admired, as a beautiful piece of landſcape poetry: the other poetical performances of Dr. Dyer are but few; the chief are the Ruins of Rome, and the Fleece, a Poem, in 4 books, which is his principal work. Theſe both have great merit, and are well eſteemed. The whole of his Poems are in 1 vol. duodecimo.

Born 1700. Died 1758.

CUNNINGHAM.

THIS writers compoſitions conſiſt of a number of miſcellaneous ſmall pieces, very correct, and harmonious; and make 1 vol. 12mo.

LANGHORNE.

THIS Gentleman's Poems have been generally admired for their elegance, and tenderneſs of ſentiment; and though he made no very arduous attempts, yet his productions are numerous: a Collection of which were publiſhed in his life-time, in 2 vols. 12mo. There were alſo publiſhed ſeparately, his Fables of Flora, Owen of Carron, the Origin of the Veil, and the Country Juſtice, a poem, in 3 parts, &c. all of which are collected, and publiſhed together, in 1 vol. by the Editor of the Britiſh Poets; but it cannot be had ſeparate. Langhorne was alſo author of a variety of other entertaining publications; particularly two volumes of Letters, entitled the Effuſions of Friendſhip and Fancy.

OGILVIE.

OGILVIE.

DR. OGILVIE has publiſhed a Collection of his Poems, in two vols. finely printed, in 8vo. which I think are not ſo much eſteemed, nor ſo well known, as they really deſerve. His greateſt Poems, are the Day of Judgment, in 2 books; Providence, an allegorical Poem, in 3 books; beſides ſeveral other conſiderable pieces, and a number of very fine Odes.

MISS CARTER.

THIS celebrated Lady was an excellent claſſic ſcholar, and publiſhed a Tranſlation of the Works of Epictetus, from the Greek; alſo a volume of original Poems, in 1 vol. duodecimo.

MRS. BARBAULD.

MRS. BARBAULD is a very agreeable writer, and has intereſted herſelf much in the uſeful work of Education, by her publications for the uſe of children: ſhe has alſo publiſhed ſome other polite Eſſays, as well as her Poems, which are in one volume, ſmall 8vo.

MRS. CHARLOTTE SMITH.

EVERY reader of ſenſibility muſt lament, with me, the ſorrows and afflictions, which this very amiable Lady has been frequently and long expoſed to, though they gave birth to ſome of the moſt exquiſite Sonnets, perhaps, ever written: and while the penſive pleaſures can attract the feeling heart, the tender melancholy which they breathe, will enſure her readers; and thoſe

readers

readers will as certainly embalm her ſorrows with the tears of melting ſympathy.—Mrs. Smith's Sonnets, with an Ode to Deſpair, an Elegy, and the Origin of Flattery (which is a highly finiſhed piece), are publiſhed in one beautiful little volume. This Lady has alſo publiſhed three or four Novels, replete with pathetic incidents.

COLLINS.

THE charming little Pieces given in this Collection, may ſerve to ſhew what an excellent Poet Mr. Collins was; though his Odes (which are ſome of the fineſt fruits of true genius), are of a ſpecies of poetry, which does not attract the attention of common readers enough to render his works very popular, yet they will be long read, and muſt always be admired by the true lovers of the lyric muſe; as the fire of poetical enthuſiaſm illuminates them very ſtrongly throughout. The whole of his Works were collected, and publiſhed, with his Life, and Obſervations on his Writings, by Dr. Langhorne, in 1 vol. 12mo.

Born about the year 1721. Died in 1756.

MOORE.

MR. MOORE had a talent for poetry, as his Works ſufficiently prove. He wrote ſeveral Dramatic Pieces; and was the principal in the publication of the World, a miſcellaneous work, in 4 vols. but he is beſt known by his Fables for the Ladies, which are very pleaſing, and which, together with ſome miſcellaneous Poetry, make one volume, in 12mo.

GOLD-

GOLDSMITH.

DR. GOLDSMITH was a very miſcellaneous writer indeed; he compiled a Hiſtory of England, in 4 vols. 8vo.; of Rome, in 2 vols. 8vo.; and of Greece, in 2 vols. 8vo.; alſo a Hiſtory of the Earth, and Animated Nature, in 8 vols. 8vo. He was alſo author of an Enquiry into the State of Polite Literature in Europe, in 1 vol. 8vo.; Survey of Experimental Philoſophy, in 2 vols. 8vo.; The Citizen of the World, 2 vols. 12mo.; a Volume of Eſſays, in 12mo.; and the Vicar of Wakefield, in 2 vols. 12mo. But what will carry his name the fartheſt down to poſterity, are thoſe two beautiful, and quite original Poems, *The Traveller*, and *The Deſerted Village*; the natural and lovely ſimplicity of which, will always charm the unvitiated taſte for nature and for poetry: theſe, together with other Verſes and Dramatic Pieces, make two volumes, 12mo. but they may moſt of them be had ſeparate.

Born 1729. Died 1774.

JAGO.

THE Blackbirds, an Elegy, was the production of the Rev. Mr. Jago, and has long been very popular, and much admired. He was author of a Volume of Poems, in 8vo. among which, Edge-Hill, a deſcriptive Poem, in 4 books, is the chief. Notwithſtanding the locality of his ſubject, the author has contrived, from the hiſtory of the ſcene, which compoſes his very extenſive proſpects, and by ſome curious Notes, to render the Poem very intereſting and entertaining.

Born 1715. Died 1781.

PRATT.

PRATT.

THIS pathetic little Elegy, I borrowed from Mr. Harriſon's Collection; but whether Mr. Pratt ever publiſhed any thing more, I know not. From the author being called the Rev. Mr. Pratt, I preſume it is not the author of Sympathy, a Poem, and Landſcapes in Verſe, &c.

COOPER.

THIS Gentleman was author of a ſmall Volume of Poems, containing Epiſtles of Ariſtippus; pleaſing in their ſtyle and manner, which is an imitation of ſome admired French writers: a Poem, called the Power of Harmony, in two books, and ſome other Pieces, one of which, the Tomb of Shakeſpeare, a Viſion, is well known, and much admired.

DODD.

THIS unfortunate Author unqueſtionably was poſſeſſed of poetic genius, and whatſoever fatality betrayed him into thoſe exceſſes, which charity itſelf cannot well excuſe, yet he ſeems to have had naturally a tender and grateful heart. His Poetical Works, which are agreeably amuſing, are in one volume, 8vo.

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THIS Gentleman has publiſhed a Volume of very elegant Poems, in 8vo. in which are Elfrida and Caractacus, two dramatic Poems, written on the model of the ancient Greek Tragedy. Alſo another poetical Work, of great merit, entitled the Engliſh Garden, a Poem,

a Poem, in 4 books, with Notes, in one volume, 8vo. beſides a Tranſlation of Freſnoy's Art of Painting, in 4to.

BEATTIE.

WHEN I read Dr. Beattie's Poems, I always regret that he has not written more; and though every reader has not a ſimilar taſte to mine, I muſt ſay, that I always conſider his Minſtrel, which is his chief poetical performance, as one of the fineſt attempts in our language, and enlivened with ſome of the moſt beautiful colouring of genuine Poetry. Dr. Beattie has publiſhed ſeveral proſe compoſitions, in high eſtimation; particularly ſome Eſſays; but his Poems only are in one ſmall volume, 8vo.

BURNS.

MR. BURNS, though a provincial writer in the Scotch dialect, is in many of his pieces very pleaſing; he is really a poet by nature, and, I believe, few readers of ſenſibility will deny his claim to merit, when they have peruſed the Specimens of his Poetry given in this Selection. His Poems are now publiſhed in 2 vols. 8vo.

BRUCE.

MICHAEL BRUCE was alſo a native of Scotland; his Poems were not publiſhed till after his death, which happened in the 21ſt year of his age. The Elegy here given, was written under a conſumption, towards the cloſe of his life. His Works are in one volume, 12mo.

SCOTT.

J. SCOTT.

THIS very amiable writer, having an independent fortune, ſtudied nature and the fine arts, with aſſiduous attention, and much advantage, as appears by his Poems; a Collection of which he gave to the public, in a very elegant volume, in 8vo. in the year 1782, adorned with very elegant engravings. This volume will furniſh a rich intellectual treat to the real admirer of nature, and of poetry.

COWPER.

THIS Gentleman is a real Poet, as an acquaintance with his Works will abundantly confirm. His original Pieces are in 2 vols. 8vo. among which is the Taſk, in 6 books, a much admired Poem. The author has not only the merit of being truly original, but likewiſe that, which is far ſuperior, he has the happy art of combining the ſublimeſt morals, with all the captivating graces of Poetry: and he has taken ſuch an extenſive and improving view of life and manners, and enlivened his Poem with ſuch delightful rural proſpects, that every page preſents us with ſomething new and entertaining. Had I made uſe of extracts, the Taſk would have furniſhed me with an ample ſhare indeed; and I would willingly have made uſe of more of his ſmall Poems, but my limits would not permit.—Mr. Cowper has alſo publiſhed a Tranſlation of Homer, in blank verſe, which is highly approved, as a faithful and very poetical tranſlation: indeed, he is ſaid, by many, to preſerve more of the ſimple majeſty and grandeur of Homer than Pope, notwithſtanding the blaze of genius, with which his Tranſlation is illuminated.

MAVOR.

MAVOR.

DR. MAVOR has publiſhed an elegant deſcriptive Poem on Blenheim, the ſeat of his Grace the Duke of Marlborough; and he is now about to publiſh a Collection of his Poems, in 1 vol. 8vo.

ANONYMOUS.

I HAVE nothing to ſay of theſe trifles, being anonymous; except the Beggar's Petition, ſo well known for its beautiful and pathetic ſimplicity; but as it is natural, to wiſh to know the hiſtory of every thing, that is intereſting to us, it may perhaps be acceptable to ſome of my readers, to be informed, that it was written by the Rev. T. Moſs, Miniſter of Brierly-Hill Chapel, in the pariſh of King's-Swinford, in the county of Stafford, as I learn from the Gentleman's Magazine.

DEVOTIONAL.

THE Reader, who is acquainted with the pious Dr. Watts's writings, will readily perceive, that I have borrowed the firſt five of theſe pieces from them: and here I cannot but obſerve, that however ſome critical readers may depreciate his poetical talents, if merit is to be eſtimated by the uſefulneſs of a man's writings, and the general eſteem of mankind; perhaps Dr. Watts may almoſt ſtand without an equal. The pious chriſtian of every denomination admires his Pſalms, and Hymns; and the polite ſcholar may find in his Lyric Poems, much to entertain his fancy, and to edify his mind.—The concluding Song of Praiſe, &c alſo is Dr. Watts's; the reſt I took from an anonymous publication.

CON-

CONCLUSION.

AS there are many valuable poetical authors, in the Engliſh Language, whoſe works have not been here made uſe of; I would juſt take the liberty to mention a few, as highly worthy the notice of the lovers of Poetry. And for the ſake of the Engliſh reader, I have ſubjoined a liſt of the moſt celebrated Greek and Roman Poets, &c with the names of their beſt tranſlators into Engliſh verſe.

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POSTSCRIPT.

AS I had not ſeveral of the authors works at hand, which I have read, and taking ſome Notes upon the credit of others, if the perſon of reading ſhould diſcover ſome errors, and other defects, as I have not deſignedly miſrepreſented any thing, nor would willingly miſlead; and only wrote for the ſake of thoſe who had not better information to refer to, ſo I hope thoſe errors will be candidly overlooked, and any hint for amendment, will be thankfully received either by the Publiſher or the Editor,

Adderbury,
Auguſt 13, 1794.

T. WOOLSTON.

FINIS.

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